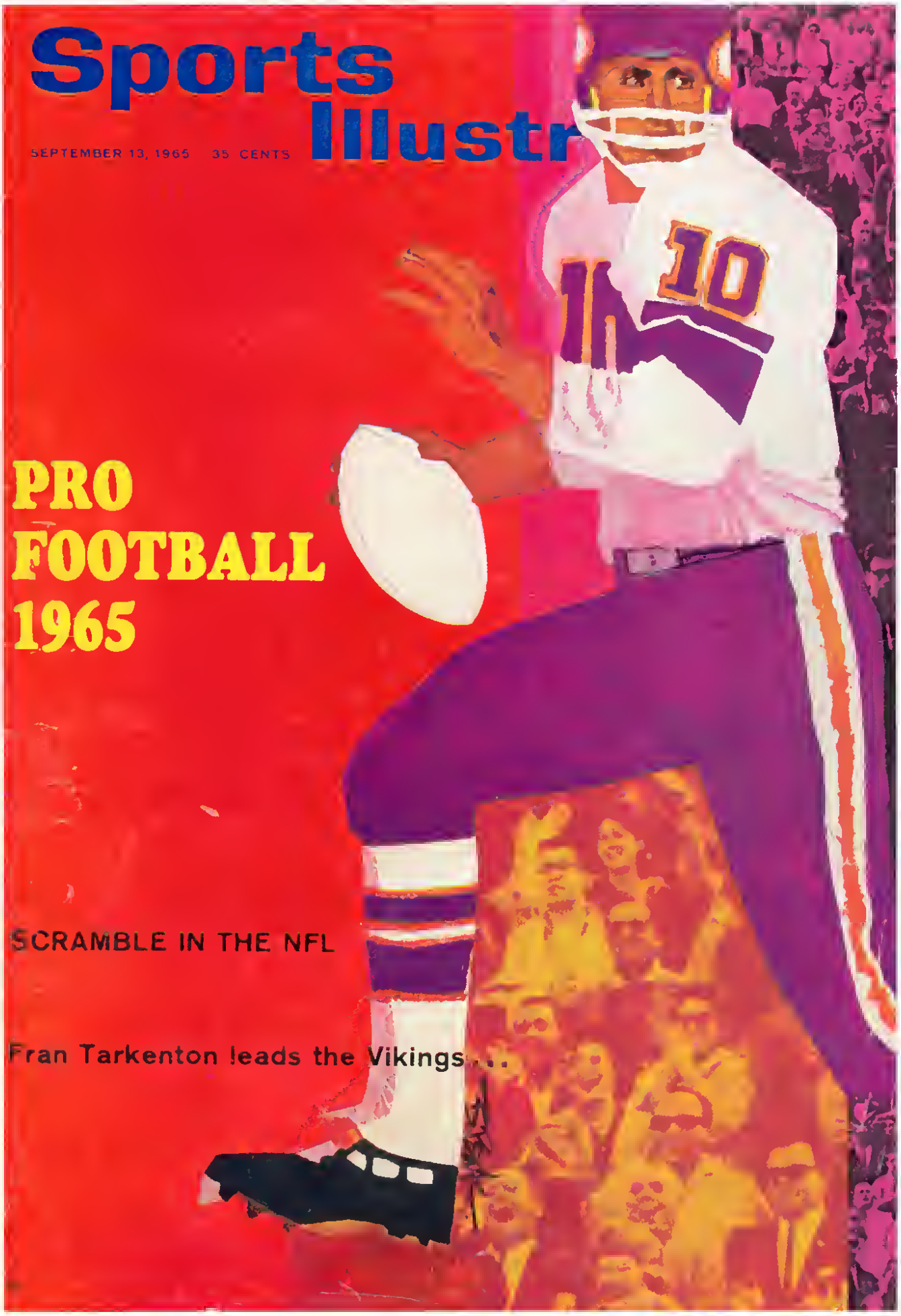
Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 13, 1965 35 CENTS



PRO FOOTBALL 1965

SCRAMBLE IN THE NFL

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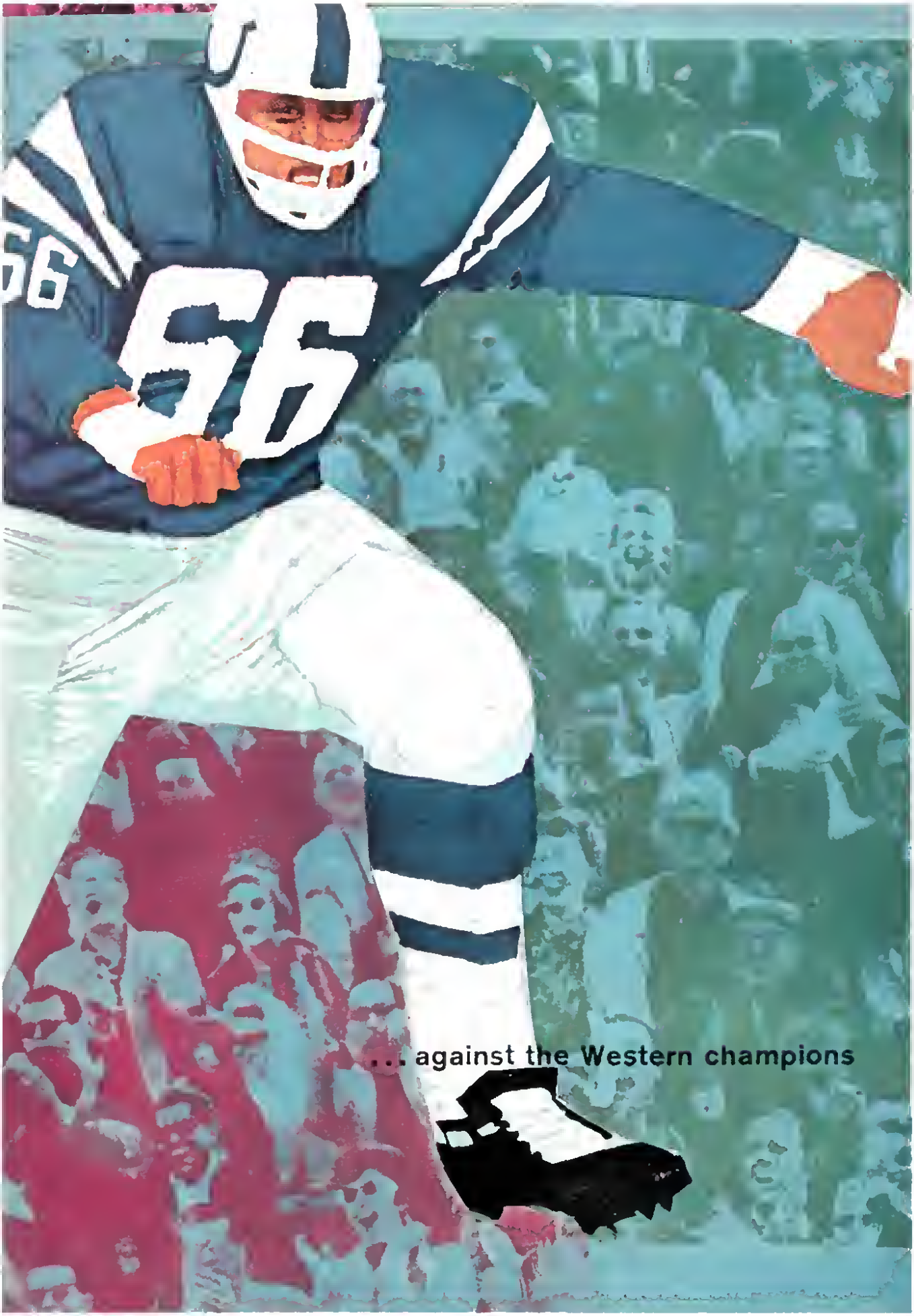
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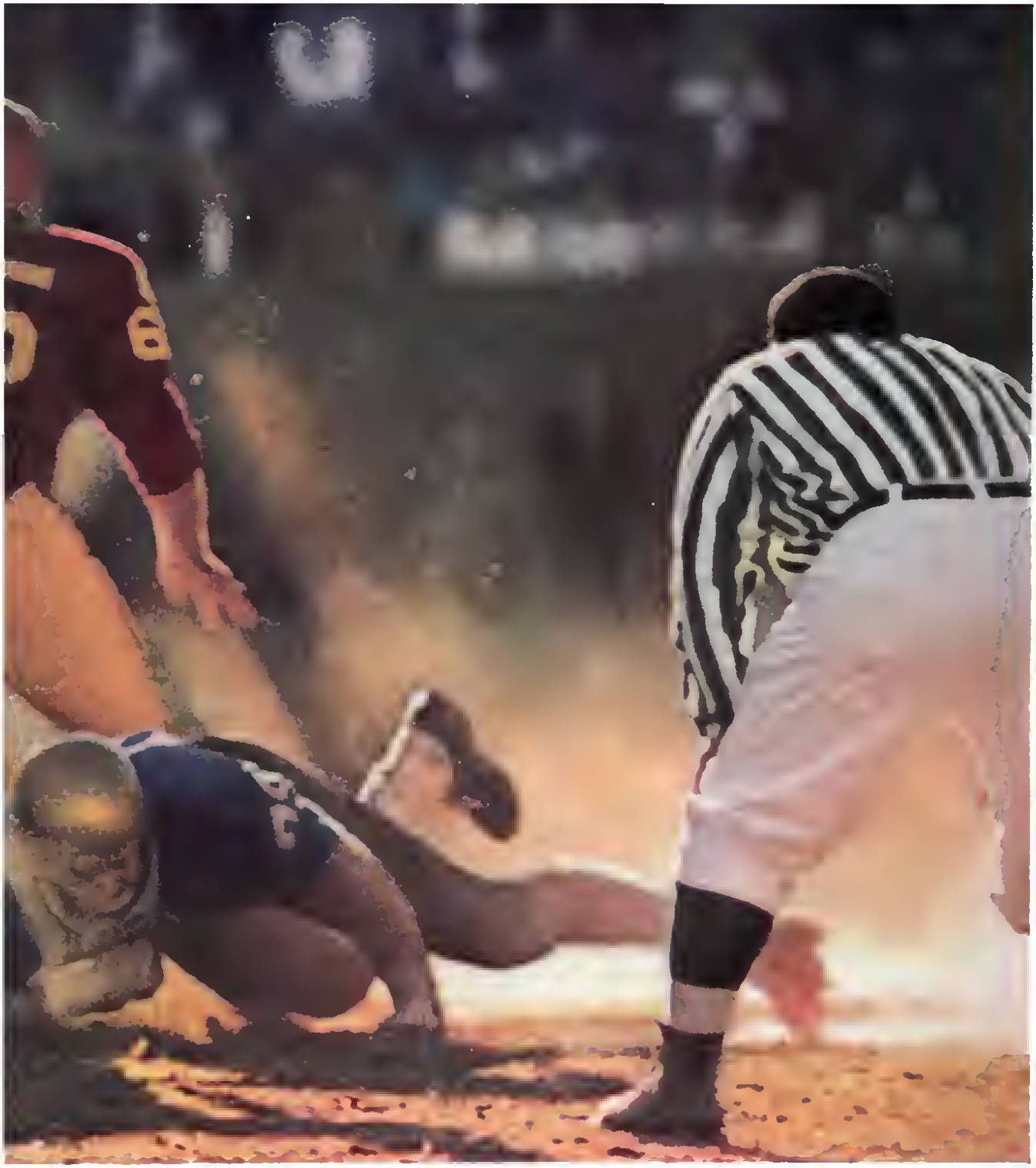

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Contents

SEPTEMBER 13, 1965 *Volume 23, No. 11*

Cover painting by Robert Peak

32 You're All Right, Pete

An 18-year-old schoolboy leads Britain's golf team to a rousing tie and a moral victory in the Walker Cup

36 The Weirdest Race Rolls On

The six-team fight for the National League pennant continues to be confusing, though the players like the Reds

38 A Hambo in the Gloaming

By the light of an Illinois moon, a long-shot colt won trotting's top prize after four heats

Pro Football 1965

40 *As the old order fades away the young pros are coming on strong as owners, coaches and players*

46 *An analysis of the Vikings, followed by an appraisal of all the NFL and AFL teams, with color photographs*

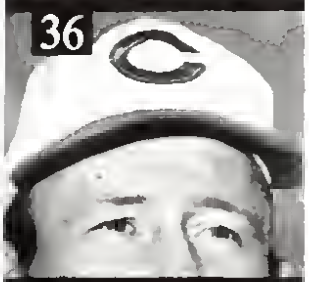
104 *The celestial hell of the superfan is described by George Plimpton, a pro football addict*

80 September in Sugarbush

A major eastern ski resort has discovered a sporting solution to the problem of what to do with snowless slopes

84 The Prince of Pittsburgh

With the Pirates back in contention, flamboyant Broadcaster Bob Prince is once again his old exuberant self



The departments

18 Scorecard
91 People
93 Golf
94 Fishing
103 Bridge
123 Baseball's Week
124 For the Record
125 19th Hole

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Credits on page 124

Next week

THE COLLEGE SEASON begins. In the 10th annual football issue SPORTS ILLUSTRATED selects the 11 best elevens plus nine others that could make it to the top. Dan Jenkins writes about the year of the return to two-platoon football and the rise of the new In language, wherein passers *throw a streak* and *blow it across the alumni stripe*. There are action photographs in color of the year's outstanding backs and, in a controversial article, John Underwood extols college football and derides the pros' inferior brand of play. As always, there will be news and views of the week's big sports events and a full complement of features.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

On the wall behind the piano in George Plimpton's apartment overlooking the East River in New York City is a framed manuscript page from an Ernest Hemingway short story. The page, written in pencil, was a gift from the author after being interviewed for *The Paris Review*, a literary magazine that Plimpton edits. Staring out from photographs around the apartment is Plimpton's face in attitudes that reflect his adventures: hooded as an Arab extra in *Lawrence of Arabia*, looking somewhat shocked as a result of being hit on the nose by Archie Moore during a boxing exhibition—the nose turned out to be broken—wearing a floppy hat at a sidewalk café table in Paris, peering from under a baseball cap on the day he pitched against Willie Mays, smiling as he danced with Jean Seberg. There are many paintings in the apartment and posters and books and bits of memorabilia from a vigorous life. But one of Plimpton's favorite mementos is a gold football that sits atop the piano. The engraving on the football says: "To the best rookie football player in Detroit Lions history." "The prose style may not be much," says Plimpton, "but I've memorized every word of it." The trophy is indicative not only of the honest affection between Plimpton and the Lions, of which Plimpton writes on page 104, but also—in view of its prominence in an apartment that is the scene of New York's most fashionable literary gatherings—of a mingling of the intellectual and the athletic.

PLIMPTON, PIANO AND TROPHY

Sport and good writers have never been very far apart. As all good writers do, Plimpton finds the human values in sport, which is, after all, a microcosm of life. Everything is, in a way, a sort of game with sets of rules, and Plimpton has a way of discovering the conflict and humor, the rules and the game, even in such an ordinarily dull affair as an NFL draft meeting. Curious about Plimpton's fondness for sport, Hemingway once said during dinner at Finca Vigia, "Let's see what you know about boxing, kid." He got up and fetched Plimpton a punch on the jaw that, Plimpton recalls vividly, made his head clang. "He was a very strong man and a very good boxer and my situation was awkward, to say the least," Plimpton says. "As I backed up, I got an idea. I asked him to show me how he had thrown the punch. He became absorbed in explaining it, and then sat down calmly to dinner again with the incident forgotten."

Plimpton, a graduate of Harvard and King's College, Cambridge, went to Paris in 1952. He fought calves in Spain, became an enthusiastic fisherman, helped start *The Paris Review* and played a good game of tennis. "I think the toughest thing I ever did, though, was play in a bridge tournament," he says. "My partner, Oswald Jacoby, got mad at me, and my sense of mental inadequacy was much more excruciating than pain or not being able to run as fast as someone else or fumbling a football. Being silent at a bridge table with a vacuum for a mind is a horror." Plimpton is also somewhat proficient at the piano—once on an amateur night at Harlem's Apollo Theater he tied for third with an 11-year-old girl who sang *Twisting Shoes*. These days musicians, artists, actors, writers, quarterbacks, middleweights and third basemen have a way of all showing up at a Plimpton party. But not many get to play the piano, lest the gold football get knocked over and dented.

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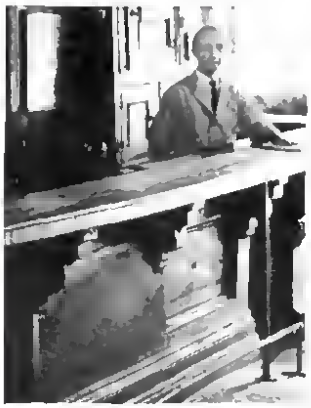

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BOOKTALK

More sports books are now available in low-cost, good-looking facsimiles

Each week the *Antiquarian Bookman*, house organ of rare-book dealers, lists around 15,000 out-of-print, hard-to-locate (and generally expensive) books. There are a good many unexpected sporting books among them. Somebody is always trying to find a copy of Edward Mellhenny's *The Wild Turkey and Its Hunting*, for example, first published in 1914 for $2.50 and selling for about $12 now. Some collector, or some library or some horse lover is always advertising for a copy of Frank Forester's semi-classic *Horse and Horsemanship in the United States*, published in 1858 and now worth $25 per copy. It is impossible to read the books-wanted advertisements in the *Antiquarian Bookman* and not wonder about the books and their buyers. What is Rice's *How to Bent the Horses?* Who is the book buyer who is constantly advertising for a copy of Baldwin's *Playing Blackjack to Win?* And for that matter, who are the customers searching ceaselessly for Dalrymple's *Ice Fishing for Everyone*, or Almirall's *Coyote Coursing* or Brown's *Responses of the Large-Mouth Black Bass to Colors?*

Many of the sought-for out-of-print books are scholarly works needed by candidates for college degrees, but the sporting items add color and variety to the lists. And the busy market is creating a subsidiary business that is providing some inexpensive, good reading. If enough people want a collector's item it is likely to appear in a facsimile edition. The University of Florida Press is currently publishing a remarkable series of old Florida and Latin American rarities, incorporating all the features of the originals except the price. They look more like old books than old books do. One of the works in this series, Rambler's *Guide to Florida* ($7.50), is a copy of an 1875 volume that was largely concerned with telling potential visitors from the North where they could hunt and fish. In its original version the book was a commercial proposition, a hack job hastily turned out for the American News Company; quaint, dated, but written in a fresh and unstudied prose that effectively communicates the Florida scene before tourists took it over.

Whoever Rambler was, he had a gift for picturing outdoor life in casually vivid phrases. The visitor could not merely hunt deer, he could enjoy some of the finest sport on earth deer hunting in the palmetto scrub on extraordinarily fast little ponies. In May the bears appeared on the Florida beaches to eat turtle eggs, and "nothing can be more inspiriting than a moonlight bear hunt on the beach." Rambler said there were plenty of wild turkeys around Lake Worth, but

continued

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"turkeys are shrewd birds, The novice will find it much easier to kill a deer." The best fishing was around Jupiter, but there were no accommodations there; the visitor had to camp out if he wished to see the inlets where bluefish, pompano and cavallo "lash [the] waters into a foam." He was well informed, this gifted hack writer, reporting the successful hunt of the Earl of Dunraven from the head of Indian River down to Jupiter Inlet in 1874, he was honest, noting that the great trouble with guides was their fondness for liquor, and he loved Florida. According to the scholarly editors of the University of Florida Press he was also accurate, though he erred in placing Ponce de Leon's arrival in 1512 instead of 1513, and on the map Withlacoochee was misspelled.

●

HISTORY UNDER THE SEA by Mendel Peterson (Smithsonian Institution, $2) Neither a reprint nor a facsimile, this is nevertheless a bargain It consists of brief reports on undersea explorations with which the Smithsonian has been involved, instructions on surveying wreck sites, tables giving the dimensions of anchors and cannons (so you can date the wrecks you find) and helpful hints on how to protect the artifacts you bring up so they will not disintegrate when exposed to the air after centuries of immersion. The author is chairman of the Armed Forces History Museum of the Smithsonian He writes as a scientist, describing his own work in the third person, with such detachment that he makes crawling about the ruins of the sunken city of Port Royal seem about as engrossing as sweeping a city street Yet his account of the route followed by the Spanish treasure ships sometimes gives *History under the Sea* an elusive air of mystery The gold from Peru was picked up at Panama. The ships loaded more treasure from the Philippines and Mexico City at Veracruz. The convoys angled northeast to avoid reefs off Yucatan, then sailed down the west coast of Florida and past the fort Tortugas to Havana It was a well-organized, highly disciplined operation, effectively protected against human enemies but so vulnerable to storms that "hundreds of ship wrecks dot the length of this route" The author says that electronic methods are revolutionizing undersea exploration and even more remarkable finds can be expected than the great treasures already discovered.

●

CARDANO THE GAMBLING SCHOLAR by Oystein Ore (Dover, $1.60). This is a reprint of a Princeton University Press book published 12 years ago. Gerolamo Cardano, born in Milan in 1501 and the most celebrated physician of his time except for Vesalius, was a compulsive gambler who wrote a book on the odds in dice and card games It is

considered one of the sources of the probability theory in mathematics. Cardano's writings also provide one of the few sources on old card games, such as primero (the ancestor of poker), played with 40 cards, the 8s, 9s and 10s being removed. Cardano was a mathematician, astrologer, card shark, professor and a doctor so renowned he was called to Edinburgh to treat the Archbishop of Scotland for asthma, receiving 1,800 gold crowns for a fee. Cardano was jailed as a heretic, and though later released he was forbidden to have any more of his books printed. He prescribed gambling for small stakes as a healthful recreation, with high stakes it became "a rack and torture of the mind." And when in deep sorrow he personally found "no little solace in playing constantly at dice." Yet he regretted opening his house to gamblers. One of his sons killed a faithless wife and, after torture, was executed as a murderer. Another son became a habitual criminal and led his gang to burglarize his father's house. Still Cardano felt that he would have been worse off if he had not had the qualities that made him a good gambler, especially foresight. "I lacked physical strength, had few friends, many enemies, ... was without human understanding and had a bad memory."

•

LAST OF THE CURLEWS by Fred Bodsworth (Dodd, Mead & Co., $1.75). The current popularity of novels like *The Golden Eagle*, written with scientific exactitude but from the point of view of birds, adds interest to this pioneer Canadian book first published in 1954 and now appearing as a paperback reprint. Here the central figure is an Eskimo curlew, and in the opening chapters it does not understand why things are no longer working out right. It is almost the only Eskimo curlew left on earth. After a lonely arctic summer it joins a flock of golden plovers heading for Patagonia, 8,000 miles away. Plovers are the only birds around that fly at their normal speed of 50 miles an hour. Also, they follow the old route of the curlews, heading directly over the ocean after leaving Labrador, and fly nonstop until they reach South America. This 60-hour ordeal is the climax of *Last of the Curlews*, the possessed, inflexible, unbeatable struggle of the birds with snow, wind and stormy darkness—made still stranger in the case of the curlew because the purpose of the migration has vanished and it has no species to perpetuate, or almost none, for one female still exists.

•

THE EXPRESSION OF EMOTION IN MAN AND ANIMALS by Charles Darwin (University of Chicago Press, $1.95). Darwin's famous work, originally published in 1872 and long out of print, was being sold at auctions of

continued

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rare books in 1952. In his introduction to this paperback reissue Konrad Lorenz credits the book with creating the first principle of ethnology; Darwin established that "behavior patterns are just as conservatively and reliably characters of species as are the forms of bones, teeth or any other bodily structure." What is startling to a reader who knows the reputation of this book, but has never had a chance to see a copy, is Darwin's chatty, familiar style. He goes on at length about walking his dog, about his children, and the pages of pictures of crying children, like masterpieces of pop art, give this pathfinding work the scientific air of a good, old-fashioned family album.

•

A LADY'S RIDE ACROSS SPANISH HONDURAS by Maria Soltera (University of Florida Press, $8.50). Mrs. Doris Stone, the daughter of Samuel Zemurray of the United Fruit Company, lives in San José, Costa Rica, is an authority on Central America and has edited this beautiful facsimile edition of a once-famous travel book that had almost literally vanished from the earth. That is, copies could be bought, for $85 or so, but few were for sale. Maria Soltera, meaning Mary Spinster, was the pen name of a brilliant, courageous, somewhat caustic English girl, the daughter and sister of soldiers who died for their country, as she often pointed out to people trying to persuade her to turn back. Even the native women sometimes spoke well of her, saying, "She is nice looking and small for an Englishwoman." Maria had been serving as a governess in a planter's family on the Fiji Islands. She answered an advertisement for a teacher in the school of a colony of Irish immigrants in Honduras. The colony was headed by one Dr. Pope. Accepted, she was in the Palace Hotel in San Francisco when she realized she would not have money to reach the colony by conventional means, so she crossed Honduras—300 miles—on a sidesaddle. In 1881 that was a taxing way to travel. A kindly Englishman, who knew the country, shuddered, said, "I hope you won't get murdered," and gave her a revolver. People lied, mules ran away, guides wanted more money, Dr. Pope turned out to be a drunken fraud, and once, reaching a wretched house in a torrential rain, "I fell down in a dead faint." But usually Mary Spinster was fascinated by the glimmering opal light of the mountains, the elastic air, the cascading rivers. Of one man who helped her in her trials she wrote: "I always look back upon him as being my model American. Of course there are many such, but I have not, hitherto, been fortunate enough to meet them." In its blue-and-gold binding this facsimile is so well done it is almost a counterfeit; even the paper has a slight discoloration of age.

—ROBERT CANTWELL

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He owns a $375 shotgun and a $19 British shirt, yet he wears $6.98 Lee-Prest Leesures.

Lee Trims. He looked at the tailoring . . . not the price tag.
The look of Lee Trims was right on target. Bold. Lean. Styled with authority. Just what he was gunning for in slacks. And, with a new permanent press that keeps a knife-edge crease. The wrinkles stay out. The crease stays in. Permanently. And that's without ironing. Never. Lee-Prest Trims are shown in rich Poly Gab Plus, Lee's fineline twill of 50% polyester and 50% cotton. In Sand, Olive, Blue Olive and Black. Other fine Leesures from $4.98 to $7.98. Pow!

LICENSED UNDER U.S. PATENT NO. 2,864,140 — KP-RATRON

Lee-PRëST™ Leesures®

H. D. Lee Company, Inc., Kansas City 41, Mo.

SHOPWALK

Fine feathers make fine shuttlecocks in an English firm with a Pennsylvania branch.

One mile north of the ancient town of Sandwich in Kent the traveler passes, and can hardly fail to notice, an undistinguished small factory with a sign outside reading REINFORCED SHUTTLECOCKS LIMITED.

The company was formed in 1932. It had developed a new process, the strengthening of the fragile badminton quill by encasing it in a small tube. It was expected that these "Bluebird" shuttlecocks would from then on last considerably longer than the accustomed 40 minutes playing time. But within a few months of the naming of the concern, the installation of machinery and the hiring of hands, it was found that shuttlecock reinforcement just did not work out, so management and staff alike set to with a will to excel at the production of regular shuttlecocks. Reinforced Shuttlecocks Limited is now the world's biggest manufacturer of unreinforced shuttlecocks, indeed of shuttlecocks of any k nd.

Badminton is a booming sport (it is estimated that there are 100 times the players that there were in 1939). There is, however, one snag, namely the shortage of suitable geese. The best geese come from Middle Europe and from Italy's Po Valley. Several million geese a year are needed to yield the necessary 50 tons of feathers, but many good quills fail to reach the market because Central European peasants find a goose wing a handy duster.

The International Badminton Federation in 1952 authorized the use of a plastic shuttle, but man has yet to come up with any substance to rival the tremendous resilience and power of recovery of the feather. High-speed photographs of the moment of impact show how the feathers spread, reverse and reconstitute in time for flight.

Weights also have to be considered, for weight governs speed. The shuttlecock used in tournaments when struck by a player of average strength with a full underhand stroke from one end of the court will fall between 12 and 30 inches short of the other end. A match is played with one of the 13 available speeds, ranging from 73 (very slow, suitable for very warm and dry conditions in small rooms) to 85 (the fastest, useful in extreme cold, and in large lofty courts). The numbers actually denote the weight of the shuttle in grains.

Since 1936 the firm has also had a factory in Altoona, Pa. It sells only through retail channels. Anyone can have a choice of a multitude of shuttlecocks, ranging from the RSL No. 1 Tourney at $13.50 a dozen down to the RSL Eagle, the least expensive of nonplastic shuttlecocks, which costs $7.50 a dozen.

—J. A. MAXTONE GRAHAM

AH, YOUTH.

Like a lot of people, Allstate is 34 years old.

Being 34 is kind of nice.

For one thing, we find that we think like the people who buy insurance from us.

We think sound, solid and down-to-earth. Frills and hoopla just aren't our cup of tea.

Rigid formality and puffery bother us. We'd rather stick to plain talk and good old honest values.

And we make a dollar do a dollar's worth of work (especially gratifying if it happens to be your dollar).

Today, we offer good, honest values in Life, Auto, Health and Home protection—Business, too.

And 7 million young families trust Allstate with all or part of their insurance.

Their number keeps growing, because as new policyholders sign on, old ones stay on—year after year after year.

Which proves, after all, that we're only as young as you think you are.

You're in good hands with ALLSTATE—where people come for value and stay for service

Allstate® Insurance Companies—founded by Sears

HIGH & DRY
BOOTH'S
Distilled London Dry Gin
You meet the most interesting drinks–
when you mix with the gin London introduced in 1740
BOOTH'S HIGH & DRY GIN
TWO INDIVIDUAL COCKTAIL SERVERS YOURS FOR $1.00! Just mix your cocktail, add an ice cube or two, and you have a perfect spill-proof drink that can't go flat. Send $1.00 to Coneserver, P.O. Box 58A, Mount Vernon, N.Y.
90 PROOF · 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN · W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y.
DISTILLED IN THE U.S.A.

ever pressed slacks

These slacks are as different from old-time wash 'n' wear slacks as flying mallards are from decoys. Slacks that *never* need ironing, not even a touch-up. Guaranteed pressed forever, no matter how often washed. And that sharp crease isn't all; EVERPRESSED slacks are wrinkle-free -- for life. Tailored of 65% Dacron® polyester and 35% combed cotton, with Scotchgard® Brand Stain-repeller for that spotless look. In a choice of slim styling, wherever slacks are sold. Or write Wright. from $6.98

wright
MANUFACTURING CO ... COA GEORGIA

Come home with us to Paris

Let us tell you about Paris in the fall: That's when it springs to life.

The opera, ballet and theatre seasons begin. The Parisians return from their vacations. The wine grapes are harvested.

The brisk autumn air makes walking a joy. And the crowds depart, making it easier to get a room with a view or a choice table at your favorite café.

This is true not only in Paris, but all over Europe.

That's why Air France offers 59 Boeing 707 jets a week to Paris from New York, Boston, Washington, D.C., Chicago, Los Angeles and Montreal. Plus over 300 round-the-clock Caravelle jet connections a week to Europe's other principal cities.

To fly to Paris aboard Air France is to have Paris come to you. You'll discover why genuine French cuisine and service are so honored the world over. And you'll be in the hands of skillful 7-million-mile pilots.

Let your travel agent help you plan your getaway.

What can you do in Paris's celebrated gardens of the Tuileries? Nothing. Beautifully.

AIR FRANCE
THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRLINE
a Votre Service

Traditional Authenticity...

Warson Manor Suits and Sport Coats by CURLEE

Know that you will be correctly dressed this fall. Just make Warson Manor Suits and Sport Coats the nucleus of your wardrobe. Styled in a truly traditional manner, with the natural shoulder look so popular with today's younger men, Warson Manor Suits and Sport Coats by CURLEE have been deftly designed from this season's most fashionable fabrics and patterns.

Write for name of nearest dealer

Curlee Clothes

CURLEE CLOTHING COMPANY • ST LOUIS, MO.

Just because it looks British doesn't mean it is.

You can't tell a British woollen just by looking at it. Or running your fingers through it. Or even by walking around in it.

You have to look at the label.

A lot of countries copy our patterns. And try to match our weaving processes. They even shop for sheep in the same place we do.

But that doesn't make them British any more than wearing a monocle makes you Lord Wellington.

Those other countries don't take the kind of trouble we do. And they don't have our limestone water. Or our beautiful misty climate. So their woollens don't have the bounce and spring you get in the British woollens you buy.

After all, we British have been wool-making for over 2,000 years. We ought to know something about it.

So don't be fooled by appearances. Don't take the salesman's word for it. Don't let anybody pull the you-know-what over your you-know-wheres.

Look for the British label.

How long would your company pay your salary if you were unable to work?

Even the most generous employer couldn't be expected to carry you, at full salary, through a lengthy disability. That's why income replacement is your *first* health insurance need.

Consider this. If you're age 32 and earning $7,500 a year, your future earning potential is well over a quarter of a million dollars. If you owned property worth that much, you'd never dream of letting it go uninsured—yet you're probably doing just that to yourself.

Perhaps you're the rare person with enough health insurance to meet heavy medical bills. But what about your living expenses . . . rent, food, clothing, schooling? What happens to all that when the paychecks stop?

A good way to insure that the paychecks won't stop is through Ætna Life's Health Estate Program. A program that forecasts your needs. Analyzes your present health protection. And seeks to close the gaps, as economically as possible.

There is no substitute for such thorough, reassuring Health Estate Programming. Nor is there a substitute for Ætna Life. Ætna has long been the choice of businessmen. More businesses are group insured with Ætna Life than with any other company. Contact your local Ætna Life or Ætna Casualty representative today. You'll sleep a lot easier tomorrow.

Ætna
LIFE & CASUALTY

Ætna Life Insurance Co. • Ætna Casualty and Surety Co. • Standard Fire Insurance Co., Hartford, Conn. • The Excelsior Life, Canada

Meet the chaps who won the "Indy 500"

Front row: CHIEF MECHANIC, Dave Lasenby; OWNER/MANAGER, Colin Chapman; DRIVER, Jimmy Clark.

Second row: MECHANICAL CREW. Jim Smith, Graham Clode, Bob Dance, Peter Lewis, Russ Brandenberg, Bob Sparshott, Mike Underwood.

Third row: FUEL, The Enco Tiger.

When a superbly conditioned Lotus-Ford surged forward at the start of the Indianapolis "500", the Team Lotus Crew had already done its work. The rest was up to Jimmy Clark and the Tiger in his tank. Special Enco Racing Fuel.

200 laps later, Jimmy had set a new race record of 150.686 mph — and the crowds at the Speedway had seen the unbeatable result of some of the finest teamwork in racing history.

Take a tip from Team Lotus and put a Tiger in your tank. New High-energy Enco Extra gasoline gives you the: (1) cleaning power; (2) firing power; (3) octane power to keep your car out in front.

Happy Motoring!

ENCO
HUMBLE
OIL & REFINING COMPANY
AMERICA'S LEADING ENERGY COMPANY
MAKERS OF ENCO PRODUCTS

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MIGHTY-MAC.

Wondsome Outerwear

This coat costs $55
Open it.
It's warmly lined with wonderful Borg pile of DuPont Orlan.
It's made from MacCord, a specially built Crampton corduray that molds to you and mellows with age.
This coat is a fashion first.
The Double D bottom is gently rounded and makes this coat a refreshing departure from square-bottom outerwear of yesteryear.
This coat is water-repellent and warm.
This coat has detail. Plenty.
It's framed with suede leather.
It's called the "Rodd-Man."
This coat should be tried on.
You'll wonder why it didn't cost $100.

CAPE ANN MANUFACTURING CO. GLOUCESTER, MASS., U.S.A. / BOATWEAR / LEATHERWEAR / OUTERWEAR / RAINWEAR / SKIWEAR

SCORECARD

POLLYANNA IN K.C.

Harmony and Charles O. Finley, owner of the Kansas City Athletics, are antipathetic. Turmoil and Finley have an affinity.

But in recent weeks things had been running rather smoothly for the A's. After Finley fired Mel McGaha as manager, Haywood Sullivan took over and, after the All-Star break, the team played all but .500 baseball. Player morale lifted sharply. The farm system flourished. The A's signed their top draft choices, among them Rick Monday, most sought after of all. Young players like Bert Campaneris and Pitcher Catfish Hunter showed signs of developing into true major-league stars.

Then, without warning, Finley hired Alvin Dark as his administrative assistant. The last administrative assistant Finley had hired was McGaha, who replaced Ed Lopat as manager during the 1964 season. Lopat, in turn, had been brought in as a pitching coach in 1962, presumably to breathe down the neck of Manager Hank Bauer. Ultimately, Lopat replaced Bauer, who resigned before Finley could fire him.

Understandably, Manager Sullivan and his smoothly functioning farm director, Hank Peters, were disturbed when Dark was hired, especially as Finley made it clear that Dark would be responsible only to Finley and report directly to him.

"It's an awkward situation," Peters understated, but added: "Everything that has happened to me has happened for the best, even though it hasn't always looked that way at the time."

If the arrival of Dark means that Peters will not be working for Finley much longer, Peters' philosophy would seem to have stood up to still one more test.

HELP WANTED

He says he's fat (at 219 pounds), and he seems happy. "You never feel good until it's over," Sonny Liston said before getting into the ring with Cassius Clay, and now that it is, apparently he does. In his Denver home he comes across as Atlas would if someone had just told him, "O.K., you can put it down now."

What is Sonny doing? "Waiting," he said. "I'm setting around and waiting for my money. It's due Friday a week. I'm thinking of kind of doing something different, but I have to see how much the money will be.

"I would go on fighting—the training doesn't bother me, it's that pace and life—if I could find a manager. I don't have no manager, and I have to worry about everything and take all that on my back. I don't have nobody to speak for me. The Nilon brothers, they was just hot dogs. I would be interested in talking to Cus D'Amato. I always thought highly of Cus."

As for doing "something different," if the right manager doesn't come along Sonny says:

"Well, you know Cookie Gilchrist? We might get ourselves a hamburger stand if we could find ourselves a good location near the stadium."

If Cookie Gilchrist and Sonny Liston find themselves a good location and do go into business, there is one thing they can count on. There isn't a customer in the country who is going to complain to the management.

THE SILVER FOX CLASS

Corny Shields Sr. has sailed almost 9,000 races in everything from dinghies to America's Cup defenders. He almost never loses. In 1952, at age 56, he won the first North American Sailing Championship for the Mallory Cup with Corny Jr. in his crew. (His daughter, Aileen, already had won the national women's title.) The Mallory was held in QAs (for Quincy Adams), a local one-design class of 26-foot boats. The eight competitors, the best from every region of the country, rotated boats each day, so that the winner was definitely the best sailor—not just a lucky fellow in a superior boat. The best sailor was, of course, Corny Shields. Last week, 13 years later, Corny Jr. won the Mallory.

One must listen, then, when the old Silver Fox criticizes sailing practice. He feels that too many different one-design classes have been breeding specialists, champions in one class who concentrate on small victories in one boat rather than risk defeat in an unfamiliar design.

"Many class champions stay out of the Mallory," he said last week, "because if they get beaten they lose some of their fame and luster. If you wanted to be a real champ you would compete against any and all."

Shields would like to see the ideal one-design—one that would make the America's Cup a fair test of sailors rather than of designers and sailmakers. Best designer for such a boat would be Olin Stephens, the man who drew up *Finisterre*, *Columbia* and *Coustellation*. And, indeed, Stephens has recently created a one-design that incorporates many of Corny Shields's specifications and might just be the ideal solution. It is big enough for international competition and at 30 feet is small enough for young skippers. It is called "the Shields class."

LADY IN THE CHIPS

It may not appeal to those conservatives who play only draw poker, nothing wild, and none of that spit-in-the-ocean nonsense, but it would appear that the square poker chip has arrived and the traditional round one is on the way out.

An aficionado of five-card stud for many years, Mrs. Nell Moore of Dallas

came home from a session one night in a state of annoyance. Several times during the evening chips had rolled off the table and, of course, into inaccessible places. Searching for them delayed the game.

"Why doesn't someone make square chips?" she asked her husband.

continued

LUNCH TIME IN THE HOLLOW usually finds us by the cool limestone spring that Jack Daniel picked a century ago.

When Mr. Jack found our spring, he didn't realize he was getting a good lunch spot, too. He picked it because it runs at 56° year-round, and it's completely iron-free. (Iron murders whiskey; a nail dropped in a barrel would ruin every drop.) This water and Charcoal Mellowing account largely for Jack Daniel's *sippin'* smoothness. After a sip, we believe, you'll know Mr. Jack sure knew how to pick a spring.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

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TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF BY CHOICE • DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP 384), TENN.

The trim fit you want in fine dress slacks

HAGGAR TAKES "ORLON*"-WORSTED WOOL . . in a rich flannel. Tailors it into your best dress slacks with a smooth, trim fit that puts you at your comfortable best on or off campus. Wear Haggar Slacks. You'll like the fit, the styling and this fabric fact: "Orlon" acrylic in the blend keeps the wrinkles out, the crease in. 10.95

WIN A FORD MUSTANG or 50 other big prizes in Haggar's 1965 Sweepstakes. See your Haggar dealer.
Slacks Shown 70% ORLON 30% worsted wool

HAGGAR Slacks

*Du Pont's Reg. T.M.

"Kid, maybe you've got something," her husband replied.

Mrs. Moore is now secretary-treasurer of Square Chip, Inc., which turns them out at the rate of 325,000 per day.

CORN IN PARADISE

The Los Angeles Angels, born in 1961, died last week. They are now resurrected as the California Angels, with a new home in Anaheim.

In announcing the long-expected move, President Robert Reynolds said: "Orange County is the capital of all California entertainment with such world-renowned places as Disneyland, Melodyland Theatre, Knott's Berry Farm and the Movieland Wax Museum. We hope to become a part of this growing family."

With that kind of thinking, Angels, the chances are you will.

BIG BOOM IN TACOMA

The tycoons of Tacoma, Wash. live mostly in suburban Lakewood, and the status symbol in Lakewood these days is to own, not a mansion or a yacht or a Warhol, but an operable cannon.

David Fogg, an insurance executive, started it five years ago when, casting about for something that would help him celebrate the Fourth of July, he settled on a muzzle loader. He built it himself, creating an assembly two feet long with a bore of 1⅞ inches. He followed that with a $2\frac{3}{16}$-inch bore job designed to fire beer cans filled with cement. With this, his proudest accomplishment, Dave says he can lob a beer can within three or four feet of a stump at 220 yards. His accuracy should improve even more, since a friend is sending him some made-to-order cannonballs.

Joe Long of the Atlas Foundry and Dave and Tom Carstens of the meat-packing family are building 38-inch cannons from three barrels that Joe cast. These will be similar to those used on 16th century French ships. Roscoe Smith, a retired advertising executive, and Norton Clapp, Weyerhaeuser Company president, kept their eyes on the Tacoma waterfront and picked up some very nice 2½-inch-bore line-throwing cannons for about $75 each. Smith says that his cannon, loaded with black powder and wadding, will lob a golf ball halfway across the lake in front of his house. Baby-food cans filled with concrete do nicely, too. The wadding—and all of the

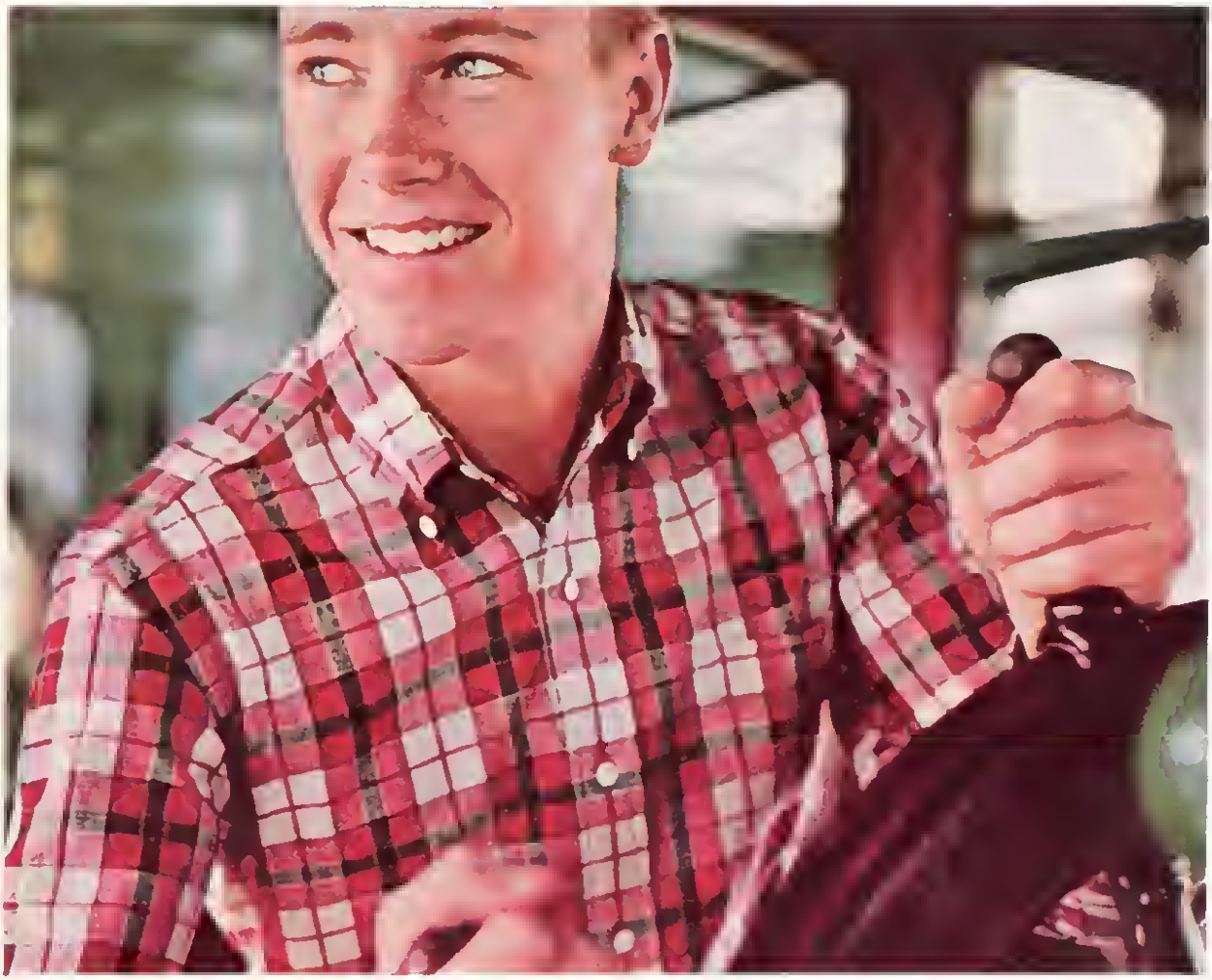
continued

Preferred in 67 countries around the world...

Motorists everywhere agree—Valvoline Motor Oil provides the ultimate in lubrication protection. For almost a century, Valvoline has been world-famous for unsurpassed quality. And today, when you use Valvoline in your car, you get the advantages of miracle Chemaloy – an exclusive development of advanced research. Valvoline with Chemaloy makes sure your engine stays clean, resists wear, delivers top power. Result? Longer engine life, savings on gas and repairs. So change now to Valvoline, world's first—world's finest motor oil. Ask for it at service stations, garages, new car dealers and speed shops.

VALVOLINE OIL COMPANY, Freedom, Pa., Division of Ashland Oil & Refining Company

Go ahead, raise a few eyebrows.



Create a wave of excitement! Steer for the looks that are crisp and sparkling always—the looks of Dan River® shirting. This snappy fabric is all combed cotton, with Wrinkl-Shed® to keep it neat always. Add Ivy League tailoring, and wow! Go ahead!

Dan River

A new VW is cheaper at twice the price.

How's that for an outrageous claim?

A new VW at around $1700 (depending on accessories) costs less than a 4-year-old Something Else at $850.

We knew you wouldn't believe it. So we've proved it.

Let's say you plan to keep your next car 5 years (and drive a total of 75,000 miles). Here's how it might work out:

	New Volkswagen	Used Something Else
Price	$1,700	$850
Gas @ 32¢/gal	828 (29 mi/gal)	1,600 (15 mi/gal)
Tires @ $28 ea.	112 (40,000 mi/set)	336 (20,000 mi/set)
Oil @ 60¢/qt.	42 (27 qts. fills it)	57 (needs 5 qts.)
Anti-freeze	0 (air-cooled eng.)	45 (water-cooled eng.)
Cost for 5 years	$2,682	$2,888

So you're at least $206 ahead if you buy the VW. (We didn't even count the extra $100 it saves on lower insurance and registration fees in many states.)

If you buy the new VW, you won't have to worry about why the first owner sold it. (And you won't have to pay for the expensive ailments that can hit an old Something Else.)

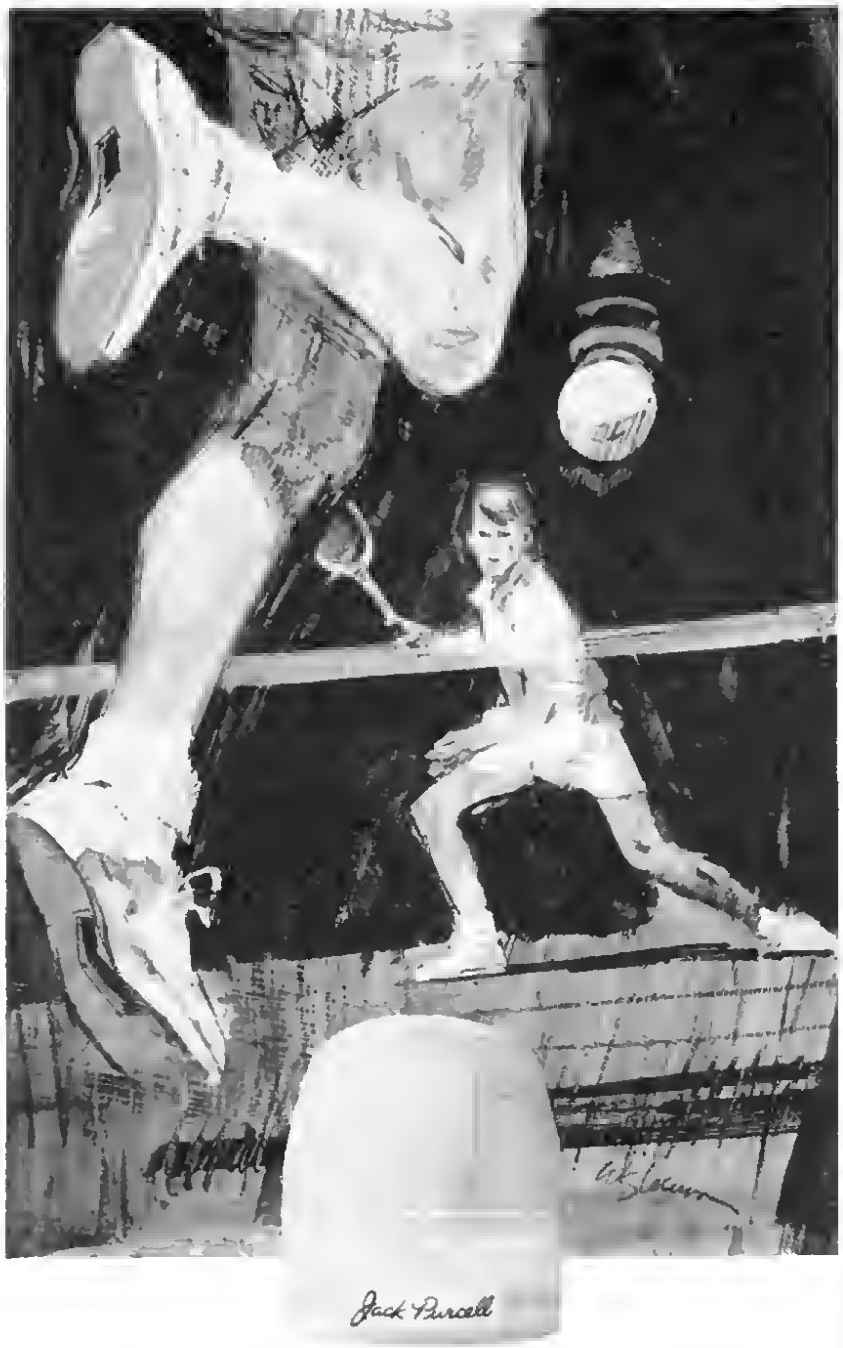
Now then. We don't have a crystal ball, but today's market is an interesting clue to the future.

After 5 years, the used car will probably be a 9-year-old candidate for the junk heap. But the VW will probably just be reaching its prime.

(Check the classified ads and you'll find 5-year-old VWs selling for $600 to $900, depending on the shape they're in.)

But you can do much better than that: Don't sell your VW at all.

(Think of the money you'll save by driving it for another 5 years.)



This patch means you're wearing the greatest court shoe ever built.

This is the original, the grandaddy of them all. Often imitated but never equalled. The Jack Purcell—built for strenuous court play. Its specially designed, molded outsole gives exceptional traction on composition and hardwood. The exclusive P-F Posture Foundation RIGID WEDGE in the heel takes the strain off foot and leg muscles. The Hygeen® cushion insole cushions your foot and does not absorb perspiration. It is as comfortable as your skin. Wear a pair. Your feet will tell you why the Jack Purcell is so often the choice of top players. And its classic lines and unique design have made it a favorite for casual wear. At better sporting goods stores, or write: The B.F.Goodrich Company, Watertown, Massachusetts 02172

B.F.Goodrich

cannoneers agree on this—must be made of either *The Christian Science Monitor* or *The Wall Street Journal*. The local dailies or weeklies don't do a proper job.

NEW BROOM

The World Boxing Association has a new president, Jim Deskin of Las Vegas. With Deskin conducting its affairs the Nevada boxing commission has been distinguished for its common-sense supervision of prizefighting and for its probity. In a recent interview Deskin once again displayed these qualities. He conceded that the WBA had been "very premature" in stripping, or pretending to strip, Cassius Clay of his heavyweight title. Regardless of the WBA action, he said, "Cassius Clay is the champion to the people of the world."

Everybody but the WBA knew that all along, but it is heartening to hear it from the WBA's top official.

LIVING-ROOM RIFLEMAN

When Pete Rademacher was training for his unprecedented heavyweight-title fight with Floyd Patterson, one of his campmates was Lucky McDaniel, the teacher of "instinct shooting" (SI, Oct. 20, 1958). Lucky used a BB gun to teach his method, in which the shooter ignores the sights on his weapon and looks only at the target.

For some years after he quit the ring Pete traveled throughout the country with Lucky helping to teach the instinct method. Now he is sales manager of Hamlin Products-McNeil Corporation in Akron, and the company is about to market a couple of Pete's inventions. One is an indoor shooting range with which anyone may teach himself instinctive shooting. The other consists of a collapsible trap house, a table and chair for the person operating the trap, a spring-powered target thrower and 25 targets. The targets look like clay pigeons but are in fact made of soft plastic. When a hit is scored the center of the target pops out but is replaceable. For the indoor shooting range Pete has created a target stand equipped with a bullet trap that catches the BBs and drops them gently onto a receptacle. Ricochets are impossible, and the BBs may be used over and over again.

Though the outfit may be used on suburban patios as well as in indoor rumpus rooms, it is of special interest to the city apartment dweller who would

continued

Will he be a double threat like Ed Mathews?

At the hot corner, Ed Mathews can make the toughest chance look easy. At the plate, he can make the best pitcher's life miserable.

Example: Last of the 10th inning, 4th game of the '57 Series, score tied, Ed Mathews at bat. Whammo! Home run. The Braves go on to win in seven. For 14 years, Ed Mathews of the Braves has been belting the ball out of the park. He hit 46 one year, 47 another—and for one nine-year stretch he hit 30 or more every single season.

Not every youngster can be an Ed Mathews. In fact, very few even participate in organized sporting events, much less become stars. But every person—if only a spectator—can be as physically fit as the star athlete.

Our national leaders have stated that physical fitness, particularly the fitness of our young people, has never been more important than it is today.

To support the national fitness program, Equitable has prepared a special film: "Youth Physical Fitness—A Report to the Nation." If you would like to borrow a print of this film for showing to community groups, contact your nearest Equitable office or write to Equitable's home office.

The EQUITABLE Life Assurance Society of the United States

Home Office: 1285 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N. Y. 10019

For an attractive 7¾ by 11 inch reproduction of this drawing, send your name and address and the words Ed Mathews, *to Equitable, G. P. O. Box 1828, New York, New York 10001*

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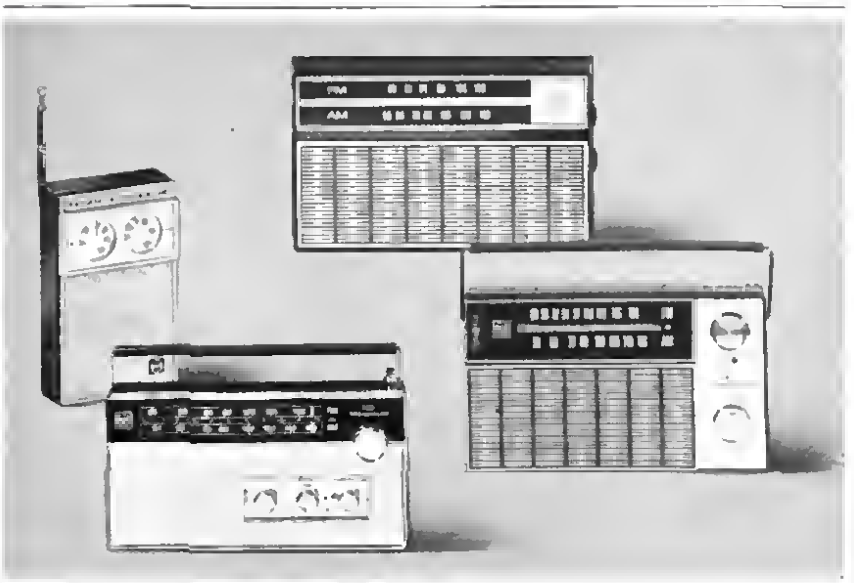

Imagine: FM-AM radios by RCA Victor from $27.95*

Smart. Compact. They're the latest thing in pleasant listening from RCA Victor. Yet prices start at only $27.95*.

At top left, the *Asteroid* with 9 transistors—our lowest priced FM-AM radio. Top right, the *Nova*, a full-size portable. The *Lunar*, bottom right, has Automatic Frequency Control, earphone. At bottom left, the *Saturn*, our finest FM-AM portable with earphone, batteries.

Make it a memorable present. Make it "The Gift That Keeps On Giving"—from RCA Victor.

*Optional with dealer

RCA The Most Trusted Name in Electronics

like to maintain his shooting eye. Use of an air rifle outdoors is forbidden in most cities. But a man's apartment apparently is his fortress.

A QUESTION OF VALUES

Residents of southwestern Ohio, who have been watching with indifference the efforts of Governor James A. Rhodes to clean up streams that have been polluting Lake Erie in the northern part of the state, now have a new, more sympathetic understanding of the problem. A gorge of dead fish was found recently in the Great Miami River. One observer thought it might have constituted the largest kill of fish in the Ohio Valley in modern times.

Not so much culpable pollution as a combination of factors—drought, waste and impurities that escape into the river even in treated sewage—was blamed for the kill. But if any negligence should be found as a causative factor, the offenders will be punished, according to William Klein, chief chemist-biologist for the Ohio River Valley Sanitation Commission, who warned that "the State of Ohio now means business on the polluting of water and killing fish."

But some wondered if the punishment would be sufficient. Ohio already has pending fines of more than $40,000 as a result of a similar kill earlier this year. The fines were based on the number of fish killed, their market value and punitive factors. But as Norman Meyer, a taxidermist who discovered the Great Miami kill, put it, the fines cannot restore the pleasure lost to fishermen.

"How can you set a value on an eight-hour day of fishing?" Meyer asked.

No one ever has.

THEY SAID IT

• Carl Selmer, Nebraska offensive line coach, on the ambivalent attitude of Nebraska supporters toward Bob Devaney, head coach: "When we win, he's Sweet Old Bob. When we lose, they just use the initials."

• Australia's Roy Emerson, on the U.S. Lawn Tennis Championships: "I know McKinley is just a weekend player now and so is Ham Richardson, but maybe I'll meet them on a weekend."

• Bill Cox, coach of the Annapolis Sailors of the North American Football League: "We have a problem at quarterback, our defense is poor, we're still looking for offensive linemen, but we're ready." **END**

"When I saw my first moose, I wanted to trade in my Winchester 300 Magnum for an elephant gun."

"I had no idea American game was so big," says David Ommanney, the Winchester man from Africa.

First, we should explain how one of Africa's top professional hunters happens to be hunting in Alaska.

David, remember, led the African safari that tested our '64 line of rifles and ammo. Well, that got us to thinking: Would an African hunter find U.S. game a big enough challenge?

So we invited him over to find out.

Now about that moose. The way David tells it, his guide gave a moose call (several grunts). Then out of the alder bushes rose this huge bull moose, hair bristling, and nostrils snorting defiance.

"I thought he'd never stop standing up, he was so big," recalls David. "When he started coming at us, even a 20mm anti-tank gun wouldn't have seemed out of place. But a 180-grain Power-Point in my Winchester 300 Magnum stopped the moose cold."

It's not the first time a new Model 70 Winchester came through in the clutch for David. But he did consider Alaska's drizzly days an acid test.

"It could have fouled up the works, but didn't. And nothing ever seems to bother the accuracy of the 70's floating barrel," he said.

And what did he think of our moose? "If you can't hunt elephant in Africa you've got your own here—big ears, long nose and all."

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Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 13, 1965

YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, PETE

That is what America's Walker Cup golfers ended up saying after coming from desperately far behind to salvage a tie against a young British team led by a buoyant 18-year-old named Peter Townsend **by ALFRED WRIGHT**

A team of British amateur golfers came out of the woods and up the valleys of some rolling Baltimore countryside last weekend to spring surprise upon surprise at the Americans. Their goal was to capture the Walker Cup, a three-foot stack of Tiffany silver that was conceived in 1921 to "stimulate golf interest on both sides of the Atlantic," but which had essentially stimulated acute British frustration as the Americans won 18 of the 19 team matches held since then. This time, to be surprisingly strong, the British trained for months, running on beaches and slogging through moors. To be surprisingly young, they used a team whose average age was 26 (compared to the Americans' 34—half were over 40). And to be surprisingly good, they arrived with a happy pair they called the "Terrible Twins"—18-year-old Peter Townsend, a Hertfordshire schoolboy, and 20-year-old Clive Clark, a Scarborough architectural student.

"There is no way to say what hopes and dreams have gone into this thing," explained a British newsman. "It is as if the Walker Cup for years has been some kind of Holy Grail on a mountaintop, and our men have been struggling and clawing upward to reach it." What they clawed through last week was the most rousing cup competition in years. For a day and a half the British threatened to turn the matches into a rout, only to get so surprised themselves in the last afternoon that they were lucky to salvage a tie. An American called it the greatest comeback since D-day, an Englishman said half a cup is better than none, and everybody went home half happy and fully certain that the British are Walker Cup patsies no more.

Peter wowed the gallery with his boyish grin, and his American foes with his manly golf.

JAMES DRAKE

There is a temptation to say it was a whiff of Baltimore that put all that moxie into the British. After all, the last time they visited the city in any force, they were chased out of town by a ragtag bunch of volunteers, bumpkins and whatnots. That, however, was back in September of 1814. At the flag-raising ceremonies on Wednesday, the British players may have recognized the song that Francis Scott Key wrote on the earlier occasion, the thing about bombs bursting in air, but they had a lot more determination than they did 151 years ago. From the moment they walked down the ramp of their Pan Am jet at Baltimore's Friendship Airport eight days before the matches began, they acted as if they had come to win.

The British arrival was, literally, a red-carpet affair. When they stepped off their 707 they found themselves walking down a red carpet lined with British and U.S. flags. Out came the cameras, and everyone, guests and hosts alike, started taking pictures of everyone else in the friendliest fashion, it having become customary to be awfully, awfully nice to British Walker Cup players because the poor chaps always lose. The British were then loaded aboard an air-conditioned bus and whisked off to the creaky old Sheraton-Belvedere Hotel, an establishment whose arcane accommodations and services should have made them feel at home. By 7:30 that first night they were all downstairs at the hotel for dinner, looking extremely well turned out in their navy blue blazers with a rampant red British lion stitched on the breast pockets. But they didn't linger. Joe Carr, their captain, saw to it that they were on their way to bed by 10:30. "We can't play our best if we don't sleep nine hours," he said.

If this showed an ominous sense of purpose, it was just the beginning, for Carr was the kind of captain who made his presence strongly felt. Having been on the losing side for nine straight Walker Cup matches, he had no intention of making it 10. Three times the British Amateur champion, Dublin Dress Manufacturer Carr is, without doubt, the outstanding amateur golfer to appear in Europe in the last generation. Tall and darkly handsome, he is a swashbuckler of an athlete, and there is something about the lilt of his clipped brogue that makes you realize this man trifles not. At 43, he was 11 years older than the next most senior member of his squad, and his authority and credentials were subject to no second-guessing by anyone. What Joe Carr wanted from his team, Joe usually got.

Among the things Joe Carr had wanted most was top physical condition. He himself is a bug on fitness, and for some months before the matches he ran several miles each morning on the beaches back home. He wrote all the British players that he expected much the same kind of thing from them. "The legs are the first thing to go when you have to play two

continued

18-hole matches a day," he explained. "That has been one of our problems."

In the very first practice round Peter Townsend played on the rolling Five Farms Course of Baltimore Country Club he gave fair warning to the Americans of trouble ahead by shooting a three-under-par 67. Soon, however, most of the British found themselves baffled by the speed and undulations of Five Farms' large greens. "When you get the ball within six feet of the cup," said Gordon Cosh, a smooth-faced young Scotsman with bushy black hair who pronounced cup like coop, "you like to think you can have a go at it. But often you can just barely touch the ball and hope it will hit the cup before it rolls six feet past."

Each day the British were out early, hitting plenty of balls off the practice tee, playing 18 holes or more and working for hours on the slippery greens. Most nights they dined early at the hotel and were in their rooms by 10 o'clock, an exception being Saturday night when Jack Emich, the tournament committee chairman, took them all to dinner at Baltimore's Center Club. The club affords a spectacular 22nd-story view of the city and its harbor. "Have you looked out the window?" Emich asked Townsend, whose Beatlelike playfulness was keeping the British loose. "Oh, no," said Peter. "I couldn't stand the height."

"Peter," one of the other Britons asked him, "does your mother know you're up so late?"

"This is a different kind of British team," Joe Carr kept telling everybody, and the jocularity was a symptom of it. The players kept teasing Townsend and each other, and acting as happy as winners even though a shot had not been hit. Ronnie Shade, a 26-year-old Scotsman, got badgered for the superfluity of initials in his name. Ronnie D. B. M. Shade. His teammates decided that D. B. M. stood for "down the bloody middle." Nobody kidded Peter Michael Paul Townsend or Michael Stanley Randle Lunt, four names representing no surplus by British standards. Another target for fun was Sandy Saddler, who is a master baker from Angus, Scotland. At 5 feet 2, Saddler is often scarcely visible among his companions. While introducing his team at the flag-raising ceremonies, Carr said to the audience, "I can't see the next player, so I don't know who he is. Oh, yes, there he is. Sandy Saddler." A serious Scotsman, Saddler took this in the best of humor, but earnestly protested that he is really 5 feet 3.

The British succeeded in doing what Joe Carr hoped they would, carrying their mood into a triumphant Friday, throughout which they belabored the Americans. U.S. Amateur Champion Bill Campbell won a singles match as did Deane Beman, but the Terrible Twins led a rout of the rest. Clark won 5 and 3 over Mark Hopkins, America's best college player last year, and Townsend had four straight birdies on the first nine to ice his match against Billy Joe Patton. After winning, the tall, good-looking Townsend attracted a small covey of pretty girls who followed him out on the course to watch his teammates complete their matches. When his friend Michael Lunt sank a difficult putt to close out another British victory, Peter said to one of the girls, "Come on,

Whooping it up on Friday afternoon, Townsend and friends watch British teammate Michael Lunt sink a match-winning putt at the 17th green

let's rush down on the green and give him a big kiss." In all, the British took six of eight singles matches and two of four team matches for a seemingly safe 8–3 lead (one match was a draw, which scores no points).

Throughout Friday, Joe Carr, who had decided to be a nonplaying captain, dashed from fairway to fairway, binoculars swinging from his shoulder, spurring his players with little remarks of encouragement. "Nice shot, Peter," he would call. He paused to watch a drive of Clive Clark's sail down the middle of the fairway. "There he goes," shouted Carr admiringly, "straight down the hiddle diddle," and he was off at a trot to examine the progress of another match. At one point in the afternoon, when the British had already built a 5–3 lead with three tight matches still left on the course, Carr rushed breathlessly up to some reporters and said, "I can't keep track of the bloody thing."

"You'd better," said one of the newsmen. "You're winning."

"Ah, but I wouldn't be satisfied against you fellows," said Carr, "even if we were leading 12 to 0. I know how you chaps can recover."

Joe Carr's apprehensions over his team's early lead seemed more rhetorical than real, but he knew a few things about American golfers that a lot of other people had forgotten. After all, it was only two years ago at Turnberry that the Americans had turned a first day's deficit of 3–6 into a 12–8 victory.

On Saturday morning the British held firm in the four team matches to take a 10–5 lead, and now they needed to win only two of the eight afternoon singles matches to crate the cup and send it home. Once more they got off to early leads and victory looked sure, but suddenly, hole by hole, it began to slip away. Bill Campbell started it by beating Rodney Foster on the 16th green. Little Sandy Saddler—perhaps the only golfer Deane Beman can look down on—lost to Beman on the 18th green. Gray-haired Ed Tutwiler of Indianapolis got three down to Ronnie Shade after four holes, and then won seven straight to beat him. By now the drops of sweat were showing on the not-so-stiff upper lips of Joe Carr and the British rooters in the gallery.

There was momentary relief when Gordon Cosh clobbered Don Allen of Rochester, for just behind this twosome Peter Townsend was involved in a furious battle with Downing Gray. At the 11th, the irrepressible Peter holed out a bunker shot from 45 yards away to take a one-hole lead. If he could just hold on he would be the man, or boy, of the hour. But Gray caught him with a birdie at the 14th, and went on to beat him 1 up. Finally the British disaster reached the point where salvation rested on the imperturbable Clive Clark, who had to tie Mark Hopkins to save his team. Two down at 15, he finished 3–3–3, sinking a 35-foot birdie putt on 18 to catch Hopkins and make the 20th Walker Cup Match end in a tie.

That final, glorious putt of Clark's saved the British but failed to gain the cup. Speaking afterwards, a deeply disappointed Joe Carr said, "If I live to be a hundred, I'll never be prouder than I was of our golfers. But I'll never make a hundred if I have to live through two more days like the last two." **END**

Lying down on the job, distraught Team Captain Joe Carr hides his head in dismay as a British putt doesn't sink, but the British fortunes do.

THE WEIRDEST RACE ROLLS ON

A team loses a game and gains ground, another falls from first place to third as it sleeps. The oddest pennant race in National League history is always exciting but sometimes it gets just a little sloppy **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

Gene Mauch, the manager of the Philadelphia Phillies, sat on the dugout steps at Connie Mack Stadium one evening last week looking like a man who had spent considerable time climbing the hills of hell. For Mauch, whose team has never fulfilled the expectations he had for it in the spring, this has been a frustrating season, but somehow Philadelphia is still one of six National League teams fighting it out in the most bewildering pennant race in baseball history.

He gathered a fistful of dirt and sifted it through his fingers. Within a week the Phils had lost four games, because 1) a catcher let a ball get past him on the first pitch of an intentional walk, 2) a pitcher threw a wild pitch on a third strike, 3) one relief pitcher picked up a bunt and threw it into the left-field bullpen and 4) another relief pitcher picked up another bunt and threw it into the right-field bullpen. "There should be a new way to record the standings in this league," said Mauch. "One column for wins, one for losses and one for gifts—games given away. Last year we didn't give five games away all season. This year we have given away 25 by my count. What about the rest of the season? Well, if nothing has been figured out at the end of 130 games, then any man who can figure out the final 30 is smart enough to be doing something else."

Within the past three weeks it has been possible for National League teams to go to bed in first place and wake up in third, and even to lose games and gain ground. Although the players believe that the Cincinnati Reds will ultimately win the pennant (*see box*), it is hard for the average fan to agree since the Reds, like the other five contenders, have suffered from a league-wide disease of being consistently inconsistent. The cause of the disease is simple to detect: each contender has at least one particular defect piled on top of a universal one.

The Los Angeles Dodgers, for example, have three strong starting pitchers, but the team itself cannot hit. Willie Mays hit more home runs in the month of August (17) than any one Dodger is going to hit all year. Cincinnati, San Francisco, Milwaukee, Pittsburgh and Philadelphia all seem able to hit, but none has three strong starting pitchers. And all six lack the one classical commodity that championship teams always seem to possess—a reliable bullpen. Since the beginning of August, 40% of the losses suffered by the six have been charged to relief pitchers.

The managers have tried desperately to alleviate this condition, but nothing has helped. Dick Sisler of the Reds used starter Sammy Ellis to protect a seven-run lead against the Houston Astros, of all people. Walt Alston of the Dodgers called on Sandy Koufax, the best starting pitcher in baseball, for relief work and, because his bullpen was sagging, he had to let Don Drysdale pitch when Drysdale was really not Drysdale at all. Harry Walker of the Pirates watched his best relief pitcher, Al McBean, get credit for saving three games while giving up nine hits, three walks and five runs in six innings. The Braves became so desperate last week they bought 39-year-old Harvey Haddix from the Baltimore Orioles to help the bullpen, but Harvey felt neither able nor willing and decided to retire. Each team brought up young pitchers from the minors and threw them right into the middle of the scramble, usually in relief. Mauch tried this last week with 22-year-old Grant Jackson, just up from Arkansas. Jackson promptly gave up a three-run homer, and the rest of the bullpen allowed eight more runs before the game was over.

The weak bullpens, generally sloppy defensive play and an unusual number of mental lapses have given the tense race a rather shabby look. Perhaps this has been caused by the pressures of the scramble itself, but it could well be a result of baseball's expansion four years ago, which diluted the game by allowing 25% more players into the major leagues while lengthening the schedule and traveling distances. Recently the Dodgers concluded a bitter series with the Giants in San Francisco, the one that ended with the famous Juan Marichal bat incident. The Dodgers, who had played 83 innings of hard baseball in eight days, then flew overnight to New York. They lost three of four games to the Mets and played their worst ball of the year.

Bobby Bragan of the Braves said last week, "The season is much too long. The 162-game schedule with all its travel and doubleheaders has hurt the caliber of baseball. The schedule should be reduced to 140 games, maybe fewer. You could have Mondays and Thursdays open and play no doubleheaders. Good players would last longer, and you would not have to take stars like Willie Mays out of the lineup to rest them."

Mays and the San Francisco Giants will end up this season playing almost 200 games, counting spring-training exhibitions, but few could be more dramatic than the one they played last Thursday in Philadelphia when Marichal returned after his suspension for hitting John Roseboro with a bat.

The biggest weekday crowd in the history of Philadelphia baseball showed up to see Marichal and to boo him. A telegram hung on the bulletin board in the Giant clubhouse saying, PAY NO ATTENTION TO FANS JUAN. YOU CAN DO IT. It was signed STAUNCH GIANT FANS. A Giant player saw it and said, "Now don't you just know that Horace Stoneham sent that?" There were other telegrams in the Phillie clubhouse, several of them suggesting it would be unwise for the Phillies to provoke Marichal.

"The last thing in the world I would do would be to provoke Juan Marichal," said Mauch. Asked if he thought the reactions to the Marichal incident would have an effect on Juan, Mauch said, "You see a lot of scars in baseball. On the face and the chin and the cheeks. On the legs and arms sometimes. We don't know about this scar. This one might be someplace where you can't see it." He drew a cross over his heart.

As Marichal came out of the dugout six photographers crouched and popped flashbulbs in his face. When he began to warm up the fans booed him. Of the 17 cities in America where big-league baseball is played 16 have only amateur booers. Philadelphia has the pros. When Marichal's name was announced as the starting pitcher the boos grew louder. As he trotted out to the mound to pitch the people rose in back of the Giant dugout and let him have it. Most of his warmup pitches were high and he dropped the sixth return throw from Catcher Dick Bertell, and the crowd booed him again. But when Marichal began to pitch he was excellent. He threw eight pitches, all in the strike zone, to retire the side.

The second inning was different. Marichal used 38 pitches and gave up three runs. Richie Allen hit a line drive off Marichal's pitching hand, and the Giants made two errors. On a bloop double Willie Mays made an amazing effort to get to the ball, running from center field to short right, not 25 feet from the foul line, but the ball dropped.

When Marichal came back to the dugout after the inning, Mays took him aside and examined his hand. Willie put his arm around the pitcher and shook his shoulder as Marichal bowed his head. Mays patted him a couple of times on his rump and smiled his great smile, and Marichal finally smiled weakly.

Marichal lost, however, and he was certainly not as effective as he normally is. True, he had been out of the pitching rotation for 10 days, but he needed 120 pitches to get through seven innings. In the dressing room after the game he maintained that nothing bothered him except the layoff. He said that the boos were typical of Philadelphia.

Still, no one as yet has seen into that "someplace" where the fingers made the cross, nor can anyone know what effect it all might have on this strangest of pennant races.

THE PLAYERS PICK THE REDS

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED asked National League players which team they thought would finally win the pennant (with the stipulation that they could not pick their own club). The votes of the 172 players who answered were divided as follows:

CINCINNATI REDS	84	SAN FRANCISCO GIANTS	5
MILWAUKEE BRAVES	43	PITTSBURGH PIRATES	3
LOS ANGELES DODGERS	29	PHILADELPHIA PHILLIES	1
	UNDECIDED	27	

EO MATHEWS, BRAVES

Either Cincinnati or the Dodgers. The Dodgers have stayed up there, but Cincinnati has the good pitching and good hitting. A lot of luck is involved. The Phils have the good schedule. The Reds, Braves, Giants and Dodgers play each other at the end of the year. That means somebody else could sneak in.

SAMMY ELLIS, REDS

Milwaukee. They have the best-hitting club, outside of ours. I can't see the Giants being better than Milwaukee, and I can't see the Dodgers hanging in there. Of course, we've been saying that all year, and they're still there.

ROGER CRAIG, REDS

The Dodgers. All year long people have been saying they would fold, but they haven't. I have to pick them because they have Drysdale, Koufax and Wills. I think Wills is by far the most valuable player in the league. Pitchers pitch differently and catchers catch differently because of him. If he were hurt, they'd be an average club.

WILLIE MAYS, GIANTS

Los Angeles has surprised me the most, especially after they lost Tommy Davis. If pitching is 75% of the game, then it is 85% or 90% with them.

TUG McGRAW, METS

The Dodgers have been lucky. I don't think their luck can hold out. I like the Braves.

GENE OLIVER, BRAVES

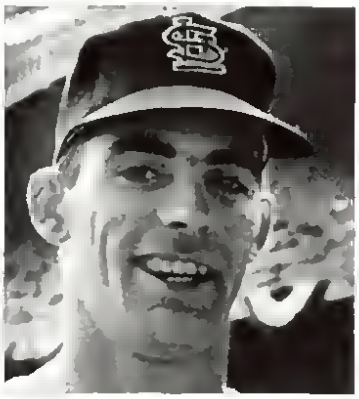
Cincinnati. I have to like them because they've beaten us all year. I don't like the Dodgers down the stretch. As a dark horse I like Philadelphia.

JOE MORGAN, ASTROS

I'll take the Giants because they haven't been doing a thing, and they're still right in it. I think the hitting will be the most important thing the last week. By that time most of the pitchers will be tired.

TITO FRANCONA, CARDINALS

Pittsburgh has what it takes to win.



MIKE SHANNON, CARDINALS

I think the race will end up with a two- or three-team playoff, with Cincinnati, Philadelphia and the Giants the teams likely to be in it.

A HAMBO IN THE GLOAMING

By the early light of the Illinois moon, and after four heats on a muddy track, trotting's premier event was won by a long-shot colt whose owner was hoping her husband's horse would win the race instead **by PAT RYAN**

It doesn't seem like much, 1.9 inches of rain—hardly enough to make the weeds grow in one of those empty New York reservoirs. But the 1.9 inches that fell on the fairgrounds at Du Quoin, Ill. last week were a million-dollar deluge. They cost Oilman K. D. Owen $1 million, and trotting its first million-dollar racehorse. A million-dollar driver missed the win he had dreamed of for 30 years, and Noble Victory lost a Hambletonian that not a man in a million thought he could lose.

Instead of the pleasant afternoon romp that was forecast for Owen's Noble Victory, the rain turned the 40th Hambletonian Stake into a seven-hour, four-heat marathon that ended in the Illinois moonlight. The winner by a neck or a nose—it was too dark to be sure—was Egyptian Candor, who managed in the last few strides to pass the tired filly Armbro Flight. And where was Noble Victory? Back at the barn, walking circles around a tree, trying to cool out.

He was not the only one in Du Quoin walking circles. There were three Lexington, Ky. breeders who had arrived in Du Quoin, checkbooks in hand. It was said they intended to buy Noble Victory immediately after he won The Hambletonian and that K. D. Owen had agreed to syndicate him for $1 million, which would have been $500,000 more than had ever been paid for a trotter. A son of the 1958 Hambletonian winner Emily's Pride, he was undefeated and had won 27 of 28 heats, losing one dash as a 2-year-old only because the borrowed sulky he was towing cramped his style.

Stanley Dancer, his famous trainer-driver who isn't above letting a little county fair into his speech if the scene happens to be a county fair, said of the bay colt, "He's a plumb natural trotter. I think he's the best colt there has ever been." Most harness horsemen agreed. They spoke of Noble Victory's effortless gait, his finesse, his perfect circular trotting stroke. One said, "His legs move like a barrel rolling down a hill, and that is the ideal." The trotting breed is relatively young and gait is not yet a truly natural thing, so trainers weight their horses' hooves with lead and rig up special harnesses to keep colts on stride. But Noble Victory wears a minimum of equipment. He is one of few harness horses that is not inbred to a gangly Indiana stallion named Axworthy—and this may account for his easy gait. The Axworthys tend to paddle when they trot and some waddle like a duck.

Well, last Wednesday afternoon Du Quoin was for ducks and not for Noble Victory. A day and a night before the race a river of rain poured down. By Wednesday morning the clay track looked like a stretch of the Mississippi. For 10 hours a crew dragged, scraped and bailed out the track, and when a wind whipped up and the sun came out, Don Hayes, president of the fair, decided to go ahead with the program. He was reluctant to postpone it. Thirty-five thousand fairgoers had paid and were already in their seats. So the Union County High School band of Anna, Ill. played the 21 numbers it knows over and over and after a three-hour and six-minute delay, the first race went off—crawled off would be a more apt description. The winner took 2:20 3/5 to go the mile.

A committee of drivers, among them Stanley Dancer, complained to Hayes. "You can't turn a sulky," one said. "The track is not fit to jog on," another declared. The prospect of such an off track was bothering most of the other Hambletonian drivers more than Dancer. He had won with Noble Victory in heavy mud at Saratoga and on a dull track at Springfield. Armbro Flight, the second favorite, appeared out of it. Like any sensible girl, she despises mud. Even worse, she had drawn the outside post position in the 11-horse field, and this was the wettest part of the racetrack.

Nobody cared if Egyptian Candor liked mud—not even his owner, Mrs. Stanley Dancer. For Rachel Dancer, this day was to be her husband's. He seemed certain, at last, to win The Hambletonian. Noble Victory had already beaten her horse 11 times—which may be why Egyptian Candor got so rattled that he had spent the summer hitting his elbows with his hooves and breaking stride. Only the Dancer children were loyal to the colt. They told Stanley, "We'd sure like to see you win, Dad, but we've got to root for Mom."

Mrs. Dancer and Stanley had asked soft-spoken Del Cameron to drive Egyptian Candor. Del is 45, a fine and experienced horseman who in the last few years has not been able to win a stake. It was Del who gave Stanley his first drive in The Hambletonian back in 1953.

Always a colt who "takes his own sloppy time about things," as Stanley Dancer puts it, Noble Victory would not warm up until he got some persistent prodding from Stanley's whip. He moved with the grace of a duck hunter being sucked into a marsh. The wet clay of Du Quoin was different from the wet sand he had won on before.

If anyone failed to notice, the first heat demonstrated in convincing fashion that this was not Noble Victory's day. He plowed to the front and led to the stretch. Then he tired, his pure gait fell apart and he floundered to the finish. He could only beat two horses. The win-

Neck and neck all through the Du Quoin stretch, Egyptian Candor barely edges Armbro Flight (on rail) in The Hambletonian's crucial heat.

ner was Short Stop, much to Driver Ned Bower's amazement. "The track is better than I thought," he said. Stanley Dancer did not agree.

Meanwhile (never mind the boss's worries), Del Cameron had sent to the barn for bell boots for Egyptian Candor. Rachel Dancer's colt had looked like he might win at the eighth pole, but he had suddenly begun pacing. Cameron knew that if he increased the weight on the colt's front legs it would keep him on the trot. Bell boots weigh six ounces. The six ounces helped, helped so much in fact that in the second heat Egyptian Candor led from start to finish. Cameron sat in the sulky like a block of ice as Nimble Boy and Armbro Flight stormed up beside him. He beat them home by a nose and a neck. "I came down the stretch," Del said later, "and I was wishing that wire would move closer. Any minute I felt my colt would shift over to a pace. I couldn't drive him, I was afraid to." Again Noble Victory broke stride from fatigue, but this time he managed to beat three horses.

Before the third heat Cameron had a blacksmith put two-ounce weights on Egyptian Candor's front feet, figuring if six ounces of bell boot had helped, a little lead would, too. This done, the colt began to trot even better. He was on or near the lead throughout the third mile. But the pace was quick, and it quickened still more in the stretch. Egyptian Candor had too little left when Armbro Flight challenged on the outside. The filly won by a nose.

The moon came up, the sun went down, but The Hambletonian was not yet over. To take harness racing's classic event, a horse must win two heats. There had been three heats and three winners. A race-off among the winners was now necessary. The paddock was dark and the three horses that were left stood in eerie silence. Short Stop had an aching stifle. Egyptian Candor had a wet rag between his ears to cool his brow and Armbro Flight had a chain to chew on to quiet her nerves. The filly whinnied, eager to be home. It was seven hours since the harness had been put on her the first time.

At 7:30 p.m. the horses were hustled back to the track for the fourth heat. Short Stop broke going away from the gate and did not figure after that. Armbro Flight took the lead and coasted into the backstretch a length in front of Egyptian Candor. The pace was slow until the two horses approached the far turn. "I knew she could outbrush me if I let her lead into the homestretch," Del Cameron said afterwards. He went after Armbro at the three-eighths pole. The colt and filly swept round the turn head to head, hub to hub. Cameron later recalled muttering to himself, "O.K., let's have a horse race." The lead switched back and forth, the drivers rocked in their sulkies and slashed with their whips. They crossed the finish like a team, by the light of the moon and camera flashes.

Rachel Dancer had won her Hambletonian. But there was a certain sadness, too. She knew that Stanley had wanted this Hambletonian himself. She knew he had refused to drive her colt in the fourth heat even though Del Cameron had offered him the horse. Rachel Dancer had not really wanted her colt to win. And neither had Del Cameron. He told the Dancers after the race, "This was one I did not want." It seems only Egyptian Candor did. **END**

8

THE YOUNG PROS

have taken over: this is the novelty of 1965 in a game where calluses have always counted for more than college press clippings. Only a sturdy few remain of the players, coaches and owners who launched professional football into its most glittering, glamorous decade. Yelberton Abraham Tittle is selling insurance in Palo Alto. Frank Gifford is selling Frank Gifford on television. Gino Marchetti, for 13 years the finest defensive end in pro football, is selling hamburgers from Philadelphia to Baltimore, and Hawg Hanner is selling sacrifice as a coach for the Green Bay Packers. Hugh McElhenny is gone and so is Bill Pellington. Andy Robustelli and Alex Webster are only memories for

continued

MAULE'S NFL PICKS

EAST
CLEVELAND BROWNS
DALLAS COWBOYS
ST. LOUIS CARDINALS
WASHINGTON REDSKINS
PHILADELPHIA EAGLES
NEW YORK GIANTS
PITTSBURGH STEELERS

WEST
GREEN BAY PACKERS
BALTIMORE COLTS
MINNESOTA VIKINGS
LOS ANGELES RAMS
SAN FRANCISCO 49ERS
CHICAGO BEARS
DETROIT LIONS

SHRAKE'S AFL PICKS

EAST
BUFFALO BILLS
BOSTON PATRIOTS
HOUSTON OILERS
NEW YORK JETS

WEST
SAN DIEGO CHARGERS
KANSAS CITY CHIEFS
OAKLAND RAIDERS
DENVER BRONCOS

New York Giant fans, and never again will Detroit see Yale Lary clamp his larcenous fingers on an interception or send a punt 60 yards down the field.

Bert Bell is dead and in his NFL commissioner's chair sits 39-year-old Pete Rozelle. "Most of the men who voted me in as commissioner five years ago no longer vote in league meetings," Rozelle said the other day as he reflected on the turnover. "Some of the new votes are new clubs—the Cowboys and the Vikings—and some are new owners of old clubs, for example Jerry Wolman in Philadelphia and Art Modell in Cleveland. Dan Reeves has taken control of the Rams, Lou Spadia runs the 49ers and Edward Bennett Williams is the director of the Redskins. Most of these men are younger than the men they succeeded."

The new men have not been shy about making innovations. Art Modell, despite grumbles from the older owners, introduced the concept of the exhibition doubleheader, and his annual show in the 77,000-seat Municipal Stadium has been hugely successful. Tex Schramm, the youthful general manager of the Dallas Cowboys, has come up with computerized scouting techniques that could revolutionize that phase of the game. Rozelle, of course, jogged pro football into the sphere of big-time television by bringing the old era of single-club deals to an end and booking the league as a bloc for revenues undreamed of a decade ago. It is probable that the relative youth of Rankin H. Smith was the decisive factor in his acquisition of the new NFL franchise in Atlanta (for the handsome sum of $9 million). Others who went after the franchise were solid in Dun & Bradstreet, but older.

There has been an even more arresting swing to youth among the coaches. Few old heads remain in a profession that belonged almost exclusively to older men only a few years ago. Allie Sherman of the Giants, Harland Svare of the Rams, Jack Christiansen of the 49ers, Norman Van Brocklin of the Vikings, Don Shula of the Colts and Harry Gilmer of the Lions are young coaches who have caught on in the last five years. Shula, of course, guided the Colts to the Western Division championship last year. Blanton Collier, coach of the Cleveland team that beat him for the NFL championship, is young in the league, if not in years.

But youth is served best of all on the playing field, where nearly every team in both the NFL and the AFL will have a cluster of kid whizzes. Consider the Packers, poised now to regain the world championship they held in 1961 and 1962. The Packers slipped to second place in 1963 and 1964 because Coach Vince Lombardi needed time to pump plasma into what was obviously a team operating on tired old blood. When the Packers open Sept. 19 in Pittsburgh no less than half the 40-player squad will be men with less than four years' service in the NFL. The other half will be battle-tempered oldsters, but Green Bay's faces of the future go with unfamiliar names like Dennis Claridge, Marv Fleming and Bob Long. The Starrs and the Hornungs and the Taylors will lead the Packers through a few more seasons, but Lombardi, like the wisest of his younger fellow coaches, is buying youth insurance right now.

The most exciting team in the NFL is undoubtedly the youngest—Minnesota—under the direction of young Van Brocklin, who stepped directly from the field into his head-coaching job. "You keep the good young ones," Van Brocklin says. "The others you can trade."

Allie Sherman, who must pray that he has not given the Giants too massive a dose of youth, summed up the general attitude when he traded Linebacker Sam Huff to Washington a year ago. "Sam is at a peak now," he said. "We can make an advantageous trade for him. You can't tell when a player will begin to go back and it will be too late to make the trade."

The trend to youth is reflected in other ways. Teams are spending more than ever to scout college players. Today most clubs budget upwards of $100,000 a year in the search for fresh flesh. Ten years ago the outlay was half of that.

The rise of the Dallas Cowboys and the Vikings is directly attributable to scouting, as is the imminent comeback of the Los Angeles Rams. Pittsburgh, the one team in the NFL that consistently has traded away draft choices for veteran players, has eroded slowly, but the cumulative damage has been so great that this year it more than likely will drop to the bottom of the Eastern Division. Old, good players are costly, and the draft selections squandered on them have returned to haunt the Steelers.

In its brief life the AFL has not, of course, changed as drastically as the NFL at the executive and coaching levels, but the trend to young athletes has been just as clear-cut. When the AFL got started five years ago most of the teams were composed of NFL rejects of both recent and ancient vintage. George Blanda, who had already sagged into the fading days of a not very distinguished NFL career, has been one of the AFL's top quarterbacks. So has Tobin Rote, ex-Detroit Lion. Many linemen were limping toward retirement only to have the day deferred by the AFL's desperate need for bodies. Today the AFL has drafted itself young. The big names this season are young names: Quarterback Don Trull, who in his second year should displace Blanda in Houston; Daryl Lamonica, in his third year with Buffalo; and, of course, Sonny Werblin's $600,000 pair in New York, Joe Namath and John Huarte. The latter are very likely still a bit too young to be spectacular this first season, but one or the other certainly should qualify as a quarterback of the future. Young Billy Joe has replaced aging Cookie Gilchrist on the championship-bound Buffalo Bills; young Matt Snell has replaced any number of geriatric cases on the Jets.

These changes in the old pro order have taken place so gradually that we have not had a feeling of sharp transition. This season, for the first time, the new order will be dramatically evident. For Hugh McElhenny of the magical legs you will have to read Charley Taylor of the Washington Redskins. For Y. A. Tittle and his golden passing arm switch to Fran Tarkenton of the Vikings. There may never be another Gino Marchetti, but Carl Eller of the Vikings is having a go.

Old George Halas is still head coach of the Chicago Bears but the bright new star of his team is a rookie running back from Kansas named Gale Sayers, and the new bulwark of the Bears' defense might well be another rookie, Dick Butkus.

This, then, is the season of the young pros—of young owners, coaches and players. Now begins, surely, the brightest decade of a sport that has known 20 years of uninterrupted growth. The owner of a baseball team lamented the shortage of prime young ballplayers the other day. His explanation for the shortage was the competitive allure of pro football. "Pro football," he said, "has become the glamour sport."

CONTINUED

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SCOUTING REPORTS

NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE

by Tex Maule and Morton H. Sharnik

	page		page
MINNESOTA	46	CLEVELAND	62
BALTIMORE	52	ST. LOUIS	62
GREEN BAY	54	PHILAOELPHIA	64
DETROIT	57	WASHINGTON	66
CHICAGO	57	OALLAS	69
LOS ANGELES	58	PITTSBURGH	69
SAN FRANCISCO	61	NEW YORK	70

AMERICAN FOOTBALL LEAGUE

by Edwin Shrake

BUFFALO	72	SAN OIEGO	77
BOSTON	73	KANSAS CITY	77
NEW YORK	74	OAKLANO	78
HOUSTON	75	DENVER	79

THE DUTCHMAN IS HALF AN INCH AWAY

Coach Norman Van Brocklin has alternately sweet-talked and whiplashed his young Vikings into contention for the NFL title. His chief weapon is a gambling, scrambling quarterback called Peach

"A quarterback should run only from sheer terror," said Norman Van Brocklin a few years ago when he was a non-running quarterback. In his fifth year as a head coach and the Minnesota Vikings' fifth year as a football team, Van Brocklin conceivably could win the Western Conference championship of the National Football League with Fran (Peach) Tarkenton (*see cover*), a quarterback who runs from sheer delight. "I can't change him," Van Brocklin says philosophically. "Scrambling is his style. When it gets to third and 40, I let him call the play."

The Vikings, who open the season next week against the Western champion Colts in the day's big game, probably have the best third-and-40 offense in football—a doubtful but electrifying distinction for a team that rarely gets into that kind of a jam. Their third-and-40 play is almost always the same. Tarkenton takes the ball, retreats hopefully into the blocking pocket, then begins to improvise. He leaves the pocket, tripping nimbly a step or two ahead of 260-pound defenders and confusing his blockers beyond repair. As he wanders farther and farther behind the line of scrimmage, he seems to know exactly where the tacklers are and just how to avoid them. He watches as his receivers invent patterns downfield. Finally he throws, and as often as not he gets the first down and occasionally he gets a touchdown. This may be the single most exciting play in football—exciting to the fans and to Van Brocklin, who is far more active following Tarkenton from the sideline than he ever was as a quarterback on the field.

Van Brocklin was a stationary quarterback for two reasons. First, he could not run fast enough to escape from an enraged turtle and, second, he was taught early in his career that a quarterback is not supposed to run.

"I learned quarterbacking from Jim Aiken at Oregon," Van Brocklin said the other day at Jack's, the Toots Shor's of Bemidji, Minn., which is the Vikings' training town. Van Brocklin had gone to Oregon from Acalanes High School in Walnut Creek, Calif. He was a tailback in high school—which tells all you need to know about the running ability of the football players at Acalanes. "All I had to do was throw," said Van Brocklin. "I didn't need to run."

When Aiken took over the Oregon club in Van Brocklin's sophomore year he appointed him quarterback and gave him and the offensive line a brief lecture.

"You run out of the pocket and you're on your way home," he told Van Brocklin. "Anyone who lets anyone *into* the pocket is on his way home," he told the offensive linemen.

"I rolled out one time," Van Brocklin recalled. "I ran over toward the sideline, and somebody knocked me right into the middle of a big hedge that ran alongside the field. I was trying to fight my way out of the hedge when Aiken came right in after me.

" 'Van Brocklin,' he hollered, 'you got a million-dollar arm and a 10¢ head. Don't *ever* do that again!' "

Van Brocklin never did, not in two years on the Oregon varsity and 12 years in pro football. He was the prototype of the drop-back passer, yet he chose Tarkenton with his eyes open. Hired in 1960 to be head coach of the Vikings after he had quarterbacked the Philadelphia Eagles to a world championship, the Dutchman studied movies of 25 college senior quarterbacks before settling on Tarkenton.

"He had a quick arm, and he could take charge," Van Brocklin says. "He is a minister's son and I thought for a while

continued

Van Brocklin, a tough gent who loses his famous temper only when players forget football "is a hitting game," surveys training.

XL

he might be too nice, but he isn't. The defenses in this league are tougher than Japanese arithmetic, and the linebackers come after a quarterback like he was chocolate cake. But Tarkenton learned fast, and no one could put much pressure on him, because he got out of the way so fast. I used to protect myself with a quick release; he's got that, plus the ability to scramble. I still think the best way to beat the rush is with your play calls, but I'm not going to try to change Peach."

One thing Van Brocklin did change, however, was the trajectory of Tarkenton's passes. When Tarkenton came to the Vikings from Georgia he threw rainbows. After watching him for a few moments in training camp that first year Van Brocklin said, "Peach, they'll put you on waivers if you throw pop flies. Hum the ball." He made Tarkenton exercise with weights and practice throwing long passes on a line, and now Tarkenton hums it. Dutch adjusted Tarkenton's drop-back from the five yards he had become accustomed to in college to the pros' seven yards, but no amount of instruction could make him stay put.

"He stays in the pocket more than he used to," Van Brocklin says. "That still isn't very much."

Tarkenton and first draft choice Tommy Mason were Van Brocklin's only high-quality athletes in his first year with the Vikings. The team was stocked with expensive castoffs from the rest of the league, most of them overage and out of condition, plus other rookies obtained in the draft.

"We've got a couple of dogs from every club in the league," Van Brocklin said then. "But we still may win a couple of games. Once these guys get rid of their beer tumors we may have some kind of ball club."

In their maiden year the Vikings surprised a lot of people by winning three games. Among the most amazed was Line Coach Stan West; his original Minnesota linemen were the smallest and slowest he had ever seen on a pro team. In 1962 the Vikings won only two games, but they began to accelerate in 1963 (five victories), and last season they climbed into a tie for second with Green Bay, with eight victories against five defeats and a tie. The improvement has been due partly to intelligent drafting, partly to an intangible quality imparted to the team by Van Brocklin.

"They never quit hitting," another Western Division coach says. "I've never seen a Viking team down for a game."

"That's the big thing Dutch has," says one of his assistants. "He can get the club up. I don't know how he does it. I've never seen anyone else who could keep a club up for 14 games, but Dutch can."

Van Brocklin was a leader as a player, and a leader he still is. Furthermore, he has a comprehensive knowledge of football, plus an intuitive sense of strategy; he knows how to attack almost any defense. He allows Tarkenton to call his own plays, knowing that Tarkenton's tactical philosophy is essentially the same as his own. When Dutch was playing he was a gambling, unorthodox play-caller, and so is Tarkenton.

Van Brocklin is a wide, strong man, with light-blue eyes that on occasion can be as cold as the winter's ice on a Minnesota lake. Much of the time he is a cheerful, laughing man and the light-blue eyes twinkle.

He married his college biology teacher. There is a story that this was the only way he could pass biology, but he actually was a good student. He chose to finish college in three years, informing the Rams of his intentions because he wanted to play for them. That bit of knowledge enabled the Rams to get Van Brocklin for the ridiculously cheap price of a fourth-draft choice. The rest of the league laughed when the Rams' owner, Dan Reeves, chose him; they quit laughing when Van Brocklin took his degree and so became eligible for the college draft.

Dutch's career with the Rams was stormy. He played in the 1949 All-Star Game in Chicago and came to the Ram camp in Redlands, Calif. to find three fine quarterbacks already there. Bob Waterfield was No. 1; he had won the league championship for the Rams in his rookie year, 1945, and by 1949 he was firmly established as not only one of the best tactical and technical quarterbacks in football but also one of the best punters and place-kickers as well. Behind him was veteran Jim Hardy, and behind Hardy was a remarkable young rookie from Virginia named Bobby Thomason. Thomason could dribble a football the way Bob Cousy could dribble a basketball. In the Ram intrasquad game he had performed so well that his team had beaten Waterfield's.

So, coming in, Van Brocklin had no reason to be optimistic. He spent a good deal of his first year with the Rams on the bench, which he did not relish. Clark Shaughnessy was the coach of the 1949 Rams. Halfway through the season Van Brocklin told him that if he would play him he would break every passing record in the NFL book. Eventually Dutch almost did, but in his rookie year he had to be content with battling Waterfield for playing time.

After a couple of years the Ram fans —and the Ram players, sadly—split into Van Brocklin and Waterfield factions. At almost any game there would be a group chanting for Waterfield if Van Brocklin was in the game, and vice versa. Then Waterfield retired, and the Rams drafted Billy Wade. Van Brocklin became the Waterfield of the duo—the veteran quarterback being pursued by a rookie. By this time Sid Gillman was the Ram coach. He preferred Wade to Van Brocklin for reasons still unclear. Van Brocklin finally decided that it would be better to retire than to play for Gillman, and he announced that he would. Reeves, a man who has made few mistakes in his pro-football career, thereupon made a big one. Allowing Gillman to sway him, he let Van Brocklin go. Great quarterbacks are rarities; coaches are not so rare and not so important to their teams.

Van Brocklin went to the Eagles and to Buck Shaw, a coach who gave him his head and for whom he won a world championship. "He was the best," says Van Brocklin. "I liked playing for him. He left the quarterback alone. You have to do that. I got more information accidentally on the field than any coach can get on the sidelines. The receivers tell you who they can beat, and the blockers know what they can do to the defensive line. You can't get that on the sideline."

Van Brocklin won the 1960 championship with an Eagle team most observers considered no better than third best in the East, behind Cleveland and New York. Van Brocklin beat the Giants twice that year. The second victory was the key to the Eagle championship, and it was won on a typically ingenious and audacious call by the Dutchman.

Under the permissive Shaw, Van Brocklin was in effect the offensive coach. He and Charley Gauer, one of Shaw's assistants, chose the plays. For

the second Giant game they had doped out a special play to capitalize on Sam Huff's habit of coming up fast from his middle linebacker post to meet running plays. The play was a fake trap on which Van Brocklin pretended to hand off to a back going into the line and then dropped back to throw a pass to the Eagle fullback, Ted Dean.

At the beginning of the fourth period the Eagles were behind 23–17. Huff had been reading Van Brocklin's audible signals very well, notably on a dive play that the Dutchman had called several times at the line of scrimmage. The number designating the dive was 21; whenever Dutch said, "Twenty-one," Huff hollered, "Dive!" and moved up to stop the play.

On the first play of the fourth period Van Brocklin called the fake trap pass in the huddle, then told the team that he would call, "Twenty-one," at the line of scrimmage.

"When I do, forget it," he said. "We'll go with the play I just called. The 21 is for old Sam. He's been reading our audibles and we're going to sting him."

At the line of scrimmage, Dutch hollered, "Set 21," and Huff reacted like a Pavlov dog, yelling, "Dive!" and moving up. Van Brocklin made a purposely sloppy fake to Dean, showing the ball to the defense so they *would* let him slip through the line unimpeded. Then he made a good fake to the other back, Billy Barnes, and Huff tackled Barnes at the line of scrimmage. Dean looped into the area that had been vacated by Huff, and Van Brocklin hit him with a perfect short pass over the middle. Dean carried the ball all the way in for the touchdown that put the Eagles ahead and, as much as any play, won the division championship for them.

Van Brocklin was voted the most valuable player in the league after he led the Eagles to the championship with an upset victory over Green Bay. He had joined the Eagles as a quarterback on the understanding that he would succeed Shaw as head coach when Shaw retired, but when the Eagle management asked him to be a playing coach Van Brocklin refused.

Bert Rose, general manager of the Vikings, signed him on. It was a courageous move for Rose; no player in the modern era of pro football had ever moved directly from the playing field to a head coaching position. Also Rose was warned by several of the people he consulted that Van Brocklin had a hot temper (which he had) and that he was not notably tactful (he was not). When Van Brocklin finished his pro career by playing in the Pro Bowl in Los Angeles, he was interviewed by the Los Angeles press. The writers, some of whom had not been kind to Van Brocklin when he was with the Rams, were in a mellow and admiring mood. Van Brocklin was not.

"What are you going to do now?" one of them asked.

"Get the hell out of this damn town as fast as I can," said the Dutchman, and he did

He still erupts occasionally during the course of a game, but by and large he keeps his temper under control. Van Brocklin spends a good deal of time in the off season speaking at luncheons and dinners, selling the Vikings, and although he is not fond of the task he is good at it. "I'll keep doing it until there's a fanny on every number," he says, meaning

continued

Heart of the Vikings is this well-blooded trio: Quarterback Fran Tarkenton, Running Back Tommy Mason and Fullback Bill Brown.

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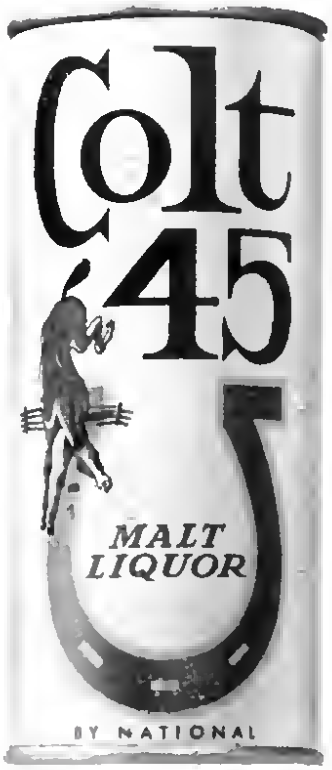

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until there is a customer in every seat of Metropolitan Stadium.

Persuasive though he is, Van Brocklin is more likely to sell seats by producing exciting and victorious football teams. He is good at that, too. Indeed, he has proved that he is as good a coach as he was a quarterback.

This he demonstrated in his first season with the Vikings. With a patchwork team of the very young and the very old, he decided that the first thing he had to do was pump pride into the veterans. They had been publicly declared expendable by their former clubs. They considered it anything but an honor to come to the Vikings.

"Training camp that first year was a real country club," one of them says. "Dutch didn't work anyone very hard. He made us feel like he was glad to have us. He knew that you can't work old hands too hard in training anyway. But the second year! I've been in lots of training camps and I never saw a tougher one. He worked us until our tails dragged and then worked us some more. He even made us scrimmage in the middle of the week during the season, and *nobody* does that."

"They forgot that football is a hitting game," Van Brocklin explains. "So I thought I would remind them."

He did not have to remind Tarkenton. Fran got the message the first season. "Don't stand around," he had been told. "After you hand off or throw the ball, keep moving. Don't give 'em a standing target."

In a game with the Colts, Tarkenton completed a screen pass, his first in pro football. In his excitement he forgot Van Brocklin's warning and stopped to watch the play. Billy Ray Smith, one of the Colt defensive tackles, promptly hung him on a clothesline—whipped him across the face with an extended arm.

He was led to the sideline with a bloody nose and only a vague idea of where he was. As he lay down to try to recover his senses, Van Brocklin walked over and looked at him.

"Welcome, kid," he said. "Welcome to the National Football League."

"Right now," says Van Brocklin, "Tarkenton is only this far from being the best." He held up his thumb and forefinger half an inch apart. "All he needs is the experience."

Entering this season, the Vikings as a team are only that same half inch from a championship. This is the soundest, deepest team the Dutchman has had. His only real lack is depth in the offensive and defensive lines and in running backs. The starters are very good starters, but their replacements are not.

He is exceptionally well stocked at quarterback. Behind Tarkenton is Ron VanderKelen, much the same kind of quarterback and one of the best second quarterbacks in the league. And the Vikings have a rookie from Van Brocklin's alma mater, Oregon, who may be another Van Brocklin in time. He is Bob Berry, a rather small man with poise and an accurate, strong arm. Tarkenton and VanderKelen are 25; Berry is 22. The Vikings should be solid at the most important position in pro football for years to come.

In Bill Brown and Tommy Mason, Van Brocklin has as good a pair of running backs as any team, including Green Bay and Cleveland. Mason has been a star since his rookie year, but the stubby Brown did not develop until last season.

"He improved 200% in one year," Van Brocklin says. "I can't really understand how he did it, except that he worked hard."

One of Van Brocklin's assistants had another explanation. "Bill was a kid who had to be handled gently," he said. "He didn't react well to being chewed out, so Dutch went the other way. He made it a point to praise Brown."

Whatever the reason, Brown now ranks with Jim Taylor as a fullback. Van Brocklin feels that he is the equal of Jimmy Brown—and a better blocker. Behind Brown is Bill McWatters, who is good but not exceptional.

Last year the Viking offensive line opened holes so well for Mason and Brown that both backs ranked in the top eight in the league in rushing, and the Viking team was second only to Green Bay. Despite Tarkenton's tendency to leave the pocket, he got enough protection from the scrambling blockers to rank second in the league in passing and to put the Vikings on top in passing yardage.

In Tackle Grady Alderman, Guard Larry Bowie and Center Mike Tingelhoff the Vikings have three topnotch offensive linemen. The rest of the line is competent. According to Van Brocklin, Hal Bedsole, a 6-foot-4, 230-pound tight end who was a rookie in 1964, could become another Ron Kramer or Mike Ditka.

ka. He is a fine blocker and a strong receiver.

"He can run over safety men," Van Brocklin says, "and he can catch the ball in a crowd. He could be a great one."

Paul Flatley, now in his third pro season, is an excellent flanker; he caught 28 passes last year. Oddly, Brown led the club in receiving, with 48 catches; Tarkenton completed more passes to his two running backs than he did to his flanker and spread end, indicating that many of the passes were thrown out of a scramble into a broken pattern. With better protection and more confidence this year, Tarkenton probably will throw more often to the traditional receivers.

The Viking defensive line is sturdy but, again, not deep. Jim Marshall, the big defensive end who earned a niche in football history last year by recovering a fumble and running the wrong way with it to score a safety against the Vikings, is one of the quickest pass-rushers in football. Carl Eller, in his second season, is still learning the intricacies of defensive-end play, but he is enormously strong and quick and eventually should take his place as the Viking equivalent of the retired Colt terrorist, Gino Marchetti.

"He has more strength in his arms and shoulders than anyone I ever saw," says Van Brocklin. "When he learns how to use it no one will be able to stop him." Like Marchetti, Eller is powerful enough to absorb a tackle's block with his arms and hands, then toss the man either way to get to the passer or to the ballcarrier.

Defensive Tackles Jim Prestel and Paul Dickson are good NFL players. The addition of Gary Larsen, obtained in a trade with Los Angeles, gives the Vikings a bit more depth at tackle than they had last season.

Probably the strongest segment of the Viking defense is the linebacking. The best of a strong trio is Middle Linebacker Rip Hawkins. Hawkins is 6 feet 3, weighs 235 pounds and has extraordinary mobility for his size. He was in the Vikings' original draft. Experience has cured him of making the mistakes that cost the Vikings first downs in his early years. Flanking Hawkins are Roy Winston and Bill Jobko—both better-than-average linebackers. Lonnie Warwick, a big rookie from Tennessee Tech, has been a pleasant surprise in training camp and in exhibition games. So the Vikings are both deep and strong in the most vital position on defense.

In training camp Van Brocklin juggled his secondary, testing Corner Back Ed Sharockman as a safety and shifting other personnel as well, looking for the most effective combination.

"Sharockman is a tremendous tackler," Van Brocklin said. "He can use that ability more as a safety than as a corner back. He hurts people."

The four deep defenders will come from a group composed of Sharockman, Dale Hackbart, Larry Vargo, Lee Calland, Karl Kassulke and George Rose. All of them are experienced and most of them are good; the only rookie given a chance to make the squad as a defensive back is reed-slim Jeff Jordan from Tulsa.

In Bobby Walden, Van Brocklin has the league's No. 1 punter. Fred Cox, the field-goal and kickoff specialist, ranked third in the league on 21 field goals in 33 attempts.

Blessed with unaccustomed riches, Van Brocklin believes that, barring injuries, the Vikings should be a contender for the Western championship. "You have to pick Green Bay," he said at Jack's. "They've got the studs. They are young, and Lombardi is deep everywhere They have a higher percentage of superior ballplayers on their club than any other team in football. But if our front-line players hold up and if we don't get any injuries to key men, we'll be right in there. Tarkenton is better than he ever was. When he went to the Pro Bowl last year he found out for himself that he's as good as any quarterback in pro football. He went in and moved the club when Johnny Unitas couldn't, and that had quite an effect on him. He is sure of himself and cool and in charge."

With ability and depth at quarterback, strong running from Mason and Brown, a big group of good receivers bolstered by the addition of Jim Phillips from the Rams and a better-than-adequate offensive line, the Vikings could take over the league offensive lead from the Packers. The defensive secondary still seems a bit unsettled, but it performed well enough last year and should be better now. If the Dutchman had two more good running backs and a little more depth in both lines, this would be the year of the Vikings.

It may be anyway, with luck. The Dutchman has always been a lucky man.

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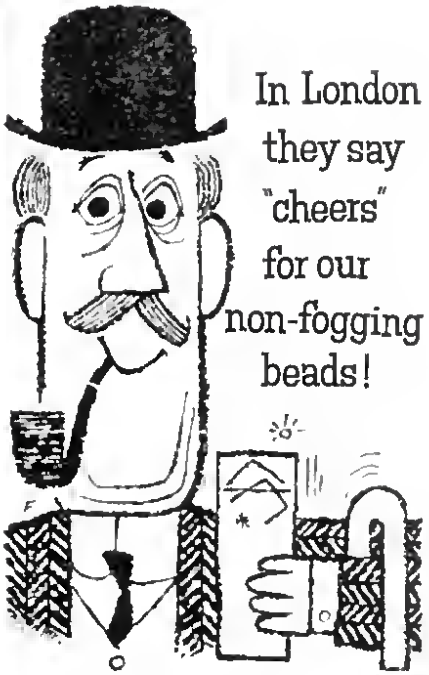

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BALTIMORE COLTS

The Baltimore Colts have the big gun and behind the big gun they have the biggest little gun in the league. The big gun, of course, is the incomparable John Unitas, who has been the best quarterback in football for a long time. Gary Cuozzo, Baltimore's No. 2 quarterback, has been potentially the best for three years now.

To go with Johnny U., as he is known around the league, and with Cuozzo, the Colts have more than capable running backs and several old but young-minded receivers, such as Raymond Berry and Jimmy Orr. The offensive line is well seasoned. It seems to have retained enough of its youth to give Johnny U. and Gary C. adequate pass-blocking, and both of them unload very fast.

Obviously, the Colts have few problems on offense. With Jerry Hill, Tony Lorick, Tom Matte and willowy Lenny Moore, they have running backs equal to any Berry is still capable of fooling any defensive back, and Orr has speed and good hands. John Mackey is a tough tight end who can block and catch passes, and the blockers can impede the progress of most pass rushers. If football were all offense, the Colts would be even to repeat as champions of the West.

But sometime during the course of a game the other team will get the ball, and the Colts must fill two large holes left in their defense by the professional equivalent of graduation. Bill Pellington, a Colt linebacker for 12 years, has retired; he was immensely valuable both for his comprehensive understanding of the offenses in the league and for his dedication to decapitating ballcarriers. His spirit had permeated the Colt defense. But a more grievous loss was Gino Marchetti, the massive, quick, strong, agile and intelligent defensive end. That lineup of adjectives may seem excessive, but it is not; Marchetti is regarded by all coaches in pro football as the best defensive end who ever played the game. He is being replaced by Lou Michaels, a good defensive end but no Marchetti. In place of Pellington is Dennis Gaubatz, a rugged, young middle linebacker who can range farther than Pellington could but who sometimes, because of inexperience, ranges in the wrong direction, which Pellington never did.

The Colts can put on a respectable pass-rush, even without Marchetti, but Ordell Braase, the defensive end on the other side of the line, probably will not throw the passer as often as he did last season, when quarterbacks instinctively retreated away from Marchetti and into Braase's arms. With Michaels in Marchetti's place, they probably will drop straight back.

With Fred Miller, Guy Reese, Billy Ray Smith and John Diehl, the Colts are well supplied with defensive tackles. Smith and Miller are top quality; the other two are adequate. Gaubatz is flanked by Steve Stonebreaker, a corner linebacker on his way to a top rating, and by Don Shinnick, who has been around a long time and is a fiery, alert corner man. The Colts have depth in linebacking, something few clubs can boast, with second-year-man Ted Davis available to play behind Gaubatz in the middle and third-year-man John Campbell capable of replacing either Shinnick or Stonebreaker.

Baltimore is almost set, but a few rookies might break in, notably Fullback Mike Curtis, a 225-pounder from Duke, Offensive Guard Glen Ressler or a 265-pound defensive end, Roosevelt Davis. Whether they make it or not has little to do with the Colt chances this year; championships are won by veterans.

Punting has been a perennial problem. The Colts tried a young man named Ron Perez, who played baseball for the Orioles for a while. He was impressive in pregame warmups but something less under the pressure of charging linemen, and was cut. Now Billy Lothridge is doing the punting.

Alex Hawkins remains the captain of the Colt special teams—the suicide squads who kick off, return kickoffs, etc. He and Head Coach Don Shula have made a religion of special teams, and the Colts have the best in football. They should finish second or third, depending on how well they have filled the gaps in the defense.

The Colts' Raymond Berry belies the ravages of 10 years in pro football with catches like this.

GREEN BAY PACKERS

After a two-year period of reverses and rehabilitation the Green Bay Packers are bigger, younger and probably stronger than ever. The Packers are ready to return to the top, both in the West and in the league. Vince Lombardi, the capable coach and general manager, has been busy rebuilding his club during the Green Bay version of the doldrums—two second-place finishes. When the Packers play Pittsburgh in the first league game of the 1965 season, only about half the squad will be holdovers from 1962. It is a tribute to Green Bay scouting and trading that this will be as good a team as it was in that notable year.

The only unit intact from 1962 is the starting backfield of Bart Starr at quarterback and Jim Taylor and Paul Hornung as the running backs, with Tom Moore and Elijah Pitts as alternates. This was then and is now one of the most consistent, dangerous backfields in football. Last year, with Paul Hornung trying to get his legs under him again after a year on the shelf, it tailed off a little. Hornung now appears to have regained all his old poise and power.

If Guard Jerry Kramer is fully recovered from operations that kept him out of action all but a few minutes of last season, the Green Bay offensive line should be as efficient as ever at protecting Starr and prying cracks for the big backs to run through. Fuzzy Thurston never looked better at the other guard, and veteran Tackles Bob Skoronski and Forrest Gregg have ranked high in the league for a long time. The loss of Ron Kramer at tight end is a serious one, but replacement Marv Fleming, who is as big as Kramer, younger and faster, should compensate for it.

Boyd Dowler and Max McGee are veteran flankers; this year Lombardi acquired another in Carroll Dale of the Rams. He will use Bob Long, a second-year man, to spell the regular receivers. Thus the Packer passing attack should never falter from either injury or exhaustion. All four receivers have speed and guile: Long is probably the fastest and McGee the wiliest.

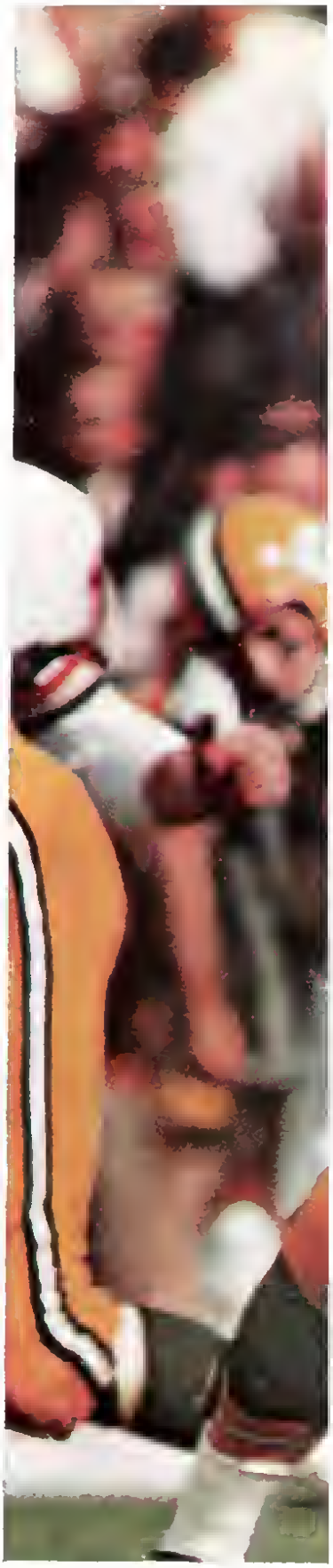
Starr is one of the soundest quarterbacks in football, both as a passer and as a strategist, and the Packers have more than adequate quarterback relief in Zeke Bratkowski and second-year man Dennis Claridge, who can double as a running back.

So, on attack, the Packers look as lethal as they did in their championship days, with running power inside and out and an air attack that is effective both short and deep. This is a versatile unit. Skoronski can play tackle or center, Dowler is a flanker or a tight end, Gregg can play tackle or guard, and all four running backs are interchangeable.

On defense the Packers have made several changes, none of them harmful. Dave Robinson will replace veteran Dan Currie, who was traded to the Rams, as a corner linebacker. He lacks Currie's exceptional savvy, but his strength and speed should offset his mistakes. Ray Nitschke, the key to the Packer defense, is back at middle linebacker, a post at which he may be the best in either division. Lee Roy Caffey is starting his second year as the Packers' other corner linebacker and should improve on last year's performance. In Willie Davis, Green Bay has one of the two best defensive ends in the league, Lionel Aldridge, the other defensive end, is not far behind him. All-Pro Henry Jordan will miss running mate Dave Hanner at defensive tackle, but Ron Kostelnik played most of last year and developed tremendously.

The retirement of Jesse Whittenton broke up a Green Bay secondary that ranked high in both pass defense and the ability to come up to meet running plays, but Lombardi has experienced replacements in Doug Hart, a second-year man, Bob Jeter, shifted from offense, and Tom Brown, another second-year man. There is depth in the line, at linebacker and in the secondary.

The Packers' Paul Hornung missed on 27 field goals and two extra points last year. Don Chandler, bought from New York, could eliminate that fault, the only serious one Green Bay had. It should be the Packers all the way.



Bart Starr to Jim Taylor is a trusty maneuver for Packers with new faces but all the old power.

15
31

DETROIT LIONS

"There's a feeling on the team that we have a chance to win the Western title," says Fullback Nick Pietrosante. "The new coach [Harry Gilmer] alone should make us 20% better. Nobody is sure of a job; everyone has to fight to prove that he should be in there. And for once we signed our good draft choices. Lord knows we've been close before, but never has the feeling been this strong."

A strong defense is essential for a contender, the Lion defense is aging but still one of the best. Nobody puts a better rush on passers than Darris McCord, Alex Karras, Roger Brown and Sam Williams, the Lions' massive defensive line. Tackle Karras proved last season, after his year of exile, that he had lost none of the quickness that made him the lineman hardest to contain, and when Brown launches his 300 pounds things crack. There is no anxiety about the linebacking. Joe Schmidt, in his 13th year, is still, despite trouble with an injured shoulder, among the finest at his trade. Wayne Walker, on the right side, is an All-Pro. Mike Lucci, obtained in a trade with Cleveland, is young and has a good future. And to add reserve strength there are Ernie Clark and Monte Lee. The secondary faltered in 1964 and allowed 226 passes to be caught, and the reconstruction job begun by Coach George Wilson must be completed satisfactorily by Gilmer.

For many years Night Train Lane, who is still a Lion but no longer a starter, and Yale Lary meshed perfectly as a corner-backing team. The new men, Wayne Rasmussen and Bobby Thompson, can still be duped by offensive fakes, but they have the speed to recover in time to break up the play. All-Pro Dick LeBeau, in his seventh season, and Bruce Maher, in his sixth, are the veterans of the defensive backfield.

The Lions' big problem, as it has been for three years, is the offense, specifically, the running game. "We've got to run more and better if we hope to be in contention," Gilmer says. To accomplish this the Lions have put together one of the brawniest backfields ever seen in the NFL. Happiest of the runners is Pietrosante, who has groused in the past at how seldom his number was called and is cheered by Gilmer's emphasis on running. Pietrosante and his 235-pound competitor, rookie Tom Nowatzke, will concentrate on moving the ball through the line. Both are punishing blockers. The wide runs will be left to Joe Don Looney who, despite his antisocial tendencies, is looked upon by the Lions as a real find. The 230-pound Looney is the fastest man on the squad and has shown polish and power as a runner and a blocker. Curiously, Looney is too heavily muscled to make a good receiver. Alternating with Looney will be Dan Lewis, a quick, clever runner, and rookie Earl Hawkins. Gilmer has brought the platooning of Quarterbacks Milt Plum and Earl Morrall to a sudden end by trading Morrall to New York. For the first time in his career Plum is No. 1, which should increase his confidence. Gilmer says, "When you divide the job, you divide the team. I'll have one and only one first-string quarterback."

Plum, who ranks second in the league standings with a career 55.7% completion record and has thrown for 13,872 yards and 101 touchdowns, will be throwing to a talented and successful corps of receivers. Gail Cogdill, the rangy, mobile split end, has extraordinary moves. Last year he caught 45 passes though often double-teamed. Tight End Jim Gibbons also caught 45, eight of them for touchdowns. Flanker Terry Barr may be the best of all. He averaged 18.1 yards on 57 receptions and scored nine touchdowns. Gilmer thinned his stock of receivers the other day by trading John Hilton to Pittsburgh for a draft choice. Still, Tom Watkins and Pat Studstill are adequate reserves at flanker. Watkins, a leading punt-return specialist, will be a swing man, filling in at either flanker or running back. Studstill also does the punting. He is not quite up to the standard of Yale Lary, who has retired, but he is good enough.

Gilmer will tell you that no other offensive line beats his. Tackle Daryl Sanders, in only his third year, has become an outstanding drive blocker and an All-Pro selection. The veteran J. D. Smith, acquired from the Eagles last year, performs capably at the other tackle. Guards John Gordy and Jim Simon and Center Bob Whitlow provide dependable, strong protection for the passers. Darrell Dess, obtained from New York in the Morrall trade, adds depth.

The Lions have a solid defense, a sound passing game, an excellent offensive line and better running. But Plum has not yet shown that he is of championship quality, and Joe Don Looney, despite his promise, remains an uncertain quantity. The statistics notwithstanding, the Lions could finish last.

CHICAGO BEARS

In 1963 the Bears had the best defense in football and were the world champions. In 1964 they had the worst defense in the West and finished sixth. What happened? Was it, as some say, a psychological letdown following the deaths of Willie Galimore, the Bears' excellent broken-field runner, and Split End John Farrington in an auto accident? No one knows for sure. The Bears' owner, doughty old George Halas, claims to know but won't tell. "It's no mystery," he says. "There were reasons and as long as I know what they are I will be able to do something about it. When the team reported to camp I had four major objectives, first, to bring up the defense; second, to improve the pass-rush; third, to improve the line blocking; and, fourth, to diversify the passing attack. I feel that we have accomplished every objective."

Halas failed to mention the running offense, not a strong one, whose weakness

continued

Rugged, mobile and a shrewd anticipator of enemy plays, Linebacker Joe Schmidt is the anchor of the Lions' defense—one of the best

permits opposing teams to concentrate on the Bears' passing game. The anemic 3.3-yard rushing average of 1964 was a fraction off Chicago's 3.4-yard average in the championship year. Now, however, the Bears have Kansas' Gale Sayers, the outstanding breakaway runner in college football last year, and thus the hope of some game-busting dashes. Holdover Backs Ronnie Bull, Jon Arnett and Joe Marconi have been looking like Ohio State collegians, worth about three yards and a cloud of dust. The Bears will be improved by Sayers' presence, but still need a big, explosive fullback to make the running game first-rate.

By diversification of the passing attack Halas means more deep passing. Last year the Bears were a superb short-passing team, leading the NFL in completions (282) and yardage gained (2,841). This was quite an achievement considering the way defenses hounded the Bears' top receivers, Flanker Johnny Morris and that mean mountain of muscle, Tight End Mike Ditka. Ditka came out of a scrimmage with the All-Stars with an injured foot, but he will be in top shape on opening day. Morris, a small man, caught a record 93 passes for 1,200 yards despite being double- and triple-teamed. Ditka had a big year, too, with 75 receptions for 897 yards.

Halas believes that rookie Split Ends Jim Jones of Wisconsin and Dick Gordan of Michigan State, along with Sayers, can be popped loose for medium and long passes to prevent the defenses from stacking on Morris and Ditka. Morris has been the team's only deep receiver.

There is a battle for the No. 1 quarterback position between Billy Wade, the starter for three years, and Rudy Bukich, who came on strong last season after he suppressed his impulse to throw long (he is not a good deep passer) and punched in the short passes with accuracy. The two are likely to split the job for awhile, but the taller, more versatile Wade should emerge on top. Ultimately the Bears may see enough in Larry Rakestraw, a second-year man from Georgia, to make him the top quarterback.

Whether Halas' trades have actually improved line blocking remains to be seen. Guard Palmer Pyle, obtained from Minnesota, moves in beside his brother, Center Mike Pyle, who is the best of a so-so lot. Riley Mattson, traded from Washington, takes over at left tackle from Herman Lee.

The Bears' defense needs lively new blood, but there will be few transfusions. Instead, the Bears are counting on conditioning. "That's the best-conditioned squad I've seen in the NFL," says one pro scout. "It's the only one without any big bellies." Halas will also simplify his defensive maneuvers. There is likely to be less red-dogging. Linebackers Larry Morris, Joe Fortunato and Bill George, who have logged a total of 32 pro seasons, are beginning to look a little shopworn. But now comes rookie Dick Butkus, the Bears' No. 1 draft choice, one of the great prizes of the year, to add youth and fire to the linebacking. There is some mild apprehension that Butkus might be a step too slow to play center linebacker, his college position, and not experienced enough to wade right in at one of the outside posts, but a little seasoning should make him an outstanding defender. Ron Smith, who also lacks experience but has the quick hands and feet essential in the secondary, replaces Dave Whitsell at corner back. Overall the secondary is one of the strongest in the league, with veterans Roosevelt Taylor and Richie Petitbon at safety and Bennie McRae at the other corner. The defensive line boasts superior ends—Doug Atkins and Ed O'Bradovich—but the tackles are only ordinary. Atkins, a rough young man, may be feeling a little meaner than usual. He was fined $900 for reporting late to camp.

The Bears, then, are something of a mystery team. Weaknesses in the lines and the running game will take time to correct. If the Bears break even they will be doing extremely well.

LOS ANGELES RAMS

"The day of the crying towel is over," says Harland (Swede) Svare, the Norwegian coach of the Los Angeles Rams. "We may finish in the first three." If so the Rams will have to remedy last year's main defect and come up with some linebackers equal to Swede when he played for the New York Giants. That may not be easy. Still, the Rams have age and experience in Dan Currie, imported from Green Bay, and Cliff Livingston, beginning his 12th season of pro football. They have youth and excitement in Anthony Guillory, a rookie. They also have Ed Holler, picked up from Pittsburgh, and rookie Fred Brown. The Rams lost a linebacker when Mike Henry decided to quit the game and sign on as Tarzan in the movies.

"He wouldn't have helped us much," said a Ram coach. "No middle linebacker would be much good worrying about his profile."

If the 1965 corps of linebackers is dependable, the Rams could be the surprise of the Western Division and finish close to the leaders. Their defensive line is possibly the best. Merlin Olsen, despite an exaggerated sense of his own importance, remains the finest young defensive tackle in the league, and Roosevelt Grier, a more modest individual, is the best old defensive tackle. The arrival of Joe Krupa from Pittsburgh adds depth. Ends David Jones and Lamar Lundy apply strong pressure from the outside.

Last year the Rams defensive secondary was erroneously criticized for faults traceable to the linebackers. The team has three proven defenders and now a rookie who may be able to break precedent by moving in at once. Ed Meador is a fine defensive back playing his seventh year. Aaron Martin is a competent corner back, as is Jerry Richardson. The rookie with potential is Clancy Williams, from Washington State. Williams shackled the Cowboys' ex-sprint champion Bob Hayes in a preseason game. If he can handle Hayes, he should be able to handle anyone.

"If we started tomorrow, my quarterback would be Bill Munson," Svare said during preseason training. Munson is an exceptional young man. He drops back and sets up quickly, and he can find receivers in broken patterns. He has a strong and accurate arm and a quick mind and he is a leader. No quarterback needs more than that.

Behind him is Roman Gabriel, who has

continued

Ram Quarterback Roman Gabriel gets blitzed by Detroit's Wayne Walker. Gabriel must do better in 1965 to save his job from Bill Munson.

18

the arm but who is not as quick mentally. But if Munson should be hurt Gabriel can perform acceptably. The Ram receivers are good: Bucky Pope, Tommy McDonald, Marlin McKeever, rookie Jack Snow and second-year man Willie Brown.

In Dick Bass the Rams have one of the best running backs in the league. He is a game-breaker with more power than his weight (204 pounds) would indicate and extraordinary balance. Ben Wilson, a graduate student, is a good, strong fullback and Les Josephson is even better. The offensive linemen are beginning their third year as a unit; they may be better able to protect Munson or Gabriel than before.

The Rams have another important asset —a good coach who knows when not to coach.

"It is, of course, a matter of ego," Swede Svare says. "You have to be able to forego exercising your ego. You have to realize that once in a while—more often than not, actually—you should leave a boy alone. You should never tamper with a passer. I'm glad no one ever told Bill Munson how to throw a football. He is not an orthodox passer, but it isn't necessary to be orthodox. There is no one way to throw a football. If Munson throws off balance or off the wrong foot or sidearm, that's his style."

Next year the era of the Rams could begin. When Dan Reeves regained control of the club in a bidding duel with his ex-partners, he brought back to the team the most astute mind in profootball. Reeves has a first-class scouting system. His rookie harvest this season was excellent, the crops in the years to come should be as good or better. And the Rams, with an abundance of fine young players, will be in the enviable position at the end of the summer-training sessions of wondering which of their good players to keep, not which mediocrities they will have to endure.

The Rams, then, are the team of the near future. If three of their several linebackers *can do a better than average job* and if their running backs are a little better than they look and if Bill Munson fulfills his promise, they could do what Svare predicts—finish in the first three.

But championships are not won on ifs and the Rams have too many. The ifs should land them somewhere around fourth place; next year there won't be so many ifs, and then the Rams could win the Western Division championship.

SAN FRANCISCO 49ers

If you are looking for the longest of long shots, you might pick the San Francisco 49ers to win the Western Division championship. It is difficult to fault the 49ers except perhaps at quarterback; otherwise, they have a sound offensive line, a plethora of good big running backs and excellent pass catchers. Their defensive line is big and experienced, they do not suffer from a lack of linebackers and they are strong enough in defensive backs to trade away an Abe Woodson, who was—and probably still is—one of the best.

Considering all this, it is surprising that most experts expect the 49ers to finish no higher than sixth in the West. The experts may be wrong—look to find the 49ers finishing between third and fifth, depending upon the quality of the Los Angeles linebackers and how well Fran Tarkenton survives and throws for the Minnesota Vikings.

Last year the 49ers were a star-crossed club. They lost most of the nucleus of a good football team by injury; few clubs have been so grievously maimed so early. Bob St. Clair, who may be the top offensive tackle in football, was lost with a ruptured Achilles tendon. Don Lisbon (who has been traded to St. Louis) had a knee operation. J. D. Smith, a fine fullback, was hurt. The volatile Miami star, George Mira, who had begun to come on at quarterback, was racked up for the last three games of the year.

"John Brodie is my No. 1 quarterback," says Jack Christiansen, the young San Francisco coach. "If Mira hadn't been hurt at the end of the year in 1964, he might have been No. 1. Who knows?"

Mira may be No. 1 when the 49ers go to the wars this year, but if he is he will have to overcome some built-in handicaps. First, he is not tall. He is 5 feet 11, and small quarterbacks can't see over their own offensive linemen, let alone the massive defensive linemen who populate the league. This means that Mira must run out of the pocket formed by his blockers to find an open field of vision. If he runs out of the pocket, the blockers have difficulty knowing in which direction to block, since they don't know where Mira is. The 49ers have hired Y. A. Tittle, an old hand at staying in the pocket, to teach Mira this lesson, but as intelligent and aware as Tittle is he can't increase Mira's height.

Brodie has the physical equipment and the potential to be a superior quarterback, but in eight years he has never realized it. He is a beautiful passer who tends to come apart in important games. Between Mira and Brodie the 49ers may have enough at quarterback, but the odds are against it.

Elsewhere, the 49ers are ready. The receivers are young and capable. Dave Parks is in his second year after a fine rookie season; Bernie Casey is in his fifth year and has steadily improved as has tight end Monte Stickles. The offensive line has been together awhile and protects the quarterback well. The addition of John David Crow as a running back gives the 49ers a game-breaker, and their other backs are potent enough when healthy.

The defense is sound, deep and unusual in that it has more than enough good linebackers and defensive backs. Jim Johnson could be the best young corner back in football; Elbert Kimbrough and Kermit Alexander are a pair of safeties with the speed, experience and reactions to match any in the West.

The starting defensive line is strong. So are the replacements. Dan Colchico, Charlie Krueger, Roland Lakes and Clark Miller form a young and big and experienced front four. Charlie Sieminski replaces either Lakes or Krueger with no grievous drop in quality. The only soft spot here is at defensive end; should Colchico or Miller go out, Christiansen would have difficulty finding quality substitutes.

Summing up, the 49ers should surprise some teams and, with health and luck, might move all the way to third place.

The 49ers' rangy new pass-catching flash, Dave Parks, strides away from Detroit defenders. As a rookie Parks averaged 19.5 yards a reception.

CLEVELAND BROWNS

Frank Ryan, a tall young man with prematurely gray hair, thoughtful eyes and a mordant wit, took a Ph.D. in mathematics at Rice University this spring. In the dying days of 1964 he had taken another—in the applied tactics of football—that will earn him more money and a great deal more renown than he will ever realize from his math.

Ryan earned his football degree in the NFL championship game last season as he led the Cleveland Browns to a shocking 27-0 victory over the Baltimore Colts. In previous seasons—and a few times during 1964—Ryan had seemed hesitant and confused as he dropped back to survey opposing defenses, but in this game he was master of himself and of the situation, and he calmly and shrewdly shot the Baltimore defense to bits.

It takes almost as long to earn a postgraduate degree as a quarterback as it does to earn one as a mathematician; for Ryan the two coincided. If he stays whole he could easily lead the Browns to their second straight division championship, although it seems doubtful that he can duplicate, against the sophisticated, strong and deep Green Bay Packers—the team most likely to win in the West—what he did against the Baltimore Colts last year.

Of course, Ryan can still call on Jim Brown to carry the ball and Ernie Green to block for Brown—and for himself on pass plays. The Cleveland pass attack was hampered but not destroyed by the loss of Paul Warfield; Ryan still has Gary Collins (three touchdown passes in the championship game), John Brewer and Warfield's very good replacements, Clifton McNeil and Walter Roberts, to throw to. And the Cleveland offensive line is excellent, both in clearing a path for Brown and in restraining opposing defensive linemen from disjointing Ryan. All in all, the Brown offense is probably as good as any in football.

The defense should be better than it was last year. In the championship game it was superb, but it played well over its head in that one. Key to the Brown defense last year was a stubby, broadly built castoff tackle from the New York Giants named Dick Modzelewski. Early in the season the Browns lost two defensive tackles, Jim Parker and Bob Gain. This put the load of stopping up the middle on the very young and pudgy Jim Kanicki and the elderly Modzelewski. Modzelewski responded by having the best season of his career. Kanicki looked terrible at first, notably against Pittsburgh in Cleveland, but he came around very quickly under Modzelewski's tutelage, and by the time the Browns met the Colts he had learned so much that he was able to handle the Colts' All-Pro guard, another big man, named Jim Parker. Kanicki is back, Mo is back and the Brown defensive line is deep and strong. The linebackers are growing old but not too old and the secondary is quick.

Last year the Brown defense sagged strategically; that is, in midfield it gave up yards rather easily but rarely gave up winning points. This year the Brown defense probably will be stiffer all over the field. With Jim Brown running, Ernie Green blocking, Ryan throwing and any one of several fine receivers catching, the Browns will be able to solve most defenses they will see: if the defense is as good as it looks, they could be first in the East again. If the defense slips, the Browns could slip with it to third place.

Of course, the Browns are vulnerable to disaster in that they place most of their eggs in two baskets—Ryan and Jim Brown. Brown, a canny and strong runner who runs with care if not caution, has never been seriously hurt in his pro career, but he is growing old for a running back. Behind him the Browns have only nondescript ballcarriers, and the psychological shock of losing Brown for any appreciable period could be deep. Behind Ryan is Jim Ninowski, who has all the technical skills required of a quarterback, but who has never been able to shoulder the load of carrying a team to a championship.

To summarize: Ryan and Brown have got to hold on, and the defense must hold up.

ST. LOUIS CARDINALS

The St. Louis Cardinals have one of the most intelligent quarterbacks in pro football. They have an abundance of good running backs and an experienced offensive line almost as strong as the Green Bay Packers'. They have a goodly number of fleet, sure-handed and brave pass catchers. The defensive line is young, large and hungry, and there are plenty of big, violent linebackers. Add to all this a secondary that must benefit from acquiring the quick, strong Abe Woodson from the San Francisco 49ers, and it would seem unwise to pick any other team to win the championship of the Eastern Division or of the world, for that matter.

But this young, lively and deep football team probably will finish second or third. The primary deficiency is at quarterback, where Charley Johnson is a step away from being a championship quarterback and his replacements are seasons away. Johnson is a brilliant strategist and often a brilliant passer. But he also can be rattled fairly easily, and he has a deplorable tendency to force his passes. This means that he will, despite close coverage, try to throw to a primary receiver against the odds. When he learns to look for his first receiver, give up,

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Up in the air with Green Bay's Herb Adderley, Cleveland's big flanker, Gary Collins, outfights him for one of Quarterback Frank Ryan's passes.

look for his second, give up and then throw the ball over the sidelines or eat it, he will have realized the potential of his good arm and brain. But he has not learned this lesson yet; he has been a starter for only two and a half years. It took Cleveland's Frank Ryan, for example, more than five years to learn the same lesson. Behind Johnson the Cardinals have Buddy Humphrey, who has not been a starting quarterback in seven years, and Terry Nofsinger, who has been a bench jockey for five. It is possible that one or the other of them is ready for a leading role, but neither has shown signs of it.

If the Cardinals were going into this campaign with a Unitas or a Starr at quarterback, they would be odds-on for first place. With Joe Childress, Bill Triplett, Prentice Gautt, Willis Crenshaw and Thunder Thornton for backs, they have exceptional running strength. Sonny Randle, Billy Gambrell, Bobby Joe Conrad, Jack Smith and Taz Anderson are a fine group of receivers. The offensive line is deep and capable.

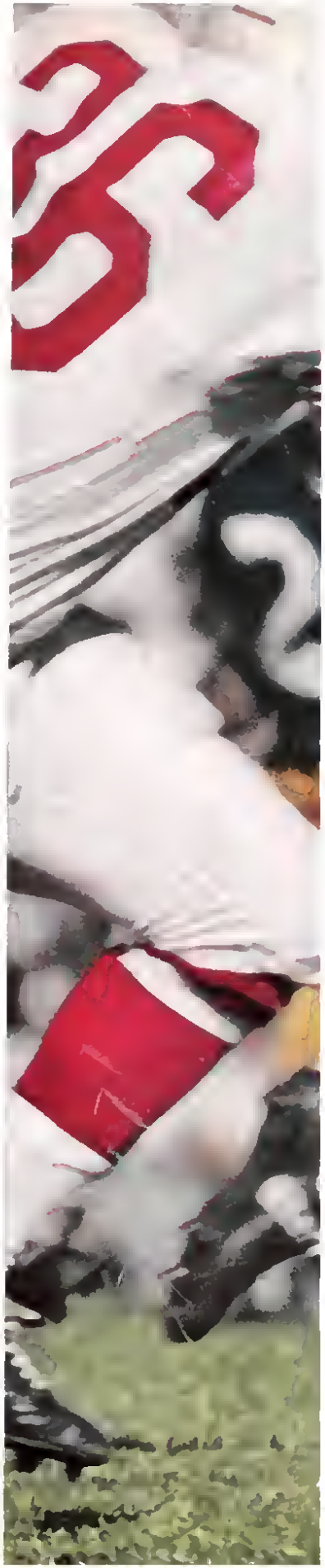
The defensive line is quick and tough, and Larry Stallings, All-Pro Dale Meinert and Bill Koman combine a total of 18 years' experience with size and youth at linebacker. Dave Meggyesy and Marion Rushing provide linebacking strength in depth.

With Pat Fischer, Jim Burson, Jerry Stovall, Larry Wilson, Abe Woodson, Monk Bailey and rookie Carl Silvestri, the Cardinals are well supplied with defensive backs, a pleasant situation enjoyed by few clubs in pro football. Woodson adds something the Cardinals lacked last season—a tremendous threat on punt and kickoff returns.

Jim Bakken is one of the handsomest place kickers in football; more important, he is extremely accurate at short or long range. He did not miss an extra point all of last season, his first in the league.

Add it all up and it would spell championship if Charley Johnson could take the final giant step to stardom—and if an adequate replacement could be developed for him.

Two ifs, both big.



Charley Johnson, brainy but immature St. Louis quarterback, hands off to Thunder Thornton.

PHILADELPHIA EAGLES

Jerry Wolman, the Washington builder who bought the Eagles last year, has put pep as well as money into the game. He is a fire-breathing superfan (*page 102*). In Philadelphia's first exhibition he threw punches at hecklers in a rough skirmish in the stands. Fortunately his enthusiasm has not overcome his good sense, and he leaves football matters to his general manager and coach, Joe Kuharich. There were those who doubted the wisdom of Kuharich's frantic trading last year when, on taking over the team, he shipped half the lineup away. But what he got in return, added to the nucleus he kept, turned a bad club into a pretty good one. After finishing last in 1963 with a 2–10–2 record, the Eagles tied for third (6–8) last year. Now the swapping has slowed down. The single major deal Kuharich made this summer could have fortified the offensive line for years to come. Needing a tackle, he sent Guard Pete Case to the Giants for Tackle Lane Howell. Kuharich felt Case was expendable because he had drafted and signed Ray Rissmiller, the Georgia guard who turned out to be the fastest, strongest lineman in the College All-Star camp and looked like a better pulling guard than Case. Then, alas, Rissmiller injured his knee in the camp and was lost for the season. Though Howell appears to have filled the hole at tackle, the Eagles are now short at guard. Otherwise, Philadelphia has a strong line, blending experience (Center Jim Ringo), agility (Guard Ed Blaine) and strength (276-pound Bob Brown, the best young tackle in the East).

While Kuharich's early trades were generally sound he got the worst of it in the exchange of Quarterback Sonny Jurgensen for Washington's Norman Snead. Snead ended up 11th in the NFL standings last year while Jurgensen revitalized the Washington attack. Snead could lose out as No. 1 quarterback of the Eagles this year to King Hill, a more consistent passer. There is even an outside chance that the Eagles' No. 1 will be scrambling young Jack Concannon, a second-year man. Kuharich isn't crazy

continued

about scramblers—he has the pro's inbred mistrust of them—but if both Snead and Hill fail to move the team he will see what Concannon can do. In his one start last year Concannon completed 10 of 20 passes for 134 yards and two touchdowns. He also ran for 99 yards in eight carries as the Eagles defeated the Cowboys 24–14.

Except for Tight End Pete Retzlaff the Eagle primary receivers are ordinary. There is some compensation for that mediocrity in the fact that the running backs happen to be good receivers. Mostly, however, they will be running, and well. Fullback Earl Gros gained 748 yards in 1964, averaging 4.9 yards a carry, which puts him in the league's elite class. Tom Woodeschick was not used as much but was just as effective when given the chance. Halfback Timmy Brown can be a dazzling broken-field runner when his brittle legs are not hurting him. If old Ollie Matson can deliver as he did last season for Kuharich (who was his coach at San Francisco), the running game will be so much the better.

Defensively, the Eagles have a long way to go to be right. The line does not put enough pressure on opposing quarterbacks. Only Tackle Floyd Peters, an underrated player, makes a consistently strong rush. Tackle John Meyers is strong enough at 276 pounds but has yet to show the kind of charge Kuharich thought he had when he picked him up from Dallas. The weakness of the Eagles' pass-rush overburdens the secondary. With plenty of time to study the scene, enemy passers often hit secondary and even tertiary receivers. For that reason Claude Crabb, Jrv Cross and Nate Ramsey look worse than they actually are. Safety Glenn Glass, however, lets far too many receivers get behind him. Rookie Al Nelson, a star of the All-Star Game, could be a valuable addition to the defensive backfield. There are fewer worries over linebaeking; Dave Lloyd, Maxie Baughan and Mike Morgan are hard-hitting regulars with the experience to diagnose enemy tactics.

Sam Baker, a kicker for 10 years, handles hoth the punting and place-kicking. He is a below-average punter (10th in the standings last year, with a 42.3-yard average), an average place-kicker. Superior kicking specialists are hard to come by. Baker will be back at the old tee.

Without stronger quarterbacking Philadelphia will have a so-so year. Fourth place is about as high as the team can go.

WASHINGTON REDSKINS

The Redskins figured that to be a contender they needed a hard-running, strong-blocking fullback. So this summer they gave up Tackle Riley Mattson and Center Fred Hageman to the Bears for Fullbaek Rick Casares and, incidentally, Kicker Bob Jencks. Casares was not the answer. Washington had also drafted Central State's Bob Briggs. He may be the answer. "He's a run-'em-down type," says a Redskin defensive man. The 230-pound Briggs is quick enough to run wide and agile enough to cateh safety-valve passes and to turn the corner. These assets make him a most valuable mate for Running Back Charley Taylor, the Rookie of the Year for 1964. In that season Quarterback Sonny Jurgensen had to rely almost exclusively on Taylor, who was sixth in rushing and eighth in pass receptions. By the end of the season Taylor was worn out. With Briggs around Taylor should run less but even more effectively. And for the first time since he was traded to Washington, Jurgensen will have a full seleetion of offensive choiees. There has never been any doubt about Jurgensen's arm—only Johnny Unitas is a better passer—and his receivers range from acceptable to excellent. Flanker Bobby Mitchell runs the fly pattern better than anyone else in the league. Angelo Coia has the elusiveness to get clear over the middle and the speed to get behind the deep defenders. Pres Carpenter is an average tight end. Pat Richter, a flop at tight end, has been shifted to the wide side to back up Coia. Away from heavy traffic in the new position, the 6-foot-5 Richter has become an excellent target for Jurgensen's accurate short passes. The offensive line is not a distinguished one, but it is young, strong and reasonably eapable. It is better at pass-blocking than opening holes for runners. Coach Bill McPeak has tried to strengthen the latter by shifting Tackle George Seals to left guard (the running-guard position) and establishing Jim Snowden, a rookie with size and speed, at tackle.

McPeak's 1965 playhook is full of exotie maneuvers. The offense runs from a spread formation, and on every play the Redskins shift into eccentrie spacings. Often both ends are split wide, with the two running backs set tight. "The beauty of this," says McPeak, "is that the defense cannot pick out a pattern to key on. The rushers have to hesitate before committing themselves, and this gives our blockers an advantage."

The Redskins will entrust the punting and field-goal kicking to John Seedborg, up for the second time after being shipped down to Joliet of the United League last year. But in the early exhibition season his punting was erratic, and the Redskins have no one else to fall back upon.

Look for continued improvement in the Washington defense. Last year the Redskins lowered their opponents' pass-completion average from 55.2% to 47.5% and led the NFL in intereeptions with 34. Twelve of these were by Safety Paul Krause, an All-Pro in his first year. Although there is no significant defensive weakness, there is some softness on the left side. Corner Back Johnny Sample has lost a step, Linebacker Bob Pellegrini has never been very fast and Tackle Bob Toneff is feeling the aches of his 13th pro season. When the pass-rush lags, smart quarterbacks exploit the hole created by Pellegrini as he cheats over to cover the outside. However, with Fred Williams to spell Toneff and Willie Adams and John Reger behind Pellegrini, McPeak should be reasonably secure. Defensive reserves are generally good. This cannot be said of the offense where, especially, line replacements are thin. The one exception is at quarterback, where the Redskins are three-deep. Dick Shiner has made rapid progress and now, in his second year, has moved ahead of George Izo.

If Washington can break even in the first six games without major injuries the team might be the one to beat in the East. Six of the last eight Redskin games are with the teams that look weakest—the Steelers, Giants and Eagles—which gives Washington the chance to develop a good deal of momentum down the homestretch.

Rookie of the Year Charley Taylor has added breakaway excitement to a Redskin team that can strike suddenly both on the ground and in the air.

DALLAS COWBOYS

Tom Landry, the scholarly, muscular coach of the Dallas Cowboys, began his construction of this team in reverse. Landry is a great believer in defense, but when he went to Dallas to launch the Cowboys he put in a flamboyant offense on the theory that, since he was going to lose anyway, he might as well lose spectacularly.

So the Cowboys lost spectacularly for a while. Last year they lost, but not spectacularly. The Cowboys had the second best defense in pro football and maybe the worst offense. The rise of the defense was understandable; once the players mastered Landry's defensive philosophy they only needed a few years to learn execution, and it was almost assured that they would excel. Unfortunately for Landry, just as his defenders arrived at the stage of intuitive reaction, his offense fell apart, mostly because he had to play with half a quarterback. Don Meredith suffered a series of injuries and hobbled about courageously but ineffectively most of the time. Behind him was John Roach, who was healthy but lamentably rusty. Behind Roach was no one.

Now the Cowboys have quarterbacks from here to the Pedernales. Meredith has recuperated from a knee operation and is healthy for a change. Draftees Craig Morton and Jerry Rhome are two of the most promising quarterbacks to come into the league for a long time. Meredith will doubtless be Landry's top quarterback, but this year, for a change, he will be able to rest if he is hurt.

The Cowboy offensive line is older and still intact. The receivers are fleet and young. Buddy Dial's torn thigh muscle has mended. Frank Clarke, Lee Folkins and Pettis Norman are seasoned and apt.

On offense, the Cowboys' big lack has been a running back to complement Fullback Don Perkins, the twisting, tough and explosive ball carrier who ran for 768 yards in 1964. Amos Marsh began well, then deteriorated. If Marsh can return to his 1962 form the Dallas attack, one of the best in that season, will complement the defense so well that Dallas may win the Eastern Division title.

Although the Cowboy offensive line leaked ends and tackles last season, it was not really that bad. It should be much better, especially when Tony Liscio, a big, agile offensive tackle, recovers from a June knee operation and a subsequent staph infection.

"We are ready to contend," Landry says. He is a conservative man, and when he says the club will be in contention it is the equivalent of another coach saying he will win.

The defense should improve and become the best of all. The offense, given a reasonable performance from the offensive line and good running from another back besides Perkins, could be just about good enough. In the exhibition season Landry experimented to find the right offensive combination. The team is deeper in all the crucial positions. For instance, last year the Cowboys suffered from the lack of a punter and a place-kicker. So from the Rams they got Danny Villanueva, who is good at both.

In two vital spots—quarterback and linebacker—the Cowboys have impressive depth and strength. This could be the year the Cowboys make a run at Cleveland and St. Louis for the Eastern championship. Throw out the early exhibition losses; in them Landry was experimenting.

PITTSBURGH STEELERS

Pittsburgh, often a contender but never a champion, puts no great store in high-priced draft choices. That may not make perfect sense, but there is a reason. Down through the years the Steelers have gotten stuck with many a draft lemon. So now Buddy Parker, the Steelers' ingenious coach, tries to fill his player needs with sleepers, discards and trades. He has been surprisingly successful. But at the most important position, quarterback, Parker's touch has failed, and had he not traded away his top draft rights Parker could have landed a Craig Morton or a Jerry Rhome in the college lottery. Thus the Steelers open the season once again with Ed Brown, who ranked 14th among the NFL passers in 1964 and had the highest percentage of interceptions of anyone but New York's crippled Y. A. Tittle. At the end of last year Parker indicated that as far as he was concerned Brown was through. In defense of his record Brown says, "We didn't have the receivers." Brown has something there. Parker had given up Buddy Dial, an excellent end, for the draft rights to Tackle Scott Appleton, who thereupon signed with Houston, and had sent Red Mack to Philadelphia and Tight End Pres Carpenter to Washington. He was sure that Flanker Paul Martha and Tight End Jim Kelly would excel in their first year in the pros. Kelly did but was injured early on. Martha flopped. Brown was left with only one decent receiver, Flanker Gary Ballman, until halfway through the season when Clendon Thomas was switched from defensive halfback to offensive end. As good as Ballman was—and he was very good indeed, the best in the league at making extra yardage after catching the ball—he could not make Brown a successful passer by himself. "Brown," says a defensive lineman, "must have been riveted to pilings sunk into the surf. He never moved." This was a considerable problem, because rushers often poured through the middle of the Steeler line. In an attempt to stop the flood, the Steelers have picked up Center Art Hunter in a trade with the Rams and installed a 250-pound rookie, Bob Nichols of Stanford, at guard.

Last year's pass-receiving emergency was not wholly bleak. It led to the discovery of Thomas as an offensive end. He was an immediate success. Ultimately he averaged

continued

Healthy after a grim season among the working wounded, Don Meredith could make the improved Cowboys a contender in the Eastern race.

19.6 yards a catch—and he may never find his way back to the defensive unit. Having learned the price of haste with Martha last year, Parker will be more leisurely about breaking in Roy Jefferson, the Steelers' second draft choice—they traded away their first draft choice—as backup man for Thomas. At tight end, Kelly is healthy again after a knee injury; he is an able blocker and excellent receiver. Overall, the Steelers' passing game will be better but scarcely overpowering. Brown cannot last much longer. Before the season is very old he may have to give way to Bill Nelsen, who has had very little on-the-field experience. Nelsen was a roll-out passer at Southern Cal, but he has learned to throw from the pocket. His major weakness is indecision in picking out the secondary receiver. He won't learn how on the bench.

"We've been the kind of team that plugs along," says the candid Parker. Cannonball (please call me Jim) Butler could be the man to add some zip to the running game. Butler, a stocky sprinter from Edward Waters College (Jacksonville) has all the dodges of an artful runner. Although a little small at 5 feet 10, 195 pounds, he seems to be tough enough to take the pros' pounding. Parker would like to pair him off with John Henry Johnson, the Steelers' power runner, who at 35 gained more than 1,000 yards last year.

Defense is usually the better half of the Pittsburgh game. The Steelers hit and hurt, even when they appear to be badly handicapped. In midseason last year they beat Cleveland without using a single linebacker; they did not have any well enough to play. Ben McGee and Chuck Hinton, two not-so-gentle giants who normally play end and tackle, were shoved into the lineup, and suddenly the linebacking was O.K. and the opposition was in trouble. The veteran Myron Pottios is a superb but brittle linebacker; he has already been injured in an exhibition game and may not be ready for the season opener. This year the Steelers have come up with two man-mountain tackles—285-pound Frank Molden from Jackson State College and Ken Kortas, a 300-pound first-draft choice of the Cardinals who came to Pittsburgh for Quarterback Terry Nofsinger. Brady Keyes, Jim Bradshaw and Willie Daniel return in the secondary.

Given adequate quarterbacking, the Steelers could take fourth place. Without it they will be keeping company with the Giants at the bottom of the heap.

NEW YORK GIANTS

Giant Coach Allie Sherman is the fortunate beneficiary of the National Football League's latest paradox: rewarding losing coaches with long-term job security. Despite a dismal season—the Giants won only two games and finished last in the Eastern Conference—Sherman was given a 10-year contract. Feeling euphoric, Sherman said, "I am confident that the Giants will swing back up, and sooner than people think." Maybe so, probably not. The Giants have more holes than a pair of mesh stockings and, although Sherman is an excellent coach, he is not going to rebuild the team in just a year or two.

However, he did take a long step up by trading for Detroit's veteran quarterback, Earl Morrall, three weeks before the season began. Morrall gives the Giants something they have sorely needed since Y. A. Tittle's injury last year—a first-line, drop-back quarterback.

From sheer necessity Sherman had planned to make the Giants, long a passing team, a running club. "I'm not a pioneer," he said ruefully before the Morrall trade. "If I had a drop-back passer I would use him. I don't, so I'll adapt to the material."

He will not have to junk all of the special offense he had put in for the benefit of scrambler Gary Wood. Morrall runs and runs well but, most important to the Giants, he can throw long or short. Wood was strictly a short-range passer and not notably accurate even at point blank distances.

Even with the addition of Morrall, the Giant offense will stress the running game. This will be a complete turnabout for the team. Seldom in the 16-year era of Charley Conerly and Tittle did New York fans see a running offense. That was natural enough; the Giants lacked effective ball carriers. By finishing last the Giants got the best shot at the college draft and went for big backs with speed. The competition will likely be too tough for last year's discoveries, Fullback Ernie Wheelwright and Halfback Steve Thurlow. Wheelwright, a powerful runner, may have to give way to the Giants' No. 1 draft choice, Tucker Frederickson, who is not only powerful but also is a controlled runner. He can cut and, when clear, outrace the secondary. Thurlow should be pushed by Ernie Koy. Koy does everything Thurlow can do, only better, and at 225 pounds is 10 pounds heavier and nearly a second faster in 100 yards. Besides that, he throws a running pass well and is a good punter.

With the new accent on running, all of the six backs Sherman carries should have sufficient work. The rate of attrition on runners is high; Sherman is fortunate to have enough big strong ones to use them in shifts. With Morrall to man the quarterback post, Del Shofner becomes once again an important weapon in the Giant arsenal. With the weak-armed Wood, Shofner was nearly useless since Wood could not reach him on the long patterns that are his specialty. Aaron Thomas, Joe Morrison, Dick James and big John Adams round out a better than adequate corps of receivers. If the offensive line improves its pass-blocking, Morrall should be able to hit them consistently.

In the line Greg Larson has not recovered from a knee operation, and he will be replaced by either Mickey Walker, a tough refugee from the specialty teams, or Ed Adamchik, from last year's taxi squad. The Giants are fairly well off at guard, but at tackle there is uncertainty. Rosie Brown, beginning his 13th season, can't go on forever. Frank Lasky and Roger Anderson are just names. Although Sherman began a year earlier to reconstruct the defense, it is no farther along than the offense. Strong, capable players like Jim Katcavage, Andy Stynchula, John LoVetere and Jim Moran haven't yet developed the teamwork that comes with years of being on the same unit. There are two exceptionally alert and mobile first-year linebackers: Olen Underwood and Jim Carroll. The secondary has slowed and fiery Erich Barnes has gone to Cleveland.

What remains for Sherman is a choice between losing with inexperience or losing with players headed over the hill.

New York's Allan Webb (21) has it, St. Louis' Babby Joe Conrad wants it and ex-Giant Erich Barnes (49) has him as Jim Patton angles in.

49
21
20

BUFFALO BILLS

The Buffalo Bills are the class of the American Football League. The tipoff was the eagerness with which the other clubs awaited the Bills' late cuts at the end of summer training. "We know almost anybody we pick up from Buffalo is going to be good. We grab them the way we used to grab cuts from the NFL," said one AFL coach. The junior league, starting its sixth season, has three teams that are capable of playing and doing well in the NFL. Those three are Buffalo, San Diego and Kansas City. With another good receiver, another good running back and another good defensive back, the Bills would rate right up with any team in the NFL. As it is, they will win in the East again and take their second AFL championship in a row.

In Jack Kemp and Daryle Lamonica, the Bills have a solid, if somewhat unusual, combination for the vital quarterback assignment. Kemp is the leader, the No. 1, a boyish, enthusiastic athlete with a strong passing arm. But there are times when he is erratic. When Kemp is not moving the club, in comes Lamonica, who is bigger than Kemp and has exceptional poise and, in his third season, is the top home-grown quarterback in the league. Lamonica moved into some tough situations last year and did brilliantly as a relief pitcher. He and Kemp should be even better this season.

While the Bills rely more on ball control than on the passing game, they can use the pass effectively when they choose. Last year Kemp and Lamonica threw less than any other quarterbacks but still gained 3,187 yards passing, third highest in the AFL. Flanker Elbert Dubenion caught 1,139 yards

worth for an average of 27 yards per reception. Split End Glenn Bass had touchdown catches of 94 and 84 yards. Tight End Ernie Warlick is aging and is not a quality short receiver. He will be pressed by Paul Costa, a 6-foot-5, 250-pound rookie from Notre Dame.

The key to Buffalo's season, however, will be the performance of Billy Joe, the fullback obtained from Denver in trade for the fantastic Cookie Gilchrist. Joe's history is peculiar: he had a poor senior year in college, was Rookie of the Year in the AFL, then had a poor season in 1964, when he was bothered by a calcium deposit in his foot. That ailment is cured. Joe has taken off 20 pounds (down to 230) and is faster than ever. He is not a quick starter, but Buffalo's outstanding offensive line can hold the holes open for him longer than Denver's line could, and in the open field Joe is a more dangerous runner than Gilchrist. Joe is not in Gilchrist's category as a pass blocker, but, for that matter, neither is anybody else. Wray Carlton, 220, is an expert at that job and is an underestimated runner. Bobby Smith, Joe Auer and Willie Ross are capable running backs who can stride right in if Joe and Carlton are hurt.

Buffalo's offensive line—built up through the years by Coach Lou Saban, General Manager Dick Gallagher, Scout Harvey Johnson and the wallet of Owner Ralph Wilson—is superior to some in the NFL. The guards are Billy Shaw and Al Bemiller, the tackles are Stew Barber and Dick Hudson, and the center is Dave Behrman, No. 1 draft choice in 1962, who is back after a knee injury and could play center or guard. Ohio State All-America Jim Davidson is a top rookie prospect. Buffalo's defensive line is also a powerful unit. Tom Sestak, 270, may be the best tackle in the league. Jim Dunaway, the other tackle, is excellent but will have a hard time defending his job from Tom Keating. The ends, Ron McDole and Tom Day, are big and quick. Rookie Remi Prudhomme might have replaced one of them but is out for the season with an injury.

Buffalo has four veteran linebackers, including the tough and mobile Mike Stratton on the right side. Rookie Marty Schottenheimer of Pitt could be a starter. One good linebacking sub is Paul McGuire, the league's leading punter. With side-footer Pete Gogolak for kickoffs and field goals, the Bills have one of the AFL's soundest kicking games. Buffalo's defensive backs lack size, but George Saimes, only 5 feet 10, is a fine safety and an All-AFL selection. The strong side safety will be either Ray Arbruzzese, Hagood Clarke or Gene Sykes. Butch Byrd was a good corner back as a rookie. Charley Warner and Booker Edgerson are competing for the other corner. The Bills' main virtue is not in pass defense, but the rush from the front four takes much of the stress off the deep defenders. With the temperamental Gilchrist gone, the Bills should be a more cohesive team. The Eastern Division is improved, but Buffalo will win it.

Buffalo's Jack Kemp, a fine but occasionally erratic quarterback, steps out behind Wray Carlton.

BOSTON PATRIOTS

With only a nucleus of quality players the Patriots usually manage to finish higher than they should. Two years ago Boston won the Eastern Division. Last year the Pats were second to Buffalo. The manpower for such finishes is not present, but Coach Mike Holovak keeps winning. One reason is that he has Babe Parilli—the best quarterback in the league. Another is the presence of the AFL's Most Valuable Player, Gino Cappelletti, who scored 155 points last season and kept the Pats in the race by kicking a 41-yard field goal in the final second to beat Houston by one point. Still another is that Holovak has disguised his defensive weaknesses by using a full blitz and getting a strong rush from two fine ends, Larry Eisenhauer and Bob Dee. But along with each of those strengths, Holovak may have a concomitant problem this year.

Parilli passed for 3,441 yards and 31 touchdowns last season without the benefit of either a first-class receiver or good pass-blocking. He can get rid of the ball in a hurry and he has a talent for finding alternate receivers. But Parilli is prone to minor injuries that he does not easily shake off. When a pro is 35 minor injuries have a way of becoming major. For protection, Holovak traded for Eddie Wilson, the Kansas City backup quarterback for the past three seasons. The Patriots also signed a promising rookie quarterback, Charlie Green from Wittenberg College.

But the quarterbacks need more help, especially from the running game. Boston has never had a good, big fullback. Larry Garron usually plays the position. He can't, however, until a shoulder injury knits. Rookie Jim Nance of Syracuse might be able to handle the job and rookie Ellis Johnson of Southeastern Louisiana is a possibility.

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Johnson, a 9.7 sprinter, is the fastest man on the team. At running back Ron Burton has never regained his speed after a spinal operation and may be replaced by J. D. Garrett. The newcomer causing the most excitement in Boston is Joe Bellino, the former Navy All-America who has just finished four years of service (SI, August 9). Bellino will be tried as a flanker and perhaps as a running back. He is only 5 feet 8 and weighs 185 pounds, but he has exceptional agility. However, four years away from football is a long time, and the transition from aircraft-carrier deck to pro playing field will be difficult. The flanker may turn out to be rookie Jim Whalen from Boston College.

Cappelletti's pro career has been amazing. He is small and slow, but he has good moves and sure hands and catches a lot of passes. As a field-goal kicker he is probably unexcelled. But Cappelletti sprained his left ankle while wrestling for a pass in a scrimmage, and the early goal tries may have to be left up to rookie Justin Canale, who is powerful but inconsistent.

Boston is badly in need of quality at both offensive and defensive tackle. Veteran Defensive Tackle Jesse Richardson retired to become a coach on Holovak's staff and will have to find his own replacement. Holovak was hoping rookie Jim Wilson from Georgia would be the man, but Wilson signed with San Francisco as well as Boston and decided the other day to go to the 49ers. Holovak must have a thundering rush to make his defense work. Fortunately for the Pats, the linebacking is outstanding. Middle Linebacker Nick Buoniconti is as good as any in the league. Strong Side Linebacker Tom Addison, the Boston captain, was All-AFL last year. The secondary is slow. Several AFL coaches believe this is the year the rest of the league will at last catch up to the Boston defense. They could be right, but they have been saying that for two seasons and have not done it yet.

The secret in Boston is unity. Holovak, who seldom wins an exhibition game, brings his team along slowly and with a spirit of camaraderie. "Most of us weren't big stars in college. There's never been any jealousies. We respect each other," says Eisenhauer. Until this year, the Pats had changed their faces less than any other team in the AFL. But Boston signed 12 of 19 draft choices and two futures in the realization that the rest of the league might indeed be catching up. "For us to be better, four to six new men must make our club," says Holovak. That does not seem likely to happen, but the Pats can finish second again.

NEW YORK JETS

Assuming Joe Namath's right knee is strong enough for him to play a season of professional football but not strong enough for him to do close-order drill in an Army uniform, the celebrated $400,000 rookie will take immediate command of the Jets from his two rivals—second-year man Mike Taliaferro and $200,000 rookie John Huarte. The Jets could, in fact, wind up with both Namath and Huarte playing ahead of Taliaferro, and that is one sign that the Jets are going nowhere this year. Despite the undeniable skills of the costly rivals, they still are rookies. Having two rookie quarterbacks means fine things for the future, but not for the present. Namath saw no defenses while at Alabama to compare with the sets he will see as a pro. It will require a considerable education for him to begin to be as effective as he was in college. Namath will have a few spectacular Sundays, but he will naturally have others when he is merely another rookie. Huarte's virtues are his poise and leadership and his ability to get into position and release the ball quickly. He throws in a sidearming style that would never be photographed for a how-to manual, and he is not good at throwing deep, but his short passes come from a flicking arm with exceptional accuracy and speed. However, Huarte played only one season of college football. He is good at the mechanics—the faking and handing off—but he needs work on play-calling. Taliaferro is a windup thrower who lacks the rookies' quick action.

Namath's knee is, of course, the center of concern for the Jets and for his draft board. After an off-season operation, he was dragging his right leg when he reported to camp. The knee is heavily taped and swells after a scrimmage, which is the usual reaction. The knee must be worked into shape. Namath wears no cleats on the heels of his shoes and wears short rounded ones on the soles to prevent a leg being twisted while the cleats are stuck in the ground. The knee pains him, but no more than it would after a game of tag, according to his doctors. The knee is likely to have a psychological effect on the Jets, who must concentrate on protecting it. And the knee is a gamble.

Another thing that complicates the situation of the rookie quarterbacks is the limited play selection resulting from the Jets' weakness at the running game. Matt Snell, the fullback, was the AFL Rookie of the Year last season and justly so. Snell is best at slants and at going outside rather than on straightaway power. He hits the holes fast and runs with the speed of a halfback. He is a strong pass blocker with an instinct for contact and is a good receiver who caught 56 passes last year. But the Jets need another back to go with Snell. Bill Mathis is a fullback playing halfback. Mathis does well as a pass blocker, but he does not have the speed to run wide. Rookie Bob Schweickert may develop. Schweickert was a quarterback in college and must learn to take the ball instead of handing it off. At 187, he may be too small for the pounding a running back takes. The Jets were impressed enough by Princeton's All-America back, Cosmo Iacavazzi, to give him a lengthy tryout, but finally gave up on him as not quite big enough to be a regular.

As deep receivers, the Jets have two of the league's best in Bake Turner and Don Maynard. Rookie George Sauer Jr. of Texas backs up Turner at split end and has the potential to be a standout. Jim Evans is the replacement for Maynard at flanker. Maynard or Turner could be traded to bring help at one of the Jets' weaker spots, such as at tight end. Gene Heeter is a fair blocker but not a good receiver, and the other tight end, Dee Mackey, catches well but can't block.

The Jets' offensive line does one thing very well—pass-block. Coach Weeb Ewbank stressed that phase of the game originally to protect Quarterback Dick Wood, who is tall, thin and practically immobile. There were entire games when Wood was not touched by an unfriendly hand. Wood is gone to Oakland now, but the same protection will be handy for Namath and his knee. The offensive line may not change in personnel unless John Schmitt, a second-year man, beats out Mike Hudock at center. Guard Sam DeLuca is good enough that the Chargers kept trying to lure him back to the West Coast after he left them. DeLuca

can pull as well as pass-block. The other guard, Dan Ficca, is slow at leading plays but is a strong pass protector. Tackle Sherman Plunkett, 300 pounds, is a massive source of protection for a quarterback. "Getting around Plunkett is like taking a trip around the world," says San Diego's Sid Gillman. The other tackle will be 275-pound Winston Hill or 245-pound Pete Perreault.

The Jets will have to demonstrate much improvement on defense. The best possibilities are at the ends, but lack of experience will hurt there. Rookie Verlon Biggs, who has the qualities to become a star, is almost certain to start on the right side ahead of veteran LaVerne Torczon. Gerry Philbin will be at left end and is an excellent prospect, but Philbin missed eight games last season because of a shoulder separation and so is almost a rookie. The tackles —Paul Rochester and Gordy Holz—are average. Jim Harris, a rookie from Utah State, is pushing Holz. The Jets are thin at linebacking. Wahoo McDaniel, a favorite of crowds at Shea Stadium, is back in the middle and has trimmed down to 228 pounds. Rookie Skip Hoovler does not have the necessary speed or lateral movement, which means opponents' passers will pick on the Jets over the middle again. The fast and tough Larry Grantham handles the right side well. Second-year man Ralph Baker is on the left. One injury could seriously cripple the Jets' linebacking capability. Another major worry is at cornerback, where both leading contenders are recovering from severe injuries. Clyde Washington, on the right, had a severed Achilles tendon, an injury that has ended many football careers, but he appears to be responding satisfactorily. Rookie Cornell Gordon of North Carolina A&T is the alternate. Strong-side Corner Back Marshall Starks broke a leg last year, he has been dropped from the team and replaced by Willie West. Damard Paulson, a five-year veteran, is at left safety and Billy Baird at the right. Rookie Jim Hudson from Texas is a good prospect as a swing safety. Defensively the Jets are not in the same category as Buffalo or Boston and are no better than Houston. With the lack of a versatile running game, the presence of two rookie quarterbacks, the absence of a quality short receiver and a dubious defense, the Jets will be last in the East. They are building, but they are far from being home yet.

HOUSTON OILERS

In an early training-camp session Don Trull threw a ball 50 yards through the air into the hands of a receiver crossing the goal line, and Coach Bones Taylor smiled the way he used to when he was catching them from Sammy Baugh for the Washington Redskins. Baugh, who was standing nearby, smiled, too. Baugh was the coach of the Oilers when Trull was a rookie and now is an assistant to Taylor, who was an assistant to Baugh. If that sounds confusing, it is merely the way Oiler Owner Bud Adams does things—he has employed five head coaches and two general managers in six seasons. Trull could contribute to Taylor's and Baugh's job security. If the Oilers are an improved team Trull probably will deserve much of the credit. As a rookie in 1964 the former Baylor All-America had one disastrous flaw. He could not throw the deep pass, without the threat of which an offense has a hard time moving consistently. With off-season exercise and added maturity, Trull's arm has become stronger, and he can now throw deep with accuracy and confidence. Combining that new ability with his quickness and intelligence, Trull looks ready to step in and replace George Blanda. Not that Blanda is prepared to give up. For the last two years Blanda has been the Houston quarterback on the strength of his personality as much as on his capability. He is still the team leader and could even be the next Oiler coach when Adams strikes again. At 37, Blanda is at an age when an athlete can suddenly find himself finished, and Trull looks ready to repay the Oilers' $100,000 investment in him.

Trull is an excellent scrambler, a talent Blanda could have used the past two years to overcome some leaky pass blocking. The blocking, however, will be better this season. Lou Rymkus, another former Oiler head coach, has returned to the staff to work with the offensive line. In his first hitch at Houston, Rymkus put together a front line that was the best in the AFL for two years. In Norman Evans, a rookie from TCU, Rymkus believes he has the finest rookie tackle prospect ever with the Oilers. That is good news not only for Trull and Blanda but also for Houston's thin corps of running backs. The best one the Oilers have, and one of the best in the league, is 210-pound Sid Blanks. As a rookie last season Blanks was fourth in the AFL in rushing with a 5.2 average for 756 yards and was seventh in receiving. Ode Burrell, who missed most of his rookie year because of an injury, is back to try again. But the most important addition to the team is Fullback Jack Spikes, who was released by Kansas City. Spikes, a 220-pound six-year veteran, is a better fullback than he has shown the last two years. He is delighted to be in Houston and has been running and blocking well in exhibition games. He could be the man to replace little Charley Tolar, who was outgained by all but one AFL fullback last season.

As a target, Trull and Blanda once again have Flanker Charlie Hennigan and nobody could demand much more. The trouble last year was that the Oilers depended on Hennigan too much. He caught 101 passes for a pro record and was thrown at 268 times, which reveals an obvious lack of balance in the Oiler offense. Swift Charlie Frazier, rookie Flanker Lawrence Elkins and a more effective running game should remedy that imbalance (although Elkins will be out until mid-season because of a knee injury).

Defensively, the Oilers have settled second-year man Scott Appleton at tackle, where he will probably displace either 36-year-old Bud McFadin or 33-year-old Ed Husmann. The linebacking will be good if Johnny Baker and Danny Brabham stay healthy. Rookie Linebacker Bobby Maples is a quality player but has a history of injuries. All-AFL Corner Back Tony Banfield returns after knee surgery and will complete a satisfactory secondary.

The Oilers used 12 rookies last year and will benefit from their experience. This is the Oilers' first season in Rice Stadium—they gave up on the Dome after a battle over contract terms—and although they have little chance at the championship they should move up one position from their fourth-place finish of 1964.

22
72

SAN DIEGO CHARGERS

If you enjoy hearing about problems, Sid Gillman could give you a list that would fill the San Diego phone book. Tackle Ernie Ladd, the man who makes the Charger defense work, is threatening to play out his option. Ladd was late in reporting to camp, was fined, worked a few days, argued with Gillman, walked out, was fined and suspended and finally came back muttering that he would rather wrestle, anyhow. Defensive End Earl Faison, who can terrify quarterbacks when he wishes to, has a bad knee and also has threatened to play out his option. Several other players are angry at Gillman the General Manager, although they are satisfied enough with Gillman the Coach. Gillman himself is not satisfied with some of the players. He has tried to trade Ladd, Faison, Quarterback John Hadl and Halfback Paul Lowe, among others. And still the Chargers should be the Western Division champions again, as they have been four of the past five years. Despite the problems, the Chargers have some of the league's most impressive athletes, and whatever faults the players may find with Gillman's front-office management they realize he is a smart coach and a winner.

The retirement of Tobin Rote left Hadl, a four-year man, as Gillman's only experienced quarterback. Hadl is the sort who can be very good or very bad, but he did win six of his eight starts last year and that is reasonable consistency. The crucial test for Hadl this year was in the early exhibitions. If he had not done well, Gillman (who had already offered Hadl and Lowe for Babe Parilli) most likely would have shipped him out. But Hadl did, in fact, do well and kept his job ahead of journeyman Don Breaux and rookie Steve Tensi of Florida State. Tensi is Hadl's eventual replacement. Gillman considers him the equal of Joe Namath as a pro prospect and that is high praise.

If there is such a thing as the perfect back he might be Keith Lincoln, who runs, blocks, catches passes and throws the option pass and plays with injuries that would keep lesser men in the dispensary. And Lincoln does it all out of position. He is a natural halfback but operates at fullback so that Lowe, who has chronic leg trouble but is a tear-away threat, can be in the game at the same time. Gene Foster, a 212-pound rookie from Arizona State, is the fastest of the backs and makes Lowe expendable for trade. At flanker the Chargers have one of the very best—the remarkable Lance Alworth. One of Alworth's main talents is the ability to hang in the air longer than the defensive backs can stay up with him. It is an ability that some outstanding basketball players have. Alworth is fast and graceful and has the soft hands an exceptional receiver must have, but because of his natural talents he has not yet been forced to learn the moves he should know. Don Norton is a good split end, and Dave Kocourek and Jacque MacKinnon give the Chargers depth at tight end. The offensive line has the perennial All-AFL selection Ron Mix at right tackle. At left tackle young Gary Kirner seems to have displaced veteran Ernie Wright. Five-year Center Don Rogers has been moved aside by Sam Gruneisen. The Chargers usually have quite a string of injuries, but the offensive line is solid enough.

On defense, regular Right Corner Back Dick Westmoreland is out until midseason with a broken arm and will be replaced by second-year man Leslie Duncan. But Bob Zeman has returned at left safety to help strengthen a good secondary. The linebacking should be the best in the Chargers' history, with Ron Carpenter on the strong side, Chuck Allen in the middle and Frank Buncom on the right. Rookie Rick Redman, who will challenge Hadl for the punting job, will stick as a linebacker. The top rookie on defense is 250-pound Steve DeLong, an end. With Ladd on the field, the Chargers' front four presents a fierce rush and is tough to run against. The kicking game is spotty and the quarterbacking questionable, but San Diego will bull through again.

KANSAS CITY CHIEFS

Judged purely on their potential, the Chiefs are one of the three best teams in the AFL and must be considered as possible champions. However, something usually happens to the Chiefs about midseason. Last year it was injuries. Ten regulars were hurt in one way or another and missed games. Some of Coach Hank Stram's critics blame the injuries, in part, on his policy of working the veterans hard during the exhibition season, and there is a lot of grumbling in the ranks at Kansas City. But Stram certainly had nothing to do with the injury to Tight End Fred Arbanas, who was attacked by two men on a Kansas City sidewalk and was blinded in the left eye. Nor did Stram's policy break the nose of Quarterback Len Dawson, who was the league's leading passer although he sat out part of three games. Much of what was wrong last year in Kansas City—and there was not all that much wrong, since the Chiefs finished second in the West by a game and a half—must be put down to bad luck. Stram, though, is aware of the morale problem and is trying to cure it. The surest cure is to win, and if the Chiefs enjoy reasonably good health they will challenge San Diego for the division championship.

Dawson proved in 1962, when the Chiefs (then called the Dallas Texans) beat Houston in an overtime game for the AFL title, that he can be a winning quarterback, and he was at the top statistically last year. But Dawson gets trapped often for losses and seems to prefer to hold the ball rather than

continued

A practically perfect back, San Diego's Keith Lincoln is a powerful runner, a savage blocker and an adept receiver. When injured he plays anyway

throw it away for an incompletion that would lower his percentage He has another problem. His nose has been broken nearly as often as Carmen Basilio's; as a result, he has a breathing obstruction, which means that strong-armed sophomore Pete Beathard is likely to play at least a few games for the Chiefs this year. Eddie Wilson, who was Dawson's backup man for three years, has been traded to Boston The pressure will be on Beathard, since the betting is Dawson cannot go 14 games.

The Chiefs' best runner, Abner Haynes, has also been traded away, as has Haynes's roommate, All-AFL Corner Back Dave Grayson. Gone, too, is Fullback Jack Spikes. The Chiefs remain wealthy in fullbacks, with Mack Lee Hill and Curtis McClinton, but the loss of Haynes is serious. Bert Coan, who had one excellent year at Kansas before he broke his leg, has not shown that he is very interested in pro football. But the receiving will be good again if Chris Burford's knee heals and Arbanas' vision is satisfactory. Flanker Frank Jackson is the Lance Alworth type, with outstanding speed and fine hands.

The offensive line has quality, with Ed Budde (also a mugging victim in Kansas City) and Curt Merz at guards, Jerry Cornelison and Jim Tyrer at tackles and Jon Gilliam at center. But it is the defensive line that is the pride of Kansas City. Jerry Mays, one of the league's top tackles, has been moved to end to pair with Mel Branch. Buck Buchanan will be one tackle, and the other will be either blue-chip rookie Ernie Borghetti or Ed Lothamer. The outstanding rookie Alphonse Dotson and second-year man Hatch Rosdahl are also very much present.

At linebacking the Chiefs have no betters and few peers. Bobby Bell, an exceptionally quick mover and punishing tackler, has the strong side. E. J. Holub, three-times All-AFL, will work the middle if his seventh knee operation is a success. Behind Holub are Sherrill Headrick, himself a former All-AFL selection, and prime rookie Ron Caveness. Jim Fraser is on the right side

The weakest part of the Kansas City defense is the secondary. Safety Johnny Robinson was injured last year and has been slow to recover. His replacement, Bobby Ply, and the other safety, Bobby Hunt, lack speed. Sophomore Willie Mitchell had a fair season at left corner against some of the league's most dangerous receivers but will be playing right corner this year. The left corner will be one of the AFL's most controversial figures—Fred Williamson, a dandy who wears an ascot and was the author of a magazine article entitled "I Am the Greatest Lover in Pro Football." Williamson says he is looking forward to covering his former Oakland teammate, Art Powell. "He's good, but he's never been covered the way I cover a man For me, two yards is playing a man loose," Williamson says. Stram considered Haynes an agitator, and the Chiefs unloaded him shortly after he was identified as a leader in the Negro player revolt at the All-Star game in New Orleans But Williamson will be at least as difficult to control.

Kansas City Scout Don Klosterman, one of the sharpest men in the game, does not miss many of the rookies he goes after. One that got away was the Chiefs' No. 1 draft choice, Running Back Gale Sayers, to the Chicago Bears. Consequently, Stram may have to use Hill and McClinton in the same backfield Hill, 236, signed as a free agent and rushed for 567 yards in 1964 "He was so good we kept waiting for something to be wrong with him," said Stram. McClinton, 232, was the AFL Rookie of the Year in 1962 but was hurt early last season and never did regain his form. The Chiefs will need a first-rate performance from McClinton if they are to edge out the Chargers When the Chiefs get together, they can do amazing things—such as their 49-6 smashing of San Diego late last year. "But too many of us are playing for individual pride rather than as a team," said one veteran. That is an outlook Stram must try to alter. Even if he does not the Chiefs are good enough to finish second.

OAKLAND RAIDERS

Manager-Coach Al Davis is of the opinion that the day of the one-quarterback pro football team is over. Davis is a man who is always looking for an angle, and the angle here may simply be that he does not *have* one good all-round quarterback. Instead he has three specialists of sorts. Cotton Davidson is the best of the three and is particularly useful against a hard rush because of his scrambling ability. But Davidson does have off days and early in the exhibition season also had a sore arm. Tom Flores is good when the Raiders are facing a zone and need accuracy in throwing. But Flores is not agile and is often trapped by a blitz. The other quarterback is 6-foot-5 Dick Wood, who came to Oakland from the Jets. Wood's specialty is throwing the deep pass—a favorite weapon of Davis'—and he has the advantage of being tall enough to see over a charging line of unusual size, such as that of San Diego. But Wood lacks agility, too.

With each man's qualifications in mind, Davis intends to use them as a baseball manager uses his pitchers. For different situations, different quarterbacks will come in. Davis may start Flores, then switch to Davidson after a sequence or two. Davis believes offense is a matter of execution and that execution can be achieved as well by two or three quarterbacks as by one. "With injuries and changing defenses, you can't settle any longer on one quarterback to meet all possibilities," says Davis. "Besides, how many Johnny Unitases are there?"

The staple of the Oakland offense is the passing game. Davis believes in throwing the ball 60 to 65% of the time. "Some people talk about the bad things that can happen when you put the ball in the air, but I know one good thing that can happen," he says. "You can get six points in a matter of seconds from anywhere on the field." To support that idea Davis has accumulated a fine group of receivers. Art Powell has caused a few coaches to want to get out of the game prematurely because of his temperamental antics, but he is one of the top split ends in the league. Davis has moved Billy Cannon to split end, also, although he may arrange to have Powell in the slot and Cannon split on the same side to give the defenses a double problem. Cannon, despite his Heisman Trophy credentials, did not make it as a running back with Houston or Oakland. He could not cut quickly enough This year Cannon reported at 207, the lightest he has been since his junior season at LSU, and claims to have regained some of his nimbleness. A good blocker, Cannon may even move to tight end, a position where the Raiders could use aid. "My idea about get-

ting football players is you should look for a guy who on his good days will help you but on his bad days won't hurt you," says Davis. He thinks Cannon is one of those. Prize rookie Bob Biletnikoff will probably be the starting flanker ahead of veterans Bo Roberson and Bill Miller, who supply depth.

After a couple of years of being disorganized, the Raiders have begun to sign talent. They have the league's finest collection of rookies this season. Two of them—Harry Schuh and Bob Svihus—may be the starting offensive tackles. Jim Otto will be the center for the sixth consecutive year. The Raiders are counting heavily on the return of Guard Ken Rice, who announced his retirement and missed training camp but indicated he might change his mind. Veteran Tackle Frank Youso has had a foot operation and Guard Bob Mischak has had a knee operation, which puts more pressure on the rookies and on Davis to get Rice back.

At running back Davis has Clem Daniels, a tough runner and a good receiver. Daniels catches passes 15 to 20 yards downfield with frequency, which is unusual for a halfback. There is a weakness at fullback. Alan Miller, back after taking a year's leave to get a law degree, is a top pass blocker but he is ineffective as a runner. Bob Jackson is an average journeyman player.

The linebacking will be much better than last year. Middle Linebacker Arch Matsos had a severe case of flu before the 1964 season and played at least part of the year weighing less than 200 pounds. Matsos is healthy again now and is up to 220. Bill Budness, a second-year man, has improved from necessity; he was shoved into action last season and told to produce. Left Linebacker John Williamson was a rookie last year. Clancy Osborne, on the right, is a veteran and a rattling tackler. The sleeper is Dick Hermann, a rookie from Florida State. Davis saw him while scouting Biletnikoff at the Gator Bowl.

Davis traded away one of his problems in the secondary when he sent Fred Williamson to Kansas City. Williamson is a good defender, but he did not like Davis' style of coaching and said so in public. In return, Oakland got All-AFL Dave Grayson. Grayson is short on size but has extreme quickness and is a fine kick returner, and should beat out Howie Williams at right corner. A rookie, Kent McCloughan, will start at left corner unless he loses out to another rookie, Larry Todd. The safeties will be veterans Joe Krakoski and Claude Gibson.

The Raiders won eight of their last 10 games in 1964, and one reason was the return to duty of Matsos and Defensive Right Tackle Dave Costa. After starting as a linebacker, Costa moved to tackle in 1963 and was an immediate hit. A 250-pounder, he teams with Right End Ben Davidson, 6 feet 7 and 275, to give Oakland a powerful rush from that side. Rookie Carlton Oats, 235, from Florida State, could break in as a starter at left end. But Oakland's defense has gaps, and when the Raiders win it is likely to be in games with basketball scores.

The impression in Oakland is that Davis thinks he may have a good team but is trying to hide it. The Raiders have been a cliquish club and have picked up a few players that other teams considered uncontrollable. Davis, though, has usually managed to control them. There is considerable individual brilliance on the Oakland roster, and if Davis can get the individuals to play together rather than each man for himself the Raiders could be surprisingly good. Not good enough for a championship, though. It is likely that Davis is building toward a run at the title in 1966.

DENVER BRONCOS

The most interesting puzzle in the AFL this year is how Cookie Gilchrist and Abner Haynes will perform now that they have been traded away from places where they professed to be unhappy and have joined the same backfield. There is no doubt that they are two of the finest athletes in the game, and they could make a sudden and dramatic improvement in the Denver Broncos. The question is how much they really want to. Gilchrist arrived in camp late after claiming that he wished to be traded to Oakland, but he explained that he was only pulling one of his regular publicity stunts. Haynes, though, reported early and insisted that he is a new man. "Between us, Cookie and me, we'll gain 2,000 yards this year," says Haynes, who was the AFL's Player of the Year for 1960 in Dallas but was displeased at being moved to Kansas City in 1963. At Denver Haynes will have to beat out Running Back Charlie Mitchell, a good one with flashing speed. Denver Coach Mac Speedie has high hopes for his receivers—Flanker Al Denson, Tight End Hewritt Dixon and Split End Lionel Taylor, the last having caught more passes than any other player in AFL history.

But there is still a serious problem at quarterback. Jacky Lee, in the second and final year of his lend-lease deal from Houston, should be better after a season of working with the Denver receivers. But John McCormick and Mickey Slaughter have been playing ahead of Lee. In any case, to protect those three, the offensive line needs strengthening. Rookie Tackle Bob Breitenstein will help. Eldon Danenhauer is a good veteran at the other tackle. Much depends on whether Ray Kubala can make it at center and allow Speedie to shift Jerry Sturm to guard. However, the presence of Gilchrist as a pass blocker will make work considerably easier for all the offensive linemen.

The defensive line became a steady and effective unit over the last half of last season and is back intact. Speedie is hoping for a top performance by Tackle Ray Jacobs, a 280-pounder who was released by Houston primarily because of his meager enthusiasm. Injuries prevented a sound assessment of Denver's linebacking last year. It now appears to be mediocre on merit. There are also weaknesses in the defensive backfield, although not at the corner occupied by Willie Brown, an All-AFL selection in 1964.

Overall, the Broncos figure to be a better team than they have ever been, and not the least of the reasons is a change in feeling. The Broncos bumbled along for years as losers with an organization that would not spend the money necessary to sign new talent, and the result was a team that split into cliques with a whipped-dog outlook. Then the Phipps brothers stepped forward to save the franchise for Denver, the club sold more than 23,000 season tickets and Speedie, famous in his Cleveland playing days as a target for Otto Graham's passes, became head coach. Speedie is genuinely admired by his players and gets a great deal out of them. Gilchrist and Haynes have played for winning teams and know how to think positively. "Anybody around here who talks about losing is messing with my money," says Haynes. The Broncos will be last again, but not so dismally. **END**

SEPTEMBER IS SWEET IN SUGARBUSH

Ski towns once became ghost towns when the snow melted, leaving the lodges to the chipmunks and the scenery to the natives. But many ski towns now make summer and fall as active as winter. Aspen does it with cultural conferences and executive fitness clinics. Squaw Valley has a movie festival, jazz concerts and is campaigning to become a high-altitude training ground for U.S. athletes before the Mexico City summer Olympics. Vail specializes in wilderness pack trips, golf and fishing. At Sugarbush, Vt., where

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRUCE DAVIDSON

Sugarbush is becoming a major eastern soaring center. More than 100 sailplanes will gather there in October to ride the unique wave of Canadian air that gets its upward thrust from the Green Mountains. At the Sugarbush soaring school a student who has never flown before can solo in about 10 hours for about $200 worth of plane rental, towing and instruction.

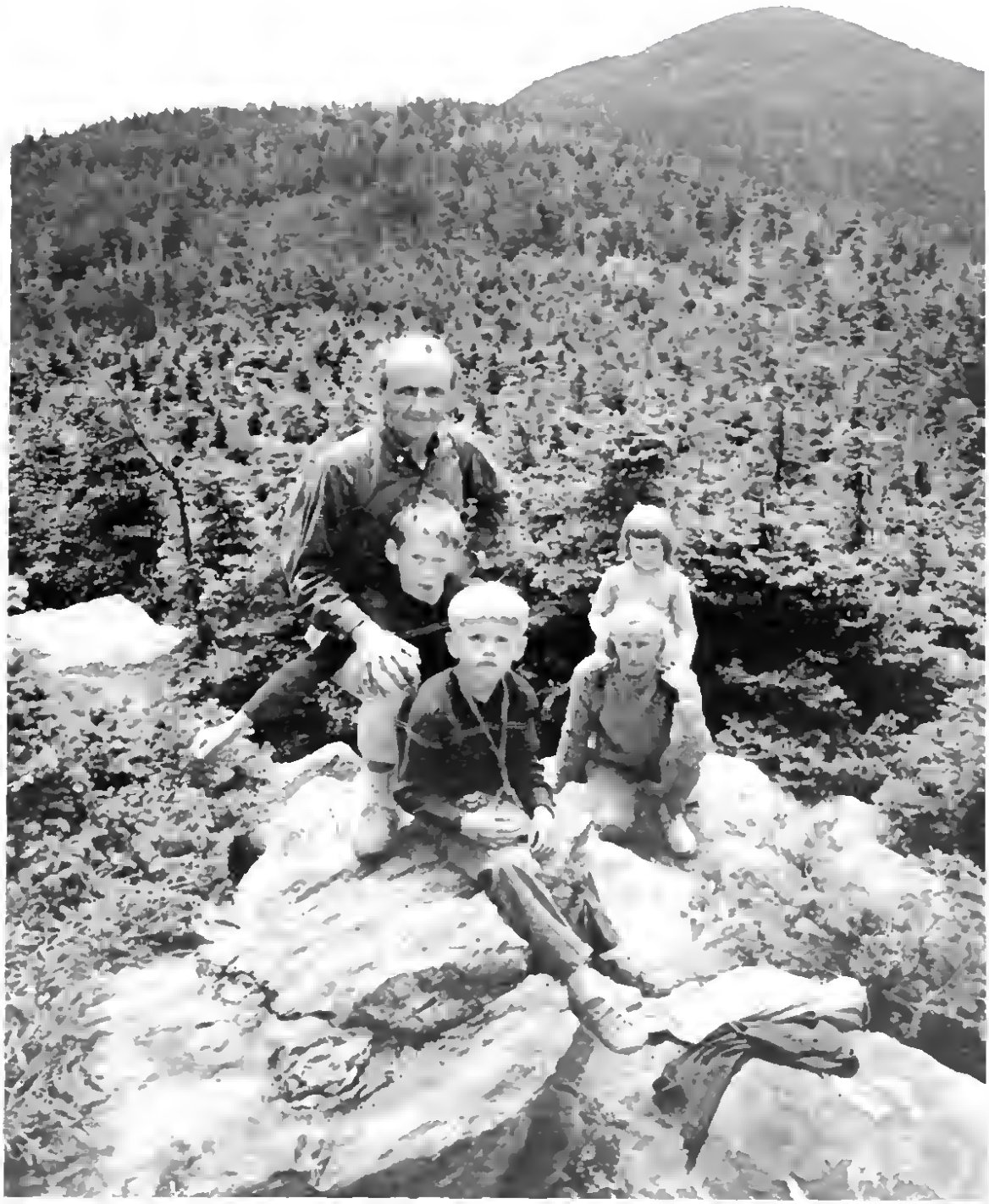
these pictures were taken, the activities reach such a frenzy that a winter of skiing is suggested as a warmup for summer. A new 18-hole golf course, designed by Robert Trent Jones, has a spectacular background of birches and mountains. The horse population has tripled in three years. Everybody seems to be out for polo, hiking, fishing, swimming, tennis and skeet. And when the goings-on on the ground get too hectic, there is escape to the silence of some of the best soaring to be found anywhere in the U.S.

The Mad River, which drains an unusually narrow valley, occasionally rampages in the spring, causing considerable damage. In September it is a calm paragon of a trout stream, where Trodd Fortna, who teaches skiing in the winter, spends his pleasantest hours. Fortna gives fly-casting instruction and runs a lodge with a stable of horses for trail rides.

CONTINUED

The Valley Day School curriculum is centered on swimming, riding, hiking and tennis. Here Tennis Instructor Brooks Boveroux corrects some faulty young forehands. Many families spend the whole summer, and fathers commute weekends.

Linda Gregory (photographed with her 4-year-old Vermont Morgan, Echo Brook Sireson) teaches riding and leads trail rides into the Green Mountains. The sculpture is part of a large outdoor exhibit on the lawn of the Bundy Art Gallery.



On Lincoln Mountain, at the top of the Sugarbush gondola, Jack Murphy and family pause on the Long Trail, the hikers' trail that runs along the mountain ridges, joining the Appalachian Trail at Sherburne Pass, Vt. Murphy, the Sugarbush partner who built the lifts, also pioneered its soaring

THE PRINCE OF PITTSBURGH

The Pirates are a contending team again, and Pittsburgh's brash broadcaster, Bob Prince, is back in form, too, living it up as baseball's most flamboyant personality ***by MYRON COPE***

From his bony knees right up to his protruding ribs and his pebble-sized shoulders, his form was perfect—even if emaciated—as he crouched to dive. Many years before he had been a collegiate swimmer, and he was proud of it. Now, when a man had offered to bet him $20 he could not make this dive, he had snapped up the wager without a moment's hesitation. By rights he should have been given odds, for it is a tough dive into the pool of the Chase Hotel in St. Louis when you are making it from a third-story window.

"He had to clear about 12 feet of pavement," recalls Danny Whelan, the Pittsburgh Pirates' trainer, who along with the Pirate team had been staying at the Chase that day. "It was strictly a blotter job, believe me."

The man perched up there on the window sill was Bob Prince, announcer of Pirate games. It is safe to say that had the scene been broadcast back to Pittsburgh it would have evoked three reactions. At least a dozen radio and television men would have raced to apply for Prince's job, which along with sidelines pays him approximately $70,000 a year. Secondly, prayers for his safety would have been offered by bankers to whom he has owed money for 12 years. And third, a sizable number of baseball fans who bristle at his rambling, didactic, partisan prattle would have cried, "Miss!" One of Prince's longtime friends, recalling a boisterous party at which a burly sportswriter seized Prince bodily and threatened to hurl him out a 17th-story hotel window, remarks, "I guess if you'd have taken a vote, half the people in the room would have been for it and half against."

At any rate, there he was, poised to dive. He sprang and then his body stiffened beautifully as he descended straight and skinny as a spear. "I cleared the concrete by four or five feet," Prince says today. Thus baseball's most incorrigible exhibitionist, a man who in his home territory dwarfs the athlete celebrities he chronicles, lived to see another and yet another birthday. His 49th, celebrated July 1, was called to the attention of Forbes Field patrons by the public-address announcer and was, as might have been expected, thunderously booed.

For a variety of reasons, the popular five-word expletive—"Why doesn't he

continued

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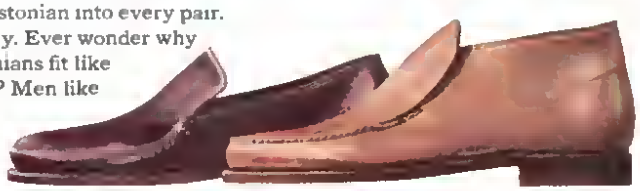

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Every pair shows the care of the shoemaker's hand

shut up!"—enjoys public usage far above the nationwide norm during Bob Prince's broadcasts. Dining not long ago with Kap Monahan, a Pittsburgh drama critic, Prince arose from the table and said, "I've got to get to the booth. A million people are waiting to turn me off." As it happens, the jest was needlessly modest, for the very people who can't stand him usually listen to him right through the last out, when—if the Pirates have won—he insufferably crows, "We had 'em all the way!"

Part of the fascination of listening to a Pirate broadcast is waiting to hear Prince's next high crime against the English language, which he occasionally mangles in earnest pursuit of elegance. "Our booth," he has stated from Philadelphia's Connie Mack Stadium, "must be more than 100 feet high, according to my metric calculations." Intending to explain why he does not trifle with batting averages, not even metrically, in the opening weeks of the season, Prince has informed his audience: "They don't mean a thing at this time of year, so we deign to use them."

Another stimulant of audience fascination lies in Prince's propensity for jamming his foot into his mouth, to wit: "I know what I gotta do here, I gotta walk Mr. Frank Robinson. . . . Don't get me wrong now—I'm not the manager, they don't pay me to manage. . . . Strike one! . . . Well, that's all right, let's get Robinson out of there. . . . You gotta pitch to him. . . . Nothing else you can do here."

Although Prince is adequately supplemented by Co-broadcasters Jim Woods and Don Hoak (the ex-Pirate), listeners frequently get four or five voices for the price of three. Cries of "Shut up, Prince!" hurled by nearby spectators pierce the play-by-play. Nonetheless, when Prince is not carrying on a running argument with his hecklers, he is—and this surely is a third reason for his ability to retain his audience—one of the most effective play-by-play men in the business. For all his faults, he possesses a sharp vocal quality that cuts through crowded saloons and can be heard distinctly from the patio next door. As unjaded as the day he broadcast his first game, he makes difficult plays and tense games come alive with excitement. "He's controversial," says Jack Berger, the Pirates' public relations director, "but he's one of the very best."

In the final analysis, the main reason for Prince's vast, if disgruntled, audience is that Prince is an individual, a larger-than-life figure who dives out of third-story hotel windows and is shaped so distinctly in his own mold that every listener feels that for better or worse he knows him. Tall, bespectacled and so scrawny that the Pirates suggested rather strongly that he cease wearing Bermuda shorts to the ball park, Prince lopes about in outrageously loud sports jackets said to have been cut from blankets taken from the backs of Pirate Owner John Galbreath's Thoroughbreds. Conspicuous as Prince manages to be, it is no wonder that he easily is Pittsburgh's most recognizable personality. The nature of baseball broadcasting being what it is, however, the rewards are mixed. On the one hand, Prince can say, "I'm privileged to be able to call the presidents of all the major corporations in Pittsburgh by their first names, and they'll do anything for me within reason." On the other hand, he is accustomed to having sideburned punks pull alongside his Lincoln Continental and shout, "Hey, there's Bob Prince!" So saying, the sideburned punks pass him with a roar, slow down to a snail's pace and, as Prince tries to pass them, cut in front of him.

"This happens quite often," says Prince. "I've ridden them off the road. I nosed my car bumper to bumper with one wise guy and rammed my pedal to the floorboard and took him as fast as I could through stop signs, stoplights, everything I could take him through. I put another guy into a culvert and watched the sand fly out."

Obviously it takes a man of derring-do to tolerate the kind of fame Bob Prince enjoys in broadcasting, but Prince seems wholly willing to take risks that only his listeners would wish on him. Publicist Berger vividly recalls a day he accepted an invitation to share a single-engine plane that big-spender Prince had chartered for a trip to a banquet in Warren, Pa., about 100 air miles from Pittsburgh.

"We're no sooner airborne," says Berger, "than Prince asks the pilot if he can take over the controls. He doesn't have a pilot's license but he tells the pilot he's got a number of flying hours. Prince takes over, and everything goes smoothly for a while. The weather on our path is fine. Then Prince looks way out to the left, sees a small storm center and says to the pilot, 'Why don't we fly through that storm?' The pilot was agreeable, so into the storm we go, and I'm sitting there saying Hail Marys. We come out of the storm O.K., and then Prince decides to fly the plane upside down. Finally, as we're approaching Warren, Prince says, 'Can I land her?' The pilot, as usual, says O.K., even though we have to fly down the side of a mountain and across a river and hit a landing strip just a few feet above water level. Well, Prince is flawless, and he puts the plane down nicely. Then he says, 'You know, that's the first time I've ever landed a plane.' I went back to Pittsburgh on the bus."

"So what?" says Prince. "Maybe I could have been a lawyer and made a couple hundred thousand dollars a year, but I wouldn't have had half as much fun."

Prince got into broadcasting after his father had more or less thrown him into the street, damned if he would tolerate a career playboy. The late Colonel F. A. Prince, a onetime West Point halfback, raised his son on half a dozen Army posts and saw him through four universities. At last, with a B.A. from Oklahoma, Prince entered Harvard Law School, where he flunked Procedure in his first year. "I probably could have gotten back in the next term," says Prince, "but my old man went to the movies in Montgomery, Ala., looked up at the newsreel and started swearing. I was up there competing in a jitterbugging contest. He said, 'You're just spending my money at Harvard. You're going to work. Here's $2,000 to get started. Go make a living.' "

Instead, Prince went to Zelienople, Pa., near Pittsburgh, and settled comfortably in his grandmother's home. Colonel Prince phoned and said, "Throw him out of the house." It seemed only natural, then, that the prodigal son would turn to sportscasting, for he had been a frustrated athlete all his life, and still is. "When I was young I rode in a rodeo in Cheyenne," says Prince. "I came out of that shoot on a big, black s.o.b. and rode him for about five seconds and then got the life kicked out of me. My old man said, 'You gotta be an idiot—why'd you do it?' And I said, 'Cause somebody said I wouldn't dare try to.' " Rising to other challenges, Prince had his mouth

continued

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caved in by a polo mallet and his face scarred from fencing without a mask. When his skill as an equestrian was questioned, he responded by galloping a fox-hunt trail—jumps and all—at 3 a.m. in a driving rain. When invited to appear with show-business personalities in a benefit stock-car race, he finished first by furiously crowding a terrified disc jockey off the track.

Prince had a cousin who managed a Pittsburgh radio station, so he became a sportscaster. He quickly decided that the best ticket for his 15-minute evening show was controversy, and for a starter he harassed Boxer Billy Conn for ducking tough fights. Conn's next fight was an easy one, lasting only the few moments it took his friends to pry him off Prince's throat. Pressing on, Prince conscientiously attended Pirate games, carrying a typewriter with which he made notes. Both sides of his typewriter case bore his name in giant letters—a display of ostentatiousness that was not lost on the working press. One afternoon, while Prince sat behind the Pirate dugout, the chairman of the local chapter of the Baseball Writers Association dropped a bag of water on him. "I was sort of a brash individual," Prince explains.

Pirate owners, impressed by the following Prince had built with his 15-minute show, foisted him upon Chief Pirate Broadcaster A. K. (Rosey) Rowswell, a shriveled old man who had no use for Prince. Throughout 1947, their first season together, Rowswell permitted Prince to speak only when commercials had to be read. Otherwise, Prince's duties consisted of executing a Rowswell sound-effects trademark known as the Big Drop. Each time a Pirate hit a home run Rowswell would cry, "Get upstairs, Aunt Minnie, and open the window." The idea was that the baseball was screaming toward Aunt Minnie's bedroom window. Prince, standing on a chair, dutifully would hurl glasses, ashcan lids and cowbells to the floor. "She never made it," Rowswell would conclude.

Feeling worse abused than Aunt Minnie's house, Prince braced Rowswell at the end of the season and demanded, "What do you have against me?"

"You're nothing but a fresh punk," replied Rowswell.

"Look," said Prince, "all I want to do is succeed you when you retire or die. Even if it takes 35 years, all I want to be until then is your assistant." The next season Rowswell let Prince share the play-by-play and, before Rowswell's death seven years later, Prince's exposure as assistant announcer multiplied his broadcasting assignments and personal-appearance fees. He became business adviser to Pirate slugger Ralph Kiner (now a Mets' announcer) and is, says a Forbes Field regular named Maniac McDonough, "the reason Ralphie Kiner is working today."

Together, Prince and Kiner roared over the countryside in twin silver-gray Jaguars and just as dizzily plunged into business deals. Borrowing heavily against their combined income of $150,000, they invested in a new ultrahigh-frequency television station and in a three-story restaurant. A storm blew down the station's tower, putting the shaky broadcasting company out of business, and the next day Kiner—on whose Pittsburgh exploits the restaurant relied for survival—was traded to the Chicago Cubs. "In the space of 48 hours," says Prince, "we dropped $100,000." With a number of dry wells thrown in, Prince's debts amounted to $120,000.

Although married and the father of two children, Prince was scarcely fazed. To his bankers he piped, "It's not every guy my age who can owe this much money."

"What are you going to do about it?" they demanded.

A man of honor, Prince had no taste for declaring bankruptcy. "Gentlemen," he said, "if you allow me to continue to belong to all my clubs and drive expensive cars and live in the manner to which I'm accustomed, you'll get dollar for dollar." Today, Prince belongs to 10 tony clubs, leases a new Continental every year, tosses down double Canadian Clubs neat, and brandishes more than 40 credit cards. He still owes the bankers $12,500, but few men have suffered the shorts in such grand style. Prince has sent a tailor around to Forbes Field to measure Trainer Danny Whelan and Clubhouse Boy Bo Hallahan for $125 sports jackets. Impressed by the athletic skill and good character of All-America Basketball Star Don Hennon of Pitt, Prince bought him an $800 microscope to help him in medical school. "When people ask me how much Prince makes," says Maniac McDonough, "I tell them I don't know, but it's a thou less than he spends."

Through all these affluent years Prince has waged a continuous battle on the

air with listeners who write letters demanding he cease yakking about the wind and quit reminding them five times a night that Forbes Field is "the house of thrills." Umpire Bill Klem denounced Prince as an "ill-bred apple head" for second-guessing umpires over the air. Ballplayers like him but accord him little respect. On one occasion, while he was conducting a pregame show in front of the dugout at Forbes Field, Pitchers Lou Burdette and Warren Spahn —then with the Braves—undid his $125 alligator shoes. Spahn hurled one atop a screen behind home plate while Burdette raced to center field and tossed the other over the wall. Another time, in the midst of a dugout telecast at Milwaukee, Burdette crept beneath camera range and sprayed Prince's left leg with ethyl chloride, turning him numb from the knee down, and then touched a match to the anesthetic, setting Prince and his $75 slacks afire.

No amount of abuse, however, is enough to deflate Prince's vision of himself as a dashing figure. "My second year in the big leagues," recalls Pirate Bob Friend, "I pitched the home opener and shut out the Reds. The day I made my next start, Prince came into the clubhouse and said, 'Look, kid, if you pitch like you did the other day, see me after the game and I'll take you to the Pittsburgh Athletic Association and introduce you to some important people.' I said, 'What *if* I lose.' He said, 'Then forget it.'"

Much to Friend's surprise, however, he grew fond of Prince. "He's always flashing his money," says Friend, "and he loves to show off his credit cards. But if a guy's down to his last 10 bucks Prince will always come through." The Bob Prince that listeners neither hear nor see is the man who helped found a school for retarded children and turns over to charities about 90% of the fees he earns as a toastmaster. Negro ballplayers regard him as a genuine friend. He regularly has them to his home for dinner and a swim, warning them with exaggerated gruffness, "You'd better behave yourself or I'll put lye in the pool."

Such admonitions closely resemble Prince's style as a toastmaster. Sports fans who insist they cannot stand the sound of his voice pack banquet halls to hear him put down guests of honor and assorted celebrities. St. Louis invited Prince to deliver the principal speech at a retirement banquet for Stan Musial. "I think it is ridiculous," he told the assembled hero-worshipers, "that we are gathered here tonight to honor a man who made more than 7,000 outs."

Last year and earlier this season Prince toned down his outspoken style, sensing that the Pirates' decline into the second division had put Pittsburghers in a surly mood. After the club roared back into the pennant race Prince became his old loquacious self, rooting hard, aiming guarded but prickly needles at umpires and generally irritating his audience. Only once in his broadcasting lifetime have the Pirates won the pennant and, even in the moment of triumph after Bill Mazeroski hit his ninth-inning home run to beat the Yankees in the 1960 World Series, Prince managed to set his listeners' teeth on edge. It had been decided that if the Yankees led after eight innings the Yankee announcer would head downstairs for the clubhouse to be ready for postgame interviews; if the Pirates led Prince would go. At the end of eight, the Pirates led, so Prince scrambled from the broadcasting booth. By the time he reached the clubhouse the Yankees had tied the score and he was told to get back upstairs. He reached the booth just as Forbes Field shook with a great roar. Network men spun Prince around, crying, "Get back downstairs! The Pirates won!"

Breathless, and not having the least idea how the Pirates had won, Prince fought his way into the clubhouse and took up his microphone. A helpful aide had maneuvered the hero to Prince's side. Prince pulled Mazeroski to the microphone and asked him automatically, as he would a third-string catcher, "Well, Maz, how does it feel to be a member of the world champions?"

"Great," Mazeroski began.

"Congratulations," Prince said and then shouted, "There's the president of the National League!" Briskly ushering Mazeroski off camera he called, "Will you come up here, Mr. Giles?" His audience shook with frustration.

A sensitive man beneath his brass, Prince acknowledges from time to time that he has a special gift for enraging people. "The worst thing I ever did," he sighs, "was name my son Bob Prince Jr. That poor kid has led a rough life." **END**

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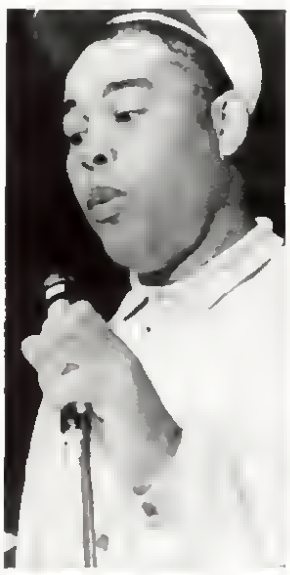
The **Marichal-Roseboro** brawl set off heavy repercussions in the southern California apple-juice market. Marichal had been proclaiming his taste for Saxon Apple Juice on billboards and in newspapers all over the Los Angeles area. After Juan used *John's head for batting practice*, it abruptly occurred to Saxon's advertising agency that Angelenos might now prefer carbonated lye to anything Marichal drank. Within two days Saxon copy featured a less inflammatory foe, peacemaker Willie Mays.

You know how they always call a *singer* a "knockout"? You ever heard of belting out a song? Well, that's what the British cabaret circuit's newest knockout was rehearsing to do last week at Newcastle. Below: **Joe Louis** takes a crack at *Passing Strangers*.

Like every other lovely young lady who was once a world champion skater and has now opted for domesticity, **Carol Heiss** is a natural for one of those hands-in-the-sink dishwashing commercials. That, in fact, was why she was in Cincinnati: to promote a miracle detergent called Thrill. Carol admitted to a Cincinnati reporter that she still impressed the kids on her block in Akron, although it's neither her Olympic and world figure-skating championships nor the commercials that Thrill them. "I was in a movie with The Three Stooges," she explained. "Whenever *Snow White* and *The Three Stooges* comes to Akron, all the kids go past our house saying, 'That's the lady who knows The Three Stooges.' "



Notre Dame alumni have long been unhappy that so few people visit the monument erected at the remote point in Kansas where **Knute Rockne** died in a plane crash 34 years ago. This Sunday the Irish will dedicate a new memorial in a more accessible place—a service area on the Kansas Turnpike. There, far from the playing fields of South Bend, amid the aroma of frying hamburgers and diesel exhaust, Rockne will be immortalized in bronze as—the inscription will read—"the greatest inspirational coach of all time."

Buddy Dial took a clutch of Dallas Cowboy teammates (Bob Lilly, Harold Hays, Ralph Neely and Chuck Howley) to his ranch near McKinney, Texas, for the opening of dove season. Here is Dial's unexpurgated account of the hunt: "It was a very successful shootout. We used 10 boxes of shells and got 118 chi chi birds, two squirrels, three rabbits, a hole in my barn and two doves. And one wasp, shot in retreat by Bob Lilly. You *know* it's not easy to bag a wasp with a shotgun."

Cassius Clay—that's right, the one from Louisville with the wicked hook—has given up boxing and is now selling stocks and bonds. That's not generally known, but neither are the facts that Clay was actually better at baseball and football than at boxing—he played double-A ball with Houston and was fullback on the great Louisville Manual High School team of 1948—and, despite all you hear, can't stand to be called Muhammad. Clay, who is 36 and white, can correct his hook (he is a two-handicap golfer) and hide his boxing trophies, but he can't do much about his name. "I don't even try to cash a check when I'm not known," mourns Clay. "Even with credit cards, driver's license and everything else, people think it's a gag." There have been other problems, too. Several years ago when he was selling machinery, he visited a company with a new purchasing agent. "I'd never met him and didn't even know his name," Clay says. Cassius presented his card to the agent's secretary, who glanced at it—and at him—and burst into laughter. "I looked myself over to see if anything was wrong," Clay remembers ruefully. "She kept giggling. Finally I had to ask her what the devil was so funny." "Do you know who you're calling on?" asked the secretary. Clay admitted that he did not. "The name of the man," the girl said, "is Floyd Patterson."

Even as the Mets were recently winning seven out of 10 games from the Dodgers, Giants and Cardinals, underdogs the world over were cheering an even greater victory. The upset occurred in the Dax, France bullring, where, glory be, the bulls won. All the matadors, including the famed **El Cordobés**, bit the dust, leaving the final bull to run around the ring unchallenged, its head held high. After the first bull had gored Fermin Murillo, El Cordobés' second bull scored a cut. The last animal got Manuel Amador in the thigh. All three wounded matadors were carted off to the clinic, and it took a rain shower to send the last bull back to his pen.

French Finance Minister **Valéry Giscard d'Estaing** (*below*), France's busiest minister—he is in charge of gold inflow—and a man whom some insiders consider a dark-horse candidate to succeed President **Charles de Gaulle**, is already practicing a prime presidential trait: monumental indifference to criticism. While De Gaulle opponent Jean-Louis Tixier-Vignancour was condemning Gaullist ministers as "servants and lackeys" ("I beg you, let us leave them in the kitchen where they belong"), M. d'Estaing, abstaining from comment on T.-V.'s remarks, was doing his roasting—and swimming—not in the kitchen but on the sandy beach at Saint-Jean-de-Luz.

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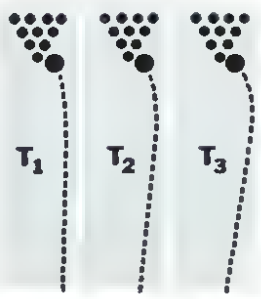

Brunswick

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A rule of thumb that strengthens your grip

How the left thumb should be placed on top of the shaft does not seem a likely *subject of controversy, but golf pros*—teachers and tournament players alike—have varying views on the matter. Should the thumb be pressed down firmly? Should it be loose? Should it lie full length along the top of the shaft? If you want a good, solid grip the answer to those questions is surprisingly important. The weekend golfer tends simply to grasp the club with the left hand, wrap the right hand over it and call it a day. This is regrettable, because the thumb can be one of the anchors of a good grip. My feeling is that the more thumb touching the shaft, the more solid the grip is likely to be. This is especially true in the case of golfers like myself, who have relatively small hands and need all the actual contact with the club that they can get. So I push my left thumb as far down the shaft as it will comfortably go and thus obtain additional control of the club and a little extra feel, which I need. There is one exception to this rule. A player with very long fingers already has sufficient hand control. If he stretches the thumb down the shaft he may interfere with the grip of the right hand. But the rest of us should not just let that left thumb sit there like a useless hunk of putty. So stretch it out and use it.

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Most golfers should place the left thumb so that it makes maximum contact with the club.

FRANCIS GOLDEN

Only a golfer with especially long fingers can arc the thumb without weakening his grip.

FISHING / *Robert H. Boyle*

Jersey's scofflaws of the sea

Trouble flares for sportsmen on the East Coast as New Jersey hoods, manning their illegal draggers, threaten lives and vandalize a boat

Jack London and his *Tales of the Fish Patrol* have nothing on some of the fights between salt water anglers and commercial fishermen. There has always been friction between the two groups along the coasts of the U.S. In Oregon, anglers resent the fact that commercial fishermen are allowed to net steelhead. In Texas, a mutual interest in weakfish and channel bass leads to hot words and the brandishing, occasionally, of firearms. Right now the hottest spot of all is New Jersey, which contests adjacent New York for the honor of being the Albania of conservation. Indeed, the situation in New Jersey has gotten so rotten that a Pennsylvania Congressman, Richard S. Schweiker, has asked the Coast Guard to protect Pennsylvania striped bass fishermen angling on the Jersey coast. In the Sandy Hook Bay area, just south of New York Harbor, gangs of illegal draggers, operating souped-up boats that make them a sort of Hell's Angels afloat, have been terrorizing sportsmen. The hoods have, among other things, flourished baseball bats, vandalized one boat, jammed marine radio channels and uttered death threats at those who would bring them to book.

According to the *Jersey Angler's News*, a weekly edited by Fred Walczyk of Bayonne, illegal dragging for striped bass and other sport fish has been going on in the state for some time. The draggers are so brazen that a contributor to the paper remarked that he would not be surprised if one crew working out of Port Monmouth returned home with the Romer Shoals Light in its nets. One day last February, for instance, an illegal dragger took 106 boxes of striped bass with a food-market value of $4,000. In New Jersey the striped bass is not subject to commercial catch within three miles of shore, but the law, sportsmen claim, is almost never enforced. Last March, to cite another instance, a report in the *Jersey Angler's News* stated, "According to information received from the docks, a

dragger was caught with net down and hold full of bass. A check with the Conservation Department revealed that the dragger had no fish on board and no net down. Generally, information from the docks is reliable and you begin to wonder if the department really wants to catch them."

Among those who have wondered about the department's policy is State Senator Robert H. Weber. So far the senator has had little luck with his questions, many of which concern Captain David Hart, powerful chairman of the Fish and Game Council, which makes policy for the Fish and Game Division of New Jersey's Conservation Department.

Captain Hart is also a public relations man for two menhaden companies, but he denies that there is any conflict of interest between his PR duties and his position on the council. His PR work for the menhaden companies consists, in his words, of "creating better relations for them and explaining them to groups with which they are in conflict. I show that the interests are compatible. It's my job to prove this." Captain Hart has nothing but scorn for charter-boat captains who complain that menhaden boats take sport fish in Delaware Bay. To Hart such sport-fishermen are looking for a scapegoat for poor fishing days. He strongly resents charges that he has fixed tickets for menhaden fishermen caught violating the law, and he is suing a fellow member of the council, James Charlesworth, who has made such allegations public.

With such turmoil at the top, it is little wonder that a band of pirates has moved into action on the Jersey Shore. In recent weeks floating gangs of organized hoodlums have been dragging illegally right in front of amazed sportsmen, who are accustomed to at least seeing such violators flee from the scene when spotted. Early last month Robert Golardi of New Market, N.J., a sport-fisherman, took his new 26-foot boat, the *Evelina*, off Sandy Hook to troll for stripers. Golardi was not out long when he came upon an illegal dragger netting stripers. The dragger cut across Golardi's stern and severed his trolling lines. When Golardi protested against this, men on the dragger ominously told him to stay away. He did not, and several other high-powered boats showed up, equipped with 400-hp engines and hot exhausts that enable them to do 50 mph. They began to circle the *Evelina* at high speeds. In the ensuing high waves the *Evelina* was tossed about and Golardi suffered a painful leg injury.

On returning to the boat basin, Golardi and other sportsmen complained to the Fish and Game Division. The division has long claimed it lacked patrol boats, but this time the sportsmen volunteered their own and on August 5, Golardi, along with his father and Conservation Officer George Aver, embarked on the first patrol. They approached a dragger near Romer Shoals Light, and the conservation officer identified himself. The *Evelina* was soon surrounded

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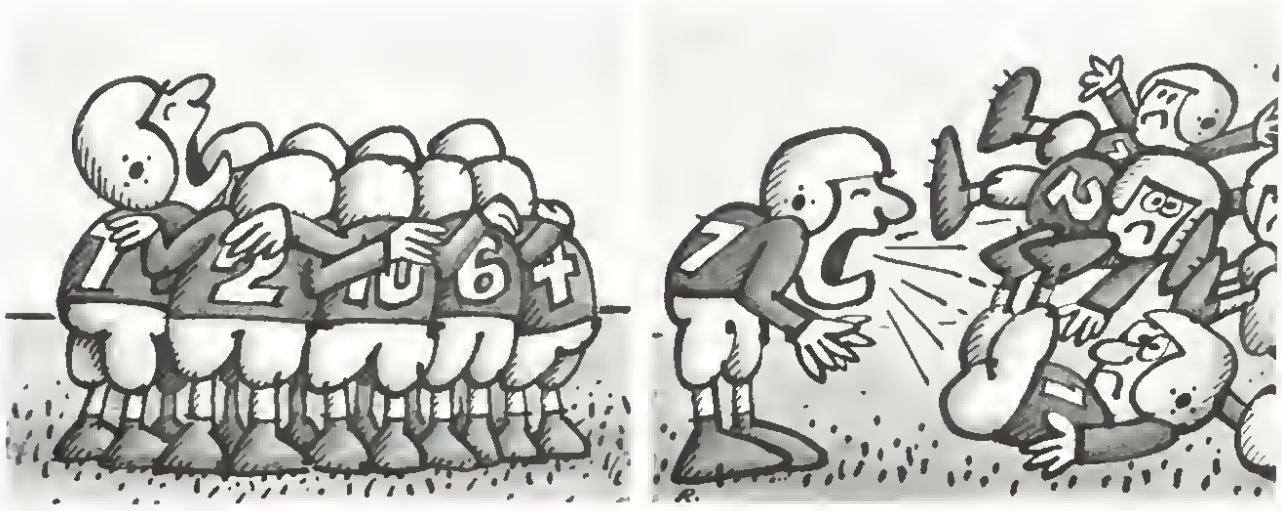

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hy half a dozen hot-rod draggers sending up high waves, and the hoodlums aboard shouted that they would sink the *Evelina* and everyone aboard. When Golardi radioed for help, a state patrol boat chugged up, only to be surrounded itself. Finally Golardi succeeded in rousing the Coast Guard and, as the Coast Guard patrol arrived, the draggers sped away, vowing to get Golardi "on the beach." When Golardi returned to port he decided to stick by the *Evelina* to protect her against damage. That evening a gang of thugs arrived and milled around, waving baseball bats and clubs, in a gesture of contempt one hood threw a garbage can into the *Evelina*. Police came, and the hoods left. On the next day, a Friday, police kept a watchful eye as Golardi stood guard over the *Evelina*, but on Saturday, while he was away, a pickup truck came by. A man jumped off and tossed a bucket of creosote, a tarry preservative, into the cockpit. Having done so, he jumped back on the truck, shouted, "Let's go, Joe!" and the truck departed. Damage to the *Evelina* was $3,200 and some creosote still clings to the bilge.

Fortunately, a witness at the boat basin noted the license number of the truck, and on August 19th police arrested Frederick Burd of Belford, N.J. on charges of malicious damage and threatening to take a life. Burd is now free on $2,500 bail awaiting a hearing. Meanwhile Editor Walczyk of the *Jersey Angler's News* has been given the word that he is due to get his skull cracked for his coverage of the draggers. In a recent editorial Walczyk angrily pointed out that some of the bandits are still operating, having altered their working schedules to avoid contact with state patrols now on the job.

"A local shorefront police officer was told by a dragger that business is better than ever," Walczyk wrote. "He explained that a few of the more timid members of the band have decided to lay low. Porgy shipments to the market had diminished and the market price shot up. This combination of diminished competition and increased profits was too much to resist. The draggers are now so happy with the conditions they are reporting that the events of the past two weeks have produced a bonanza for them. . . . Their contempt for the law and the public is outrageous. Sportsmen everywhere are calling for a complete

continued

a few words to mothers who have to live with their children

You'd never tell them. But they'd be much better off if they knew.

What it's like to go to bed early when their friends come over.

To hang around a kitchen that's not your own. To overhear arguments about yourself.

To live with mother-in-law jokes. If only they knew, maybe they'd build themselves the retirement nest egg you never had. **STATE MUTUAL OF AMERICA**

State Mutual Life Assurance Company of America, Worcester, Massachusetts. Founded in 1844. Life-Health-Group.

and final end to their activities. Will that day ever come?"

There are similar reports of much larger draggers working at night off the South Shore of Long Island. They run with their lights out in clear defiance of Coast Guard regulations, and New York State Conservation Department patrols are in the area trying to catch them. Many fishermen, particularly those belonging to the League of Salt Water Sportsmen headed by militant Don Manns, would be surprised if the draggers were apprehended and punished. The Conservation Department in Albany is not exactly famous for protecting striped bass. Last May, for example, Conservation Commissioner Harold Wilm dismissed the Indian Point slaughter of striped bass by the Consolidated Edison Company (SI, April 26) as "in the vein of an act of God."

Moreover, to the league's disgust, the department has fought off legislation to have the striped bass declared a game fish in New York waters. It is legal in New York, but not in adjacent states, for haul seiners to net schools of striped bass when they appear off the tip of Long Island on their migratory treks. This is dandy business for the seiners, who sent 900,000 pounds of stripers to market last year, but it is irritating, to say the least, to the poor sap of a surf caster who is shoved off the beach by seiners after waiting hours, even days, for the fish to arrive. Since striped bass are a marketable fish in New York, they offer a commercial outlet not only to legal haul seiners but to illegal draggers as well. According to one New York official, who is concerned about dragging, the most dangerous period is coming up shortly. "From mid-September to mid-October is when the temptation is greatest," he says. "The striped bass are moving along the shore, and this is when the draggers try to move in to take a swipe at them."

Until New York and New Jersey either change or enforce their laws, or until the Federal Government moves in with a migratory game-fish bill similar to the migratory waterfowl act, fishing in the area promises to be chaotic for sportsmen and legitimate commercial fishermen, both of whom suffer from the acts of base draggers and poachers. In any event, fishing, which is supposedly the contemplative sport, could be more hectic this fall than ever before. **END**

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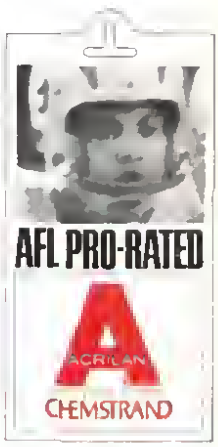
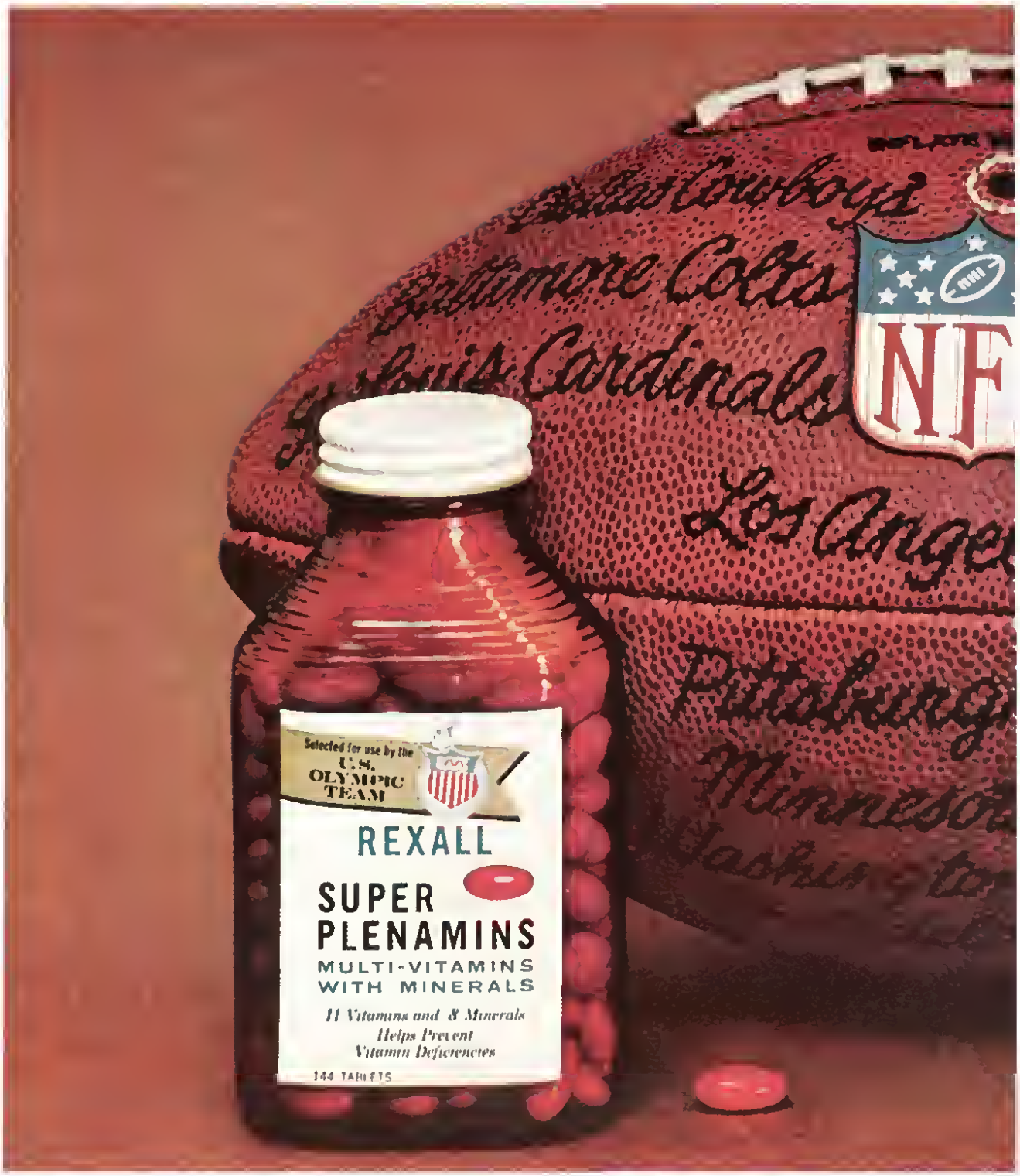


AFL endorsed Pro-Rated™ slacks and shirt by VAN HEUSEN.



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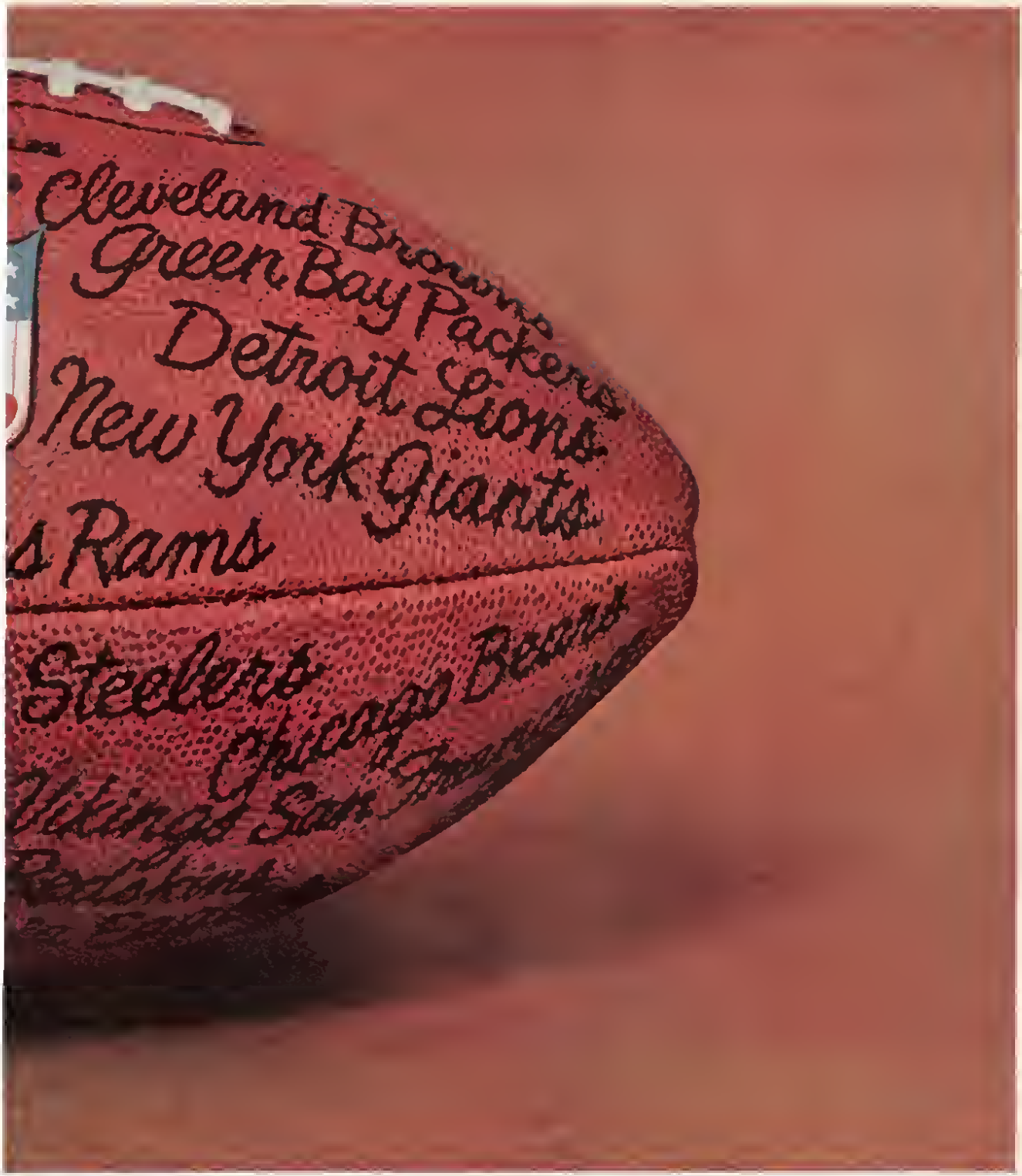

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We don't make gadgets around here.
We make photographic instruments.
Sure that's tougher to do than just turning out cameras.
But we learned one thing a long time ago: the harder we make things for ourselves, the easier it is for you.
Now, ready, smile.

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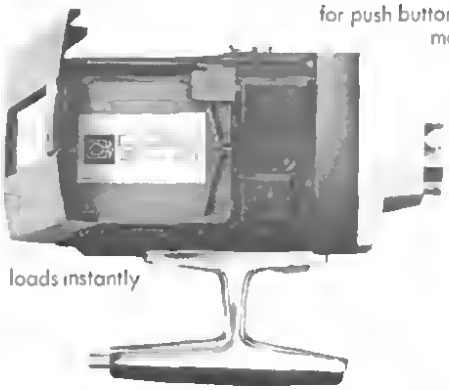

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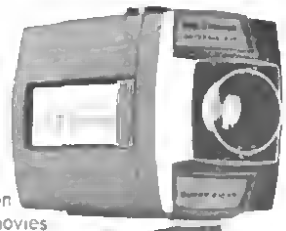

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Zoom in.

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Case of the double squeeze

To most bridge players the squeeze play is a mystery. In the typical squeeze, declarer runs a long suit forcing one or both opponents to leave a valuable card or cards unprotected. But occasionally a play occurs in which the declarer himself is squeezed. This is what happened at the World Championship

Both sides vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH
♠ K Q J 9
♥ A Q J 10 5
♦ 8
♣ Q J 3

WEST
♠ 10 7 5 3 2
♥ 6 4
♦ A J 9
♣ K 5 4

EAST
♠ 8 4
♥ K 9 7 3
♦ 10 7 3
♣ A 10 8 2

SOUTH
♠ A 6
♥ 8 2
♦ K Q 6 5 4 2
♣ 9 7 6

SOUTH (*Reese*)	WEST (*Avarelli*)	NORTH (*Schapiro*)	EAST (*Belladonna*)
PASS	PASS	1 ♥	PASS
2 ♦	PASS	2 ♠	PASS
3 ♦	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: 6 of hearts

in Buenos Aires, not once but twice.

The first time, Terence Reese, still in good standing, went down at what had seemed a safe contract (*above*). In the other room the Italians were set in four hearts, but British conservatism fared even worse at three diamonds.

Reese won the heart opening with dummy's ace and tried for a quick heart discard by playing three rounds of spades, but Belladonna ruffed the third spade with the diamond 10. Reese discarded his heart loser, and Belladonna continued with the heart king, forcing declarer to ruff. Reese led the diamond queen. Avarelli won with the ace and led a fourth spade. Belladonna ruffed with the diamond 7, and Reese had to take the trick, winning with the king and returning a diamond, hoping for a favorable division.

However, Avarelli won with the 9, cashed the jack and led the fifth spade, squeezing dummy. Reese, not happy, threw a low club from dummy, whereupon Belladonna discarded the 9 of hearts. Reese ruffed the trick, but the defenders gathered in the last three club tricks for a 300-point set.

Not long after, Garozzo and Forquet also squeezed the dummy (*below*). East could not open with one club because that would show a big hand, so he had to bid one diamond. This induced what seemed to be a highly favorable lead for declarer, who won the first trick with the jack over East's diamond 9. With the spots as they chanced to be, Konstam could have won four diamonds by dropping the queen and 7. But when he led the 7 of hearts to the 10, Forquet cashed the ace of hearts and returned a diamond, which Konstam allowed to run to dummy's 10. West won with the queen and exited with a diamond.

Declarer cashed two top diamonds and continued hearts. West won with the 9 and led a spade to the jack and king. Declarer's spade continuation was won by Forquet's ace, and Forquet underled his ace of clubs to let Garozzo win the

Neither side vulnerable
East dealer

NORTH
♠ Q 10 6 5 4
♥ K 3
♦ 10 8
♣ J 9 6 4

WEST
♠ 9 8 3 2
♥ Q 9 6 4
♦ Q 7 2
♣ K 3

EAST
♠ A J
♥ A 10
♦ 9 5 4 3
♣ A 10 8 5 2

SOUTH
♠ K 7
♥ J 8 7 5 2
♦ A K J 6
♣ Q 7

EAST (*Forquet*)	SOUTH (*Konstam*)	WEST (*Garozzo*)	NORTH (*Schapiro*)
1 ♦	1 ♥	PASS	1 ♠
PASS	1 N.T.	PASS	PASS
PASS			

Opening lead: 2 of diamonds

king and cash the high heart. By this time dummy was down to the high spade and the jack-9 of clubs. If he tossed a club, Garozzo would lead a club to Forquet's ace-10. If he discarded his spade, Garozzo would cash a spade and lead a club to his partner's ace. Either way, defense had the last two tricks for down one. END

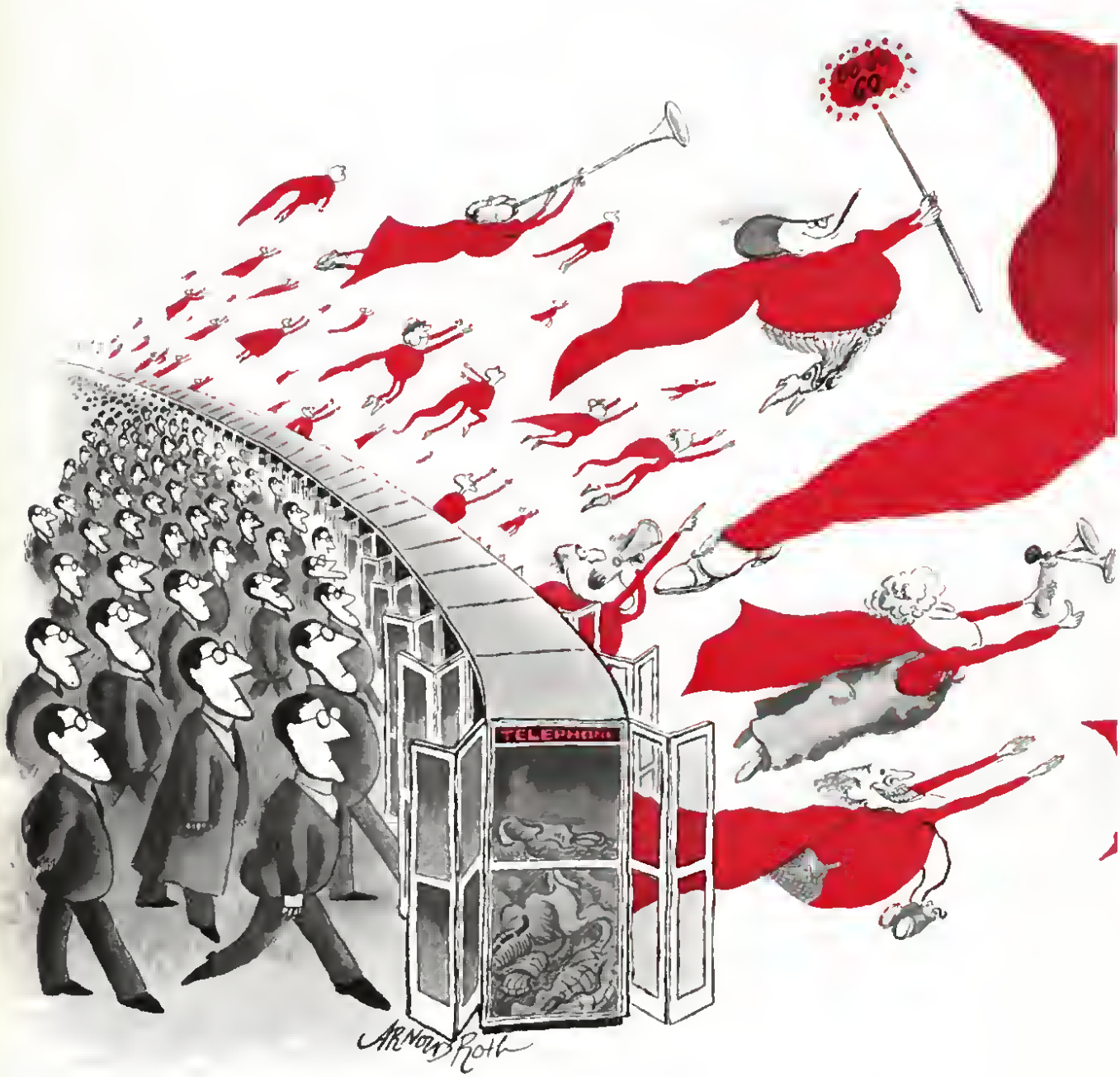
ask?

it's worth asking for.

(good things usually are)

THE CELESTIAL HELL OF THE SUPERFAN

BY GEORGE PLIMPTON



When allegiance calls, the archaficianada af pro football sheds the trappings af narmal life ond, caped in the bliss af his daydreoms, flies forth ta warship Sunday's sweaty demigods. Thot is the author abave, toking aff with pigskin and firewater—a man for gane an the Detrait Lians (far wham he ance had the terrible jay af playing quorterback) but o keen observer of his fellow acolytes

CONTINUED

In *Hamlet* there is a fine, tempestuous moment when Laertes comes home to court to find his father, Polonius, skewered and deceased, and his sister, Ophelia, out of her mind and mumbling that owls are bakers' daughters—and, outraged, Laertes cries out: "To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!" etc. and we know the young nobleman has had a change of heart toward the court and does not feel as he did.

I've had allegiance on my mind recently in regard to the Detroit Lions football club—which may seem a matter apart, but the history of my concern, the suffering and strain I've undergone on behalf of the team, is not far from being, to use another phrase of Laertes', "a document in madness." The difficulty is that, unlike Laertes, I am unable to rid myself of my enthrallment. The autumn now approaches, and once again I can feel the stirrings, knowing that the fever will break out in a few more days and that as usual my commitment to the Lions will be absolute and agonizing.

I don't even live in Detroit. My condition stems from an experience a couple of years ago when I played briefly with the Lions as an amateur quarterback during their training (SI, Sept. 7 and 14, 1964). From then on, the fortunes of the team became my own. I suffered from afar that season as injuries crippled the Lions and the team had an inconsequential record. Once that autumn, sitting in a waterside café in Bellagio on Italy's Lake Como, I came across the weekend scores in a copy of the Paris *Herald*, and when I read that the Lions had lost a game I rose in anguish out of my chair absolutely stiff with grief, my knee catching the edge of the table as I came up and toppling it over in a fine cascade of Perrier bottles. Last year—though I vaguely hoped the passage of time might ease the frenzy of autumn Sundays—I found that my emotional concern had not been tempered at all. The team had another difficult season (7-5-2), and Sundays were hardly bearable.

The Detroit players themselves are aware of my commitment, and I suspect it amuses them. They put it to the test from time to time. I see the team play when I can, and last year I dropped into their locker room at Franklin Field, Philadelphia—traveling down from New York to watch them play the Eagles in a preseason exhibition game—and when I walked in, already worried about the game, holding up a hand, calling out, "Hello, hello, hello," glad to see everyone, George Wilson, who was then the coach, spotted me and, grinning, said: "Get that man into uniform, quick." Any citizen with his wits about him would have replied that he was sitting up in section 24 with an attractive girl and friends waiting for him, and beer was going to be sipped from paper cups while the players pushed and heaved in the heat (the temperature was in the high 90s). But I presented a pleased, vacuous grin, willing to do anything they told me to do and, what's more, they *did* outfit me, Friday Macklem, the equipment manager, scrabbling around in the big team trunks and coming up with a uniform of sorts. He didn't have a jersey with zero on it, which is what I wore during my participation with the Lions the year before, but he had a spare with the number 30. This was George Wilson's number when he played on the great Chicago Bear teams with Sid Luckman and Bronko Nagurski. Wilson ran alongside me as we trotted out onto the field, and he warned me not to dishonor it. I never knew what Wilson had in mind—the Lions were likely to do anything, being pranksters of a high order—and I sat nervously on the bench during the game, knowing that if they ran up the score the temptation would be to run me in as quarterback for one or two plays (I knew three or four, and Wilson kept asking me if I had them straight). My sense of allegiance being what it was, I *would* have trotted in, mumbling perhaps but shuffling out toward them, seeing the helmets turn to watch me come, and I would have done what I could. As it was, they put me at the quarterback's table with the phones to the coaches on the rim of the stadium, and they would tell me whom they wanted to talk to, and I would motion

continued

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to the player and he'd come to the table. The game was close, and since I thought the girl must be wondering what had become of me, I showered at half time and returned to my seat in the stands.

"Where have you been?" my friends asked.

"I've been down there on the bench—suited up," I said, just right, the voice absolutely perfect. "You didn't see me?"

"G'wan," they said.

"Whataya mean?" I cried out. "I was No. 30."

"Ah, g'wan," they said.

"Whataya mean, 'g'wan'? I *was* down there." I was furious. "You didn't see me on the *phones*?"

The people in neighboring seats were craned in toward us, listening, with quizzical looks, as if they thought perhaps the heat had fetched me. I said in a low voice: "Well, never mind."

"'S been in the bar," I heard one of my friends say to the girl. "Absolutely blotto."

My behavior is perhaps not as odd as I believe; obviously, many millions torment themselves supporting teams of their choice. But there are times when it strikes me as symptomatic of the conduct of—well, what would one call them?—archaficionados, or perhaps more simply, superfans, people absolutely enveloped by their passion. The range is infinite, from the very wealthy—Jerry Wolman, for example, who (it has often been said) bought the Philadelphia Eagles so he could shag foothalls with his players on the sidelines—to the crowds in the long overcoats outside the locker-room corridors stamping their feet in the cold, waiting for the players so they can crowd forward to aim an affectionate swipe at their shoulder blades as they pass and call out, "Hey, great game, baby!"

Ever since my involvement with the Lions I have kept at a mild study of these superfans—searching, often worriedly since I have felt myself close to their fraternity, for reflections of my own conduct and finding them too often. The superfan has a primary need for identification with the football team; sitting on the bench, hanging around the locker room, calling the football stars by their first names—these are all wish-fulfillments. The position of the team water boy, for example, offers a fine opportunity for the superfan (if he can get the job) since it requires that he run out with his tray of paper cups and mingle with the players on the field. The Philadelphia Eagles have a 68-year-old ex-millionaire named Frank Keegan who has this happy chore. Keegan is now a construction inspector for the state highway commission, which leaves his Sundays free for the water-boy job. His water bucket is the object of more attention than one might think. The big defensive tackle, Eddie Khayat, has an odd fixation about the ladies (there are four of them) being crossed in the buckets, and he is forever looming over the bucket, getting in Keegan's way, to straighten them out.

The Green Bay Packers' water boy is also a superfan—Harvey Raatz, a night-shift worker in the Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company's bottle house. He and a friend, John Loh, a Milwaukee truck driver, have served since 1956, when they happened to overhear that G.E. (Dad) Braisher, the Packer equipment manager, needed volunteer labor. Assisting the equipment manager is not the most edifying or pleasant of jobs—no one but a superfan would apply—being essentially picking up after each player in the locker room, collecting and separating a dozen or so different items from a sweat-sodden heap and cleaning mud from football cleats and helmets. But the two are on a first-name basis with the players, which is important, and then eventually the game days roll around. While Raatz tends to his water bucket Loh works the sidelines, a new ball in hand to toss in on out-of-bounds pass plays. Both have a close view of the game, and they intend to keep at it, they say—adopting the athlete's aphorism—"as long as the legs hold out."

The Cleveland Browns have a number of auxiliaries, all superfans (last year they had a successful radio producer, John Wellman, working for their equipment manager), with perhaps the oddest of them being a Cleveland cigar-store operator named Abraham Abraham. A general handyman to the Browns, Abra-

continued

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ham's specific duty during the game is to try to retrieve the football on field-goal and extra-point attempts. A familiar figure behind the end zone, he dresses in a garish brown-orange business suit which he believes lucky and has worn to games for 19 years. He stares into the sky for the ball, his arms stretched out as if waiting for a bundle of laundry to be tossed from an upstairs window. He usually retrieves successfully but he has been engulfed a number of times by mobs of spectators after the ball, and often of late, something of a showman, he has taken to capering around the periphery of the melee calling penalties on the spectators struggling for the ball, throwing his handerkerchief down and signaling the infraction with the appropriate arm signals to the crowd. The majority of the penalities are, as might be expected, personal fouls.

The most original of the opportunists that my research turned up was a Chicago Bear supporter, George Motyka, a window washer who works a five-foot-wide squeegee across the plate-glass windows of O'Hare International Airport. For some years he had suffered his Sundays at Wrigley Field in a miserable seat under the scoreboard, so poor a location that he finally wrote a plaintive letter to the Bears' office. To what must have been his surprise, he received a letter back offering him a better, if somewhat ambulatory, view of the game—cavorting up and down the sidelines outfitted in a bear costume as the team mascot. For seven years, thus costumed, in the vicinity of the 50-yard line, Motyka has been watching games through the eye apertures of a reinforced-cardboard bear head. His suit, heavily furred, is stifling hot in the early part of the season and exudes the odor of melting glue. In the winter the snowballs thud up against him (he is a favorite target of people in the stands), but Motyka pays little heed. He considers his move from under the scoreboard into the bear suit as "the greatest thing that ever happened to me." It gives him a fine view of the game, and furthermore he enjoys a certain rapport with the team. He has said: "I give 'em a whack on the butt with my paw when they come off the field from doing something good." A sense of disillusionment set in the year of the Bears' championship, when Motyka felt that for all his cavorting and boosting he should have been voted a piece of the team's winnings. "All they give me," he said, "was a lousy tiepin."

If the superfan can't get close to the field and the players, it appears (from my research) that he gets into a profession where the football players come to *him*—usually he runs a restaurant or a saloon. In Pittsburgh there is Dante Sartorio, a fervent Steeler supporter, who operates Dante's, which Bobby Layne, the Steeler ex-quarterback, refers to in his book *Always on Sunday* as a hangout for "suffering mothers, relaxing athletes and swinging losers."

In Philadelphia there is John Taxin, the impresario of the Old Original Bookbinders Restaurant, a notable establishment, who supports the Eagles with such ardor that he usually picks up the check for any player who eats in the place.

California has John Sproatt, a restaurateur famous for his fog-horn voice and his place, which he calls The Bat Rack. He is an oddity among superfans in that his frenzied admiration is for an individual rather than a team—Norm Van Brocklin, once with the Rams (where Sproatt got to know him), then the Eagles and now the Minnesota Vikings' head coach. When Van Brocklin was quarterbacking the Eagles, Sproatt was certainly the most far-traveled of the superfans, almost invariably having to make a transcontinental trip for each game to watch his idol play.

Sproatt's voice baying encouragement is memorable, but it is rivaled in California, if not eclipsed, by that of a San Francisco superfan named Les Boatwright, another restaurateur, who is popularly known as Lovely. He is a familiar figure at 49er games—such a ferocious rooter that he forms an eddy of discontented spectators around him. Twelve years ago his voice sagged half an octave during a game and never recovered. Though it was still awesomely powerful, Boatwright saw fit to back it up with an air horn. Recently Boatwright has conceded that the air horn is for rooters without class, and he has lowered his

decibel potential to that which emits from an old Model T horn squeezed when the mood strikes him, which is often. Visually Boatwright presents as startling a figure as he does vocally, often wearing oversized overalls and a Harpo Marx wig. He usually carries a homemade sign or two (JAM THE RAMS would be a typical banner for a Los Angeles game) that he unfurls at appropriate moments, blocking the view of the people behind him. San Franciscans who arrive at Kezar Stadium to find themselves in a seat near Boatwright often pack up and go home.

"How was the game?" they're asked.

"Never saw it. Went home just before the kickoff."

"What on earth for?"

"Found myself sitting next to Lovely Boatwright."

"Oh well, then, naturally."

When the 49ers play away, Boatwright's neighbors have been known to take umbrage, and they lead Boatwright a lively life. His banners are in shreds by the end of a game, his Harpo Marx wig is askew and his voice begins to flag as he shouts back jibes across the wall of debris that has grown up around him. But even in the enemy camp Boatwright prefers to be up in the stands. Some years ago, in Detroit, the late Vic Morabito, the 49er owner, ran into Boatwright in the hotel elevator and invited him to sit in the owner's box.

Boatwright was flattered, but he said: "Vic, I've come more than 2,000 miles with my air horn, this big sign and two jugs, and I don't think the owner's box is the place to put them to use."

In New York a number of superfans own restaurants—Toots Shor, of course, Joe Allen of Allen's, Danny Lavezzo of P. J. Clarke's and Mike Manuche, who owns a restaurant in the West 50s. Manuche's case is interesting. Four years ago he acquired the status of a talisman. He had turned up at a Giants' practice on Thursday afternoon, then the following Thursday and the Thursday after, and someone noted that on each of the following weekends the Giants won their game. The winning streak was equated with his appearance at practice, and the Giants, who like so many athletes are a superstitious lot, began to expect Manuche to turn up on Thursday to help insure victory the Sunday following.

Manuche performed his role rigorously: he was on hand every Thursday, he often went to team meetings, he traveled with the team, and as time passed and the winning streaks went on through the championship years he evolved a carefully worked-out system of custom and procedure that he adhered to in order to keep the winning streaks alive. He wore certain clothes (on one occasion a battered though lucky pair of underpants got thrown out by his mother-in-law and was retrieved from a garbage pail just as a disposal truck was coming up his Scarsdale, N.Y. street) and ate certain foods during the week.

On the day of the game the complexities were staggering. Leaving for the game, Manuche would get his car going at such-and-such a minute, follow the same route to the stadium, park the car at the same lot, and so on, with fanatical exactitude, down to the manner in which he approached and left his seat. The importance of ritual was felt not only by Manuche, but many of the Giant players as well. Before the game Y. A. Tittle, perhaps the most superstitious of them, and two or three others would go to a special food shop to consume one or two meatball sandwiches apiece, not because anyone enjoyed them but for their good-luck value, which was sufficient to keep the players returning week after week until, as the successful seasons continued, the trip to the eatery took on the solemnity of a pilgrimage.

With the fall of the Giants' fortunes last season, Manuche was hardly of easy mind. I called him up after the season was over and asked him about it. Apparently, as the losses continued, he had tried to establish new patterns of behavior. "We tried all sorts of things—new routes to the stadium, different cars," he told me sorrowfully. "We thought we had something when we won the St. Louis game—but it was no good, of course."

"How about those meatball sandwiches?" I asked.

"Well, when the defeats started they thought perhaps the meatballs were not

continued

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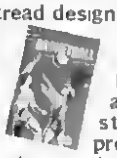

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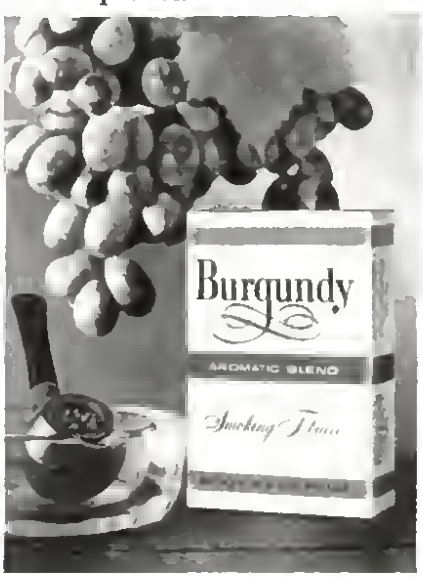

being *cooked* properly. They had the counterman cook the meatballs just a little longer, then a little less, but nothing helped, and finally they gave up the place entirely. Crazy it all was," Manuche went on. "I mean, you'd think there was a screw loose somewhere the way we behaved."

I said that considering my own behavior over the Lions his was perfectly natural.

"You have the trouble, too?" he asked. "If you get hooked, you're lost —eat some awful meatball sandwich, 50 or 60 of them, if you think it'll do your team any good."

Was there any cure for this state? I asked Manuche.

He was very mournful. He didn't think so; "hooked" was the word he kept repeating.

But then last winter the Lions put me through an experience that almost cured me. They telephoned from Detroit and asked if I would represent them at the National Football League draft at New York's Summit Hotel. Nothing much to it, they told me—sit at a phone and give the Detroit office the names of the players drafted by the other teams, and announce the Lions' choice (which they would phone me from Detroit) when their turn came up. It might take some time, they said, and perhaps I should plan to keep that weekend free (the draft was scheduled to start on a Saturday morning). Would I do it, they wanted to know. Absolutely! I shouted into the phone. I had a full weekend planned, but I would cancel it. A tremendous honor. I only wanted assurances that in my official capacity I could not damage the Detroit organization. Would it be possible for me to draft a 132-pound fullback from Ypsilanti High School?

No, they said coldly, that would be impossible.

On the appointed day I arrived at 8 o'clock in the morning, on schedule, at the Summit Hotel. The league had set aside two large adjoining conference rooms. One of them was equipped with a bar, a buffet table and two television sets that were tuned to different channels so that a burble of sound rose from them, with an occasional scream or sob from a grade-B movie. From the other room it sounded as though things were very lively in there.

The main room, decorated with a deep-red wall-to-wall carpet, was devoted to the business at hand—half the room assigned for television equipment and interviews and the other set up with 14 small tables, one for each team in the NFL (the name designated on a placard), arranged in two long rows of seven each. A speaker's table with its podium from which the draft selections would be announced stood at the head of the room. Each table was decorated with a small, fat football-player doll, a paint-

ed brown football tucked under one arm, the appropriate team name painted on its jersey and topped with an oversize helmeted head fixed by a spring so it bounced and turned at the slightest touch for a painfully long period. One sees such dolls bobbing on the back-window shelves of automobiles. When a draft choice was announced and the representatives reached for their phones to call the home offices these dolls, set off by the vibration, would bounce and bob in a little lunatic show of approbation, their faces fixed with the thin half-moon signs of kindergarten portraiture. I don't know why one of us—in the latter stages of the session particularly—did not reach out to crumble his doll. Perhaps it was in the air, because toward the end someone came by and the dolls were packed carefully away in a valise.

When I arrived the room was beginning to fill. Team officials with briefcases sat down at their assigned tables and spread out colored charts and a clutch of sharpened pencils: NFL officials appeared, Commissioner Rozelle among them, who seemed to know everyone, big hellos and handshakes. There were big, wide-shouldered men from the scouting pools, ex-players most of them, who sat at tables at the rear of the room, shucking their coats first thing, wearing short-sleeved shirts so the heft of their bare arms was displayed. There were others —and I was among them—who seemed slightly bewildered among these people superfans for sure, I decided, who had given up their weekends as I had to help their teams. I introduced myself to some of them "—from Detroit," I said, "the Lions," finding it a difficult thing to say with conviction.

I went to my table with the Detroit placard on it and sat down. The chair was bright leather, the color of a new pocketbook, and air-cushioned so it whistled slightly as I settled into it. I picked up the phone and called the Detroit office. The football doll bobbed in front of me. The brassy, friendly voice of George Wilson, the head coach, now with the Redskins, came on the wire sounding as though he were speaking up through a long pipe.

"I'm ready," I said. "The Giants have first draft choice, and they should be selecting very shortly."

"Good," he said. "Bill Ford will be on the phone for us at this end. Call him when the news comes through."

William Ford bought control of the Lions two years ago for $6 million—a high-order superfan. When I was training with Detroit he would appear on the sidelines to watch the scrimmaging, perched on a shooting stick, his small, blonde daughters flanking him. As the ball moved on the field he would pick up his stick, trail it up and down the sidelines after him, set it again and sit, staring out at his players. He took particular interest in my own eccentric flailings in the Detroit backfield as the last-string quarterback—he was not aware of my privileged position—and I was told later he often described me to his wife over the dinner table. "There's this one fellow," he'd say, shaking his head, "who just isn't going to make it. They keep him on, though. I can't understand it."

I knew what Ford was going to say when he got on the phone. "Hello, Bill," he was going to say. "Hello, is that Bill Ford?" and I would laugh, if somewhat hollowly, and say, "Sure, it sure is."

He calls me Bill Ford because last autumn I made the mistake of using his name to make a reservation in a small, fashionable Beverly Hills restaurant named La Scala on an evening when Ford himself happened to be dining there. The team had come into Los Angeles earlier that day, and in the evening a few of us began to telephone around, trying for a good place to eat. La Scala was not accepting reservations, they told me over the phone.

"This is Mr. Ford," I had said suddenly (it's amazing to what lengths the superfan will go on behalf of the team), "Mr. William Ford in town with the Detroit Lions for the Rams game. A few of us . . ."

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Ford," said the voice on the other end.

"Right," I said. "We'll be along presently."

We turned up at La Scala not much later, a group of us, with Nick Pietrosante, the Lion fullback, John Gordy, the All-League offensive guard, and Bill

continued

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Quinlan, the veteran defensive end now with the Redskins—all of us striding up, hungry, under the little marquee into the restaurant, and as soon as we were in there I knew something had gone wrong. The owner was waiting for us, eying us sharply.

"The Ford table," I asked.

"Which of you gentlemen is Mr. Ford?"

"I'm Bill Ford," I said weakly.

"Isn't that interesting," the owner said. "Someone wants to meet you." He put his hand somewhat more firmly than was pleasant on my shoulder and led us to a corner alcove. "Mr. Ford," he said, "may I present Mr. Ford?"

Ford merely grinned, the others taking it up on cue, so it was all right, I suppose. His party had turned up, just by chance, *without making a reservation. Naturally*, they had been given the "Ford" table and, curious, had remarked at the restaurant's prescience. They were told someone had phoned for reservations. Their eyebrows went up, and, fat cats, they waited to see who the impostors were. They have never allowed me to forget the incident. "Hey, Bill," they all call out when I see them.

Sure enough, when I got on the phone from the Summit to announce the first draft choice, Mr. Ford at the other end said, "Hello, Bill, that you?"

"Absolutely," I said. "Nobody but Bill Ford." I waited for his chuckling to die down, and then I said: "The Giants just picked Tucker Frederickson."

"O K," he said. I could tell from the way he drawled it out softly that the big Auburn back had been high on their own list. Detroit was looking for a heavy, hard-running back.

Detroit's position was 11th in the first round and, with each team allowed an hour to make its choice, it was long past noon, and 10 good players later, when our turn came and the phone rang on my desk with Detroit's pick.

"Tom Nowatzke," Bill Ford said. "We're picking Tom Nowatzke." The connection was poor and the name arrived as a blur.

"Once again," I said. "How do you spell it?"

There was a humming of laughter at

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the other tables, and I had to cover an ear to get the swatch of consonants in the name straight. I wrote it down and took my slip up to the podium, and he was announced by Commissioner Rozelle.

Not long after, Nowatzke himself came in with a Detroit official. He was in New York to receive an award. I looked at him carefully. If he had been a draft choice for another team I would have been impressed enough—a personable-looking athlete with the power indicated along the width and line of his shoulders—but a first draft choice for Detroit, I thought, *my* team, should have been a titanic figure, carrying away the door in his hand as he entered the room, just by accident ripping it off the hinges, apologizing then, bobbing his head not only to apologize but to clear the ceiling, and when he got to the lights, the interviewer looking up at him nervously, he would take the stick microphone to say into it, "Well, gosh, folks," and it would snap in his hands like a twig.

But then not long after Nowatzke's departure my enthusiasm for all things Detroit began to flag. The hours stretched on endlessly. The rounds in the draft (20 altogether) moved slowly, each team using its allotted time to the limit to make sure through its network of representatives and "hand-holders" that its choice would sign his contract. It was apparent the session was going to last long into the next day. Football itself began to seem distasteful, epitomized by the ex-players from the scouting pools wandering about the room in their shirtsleeves. The long hours seemed to have no effect on them. The superfans, slouched wearily at their tables, all seemed scraggly, a sheen of beard appearing on their faces as the night went on, and the dawn came finally, and the sound of traffic began to drift up from the streets. One of the representatives gave a slight groan, and stretching out on the floor next to his table he slept with his phone on his chest. The scouts grinned and pointed at him. They were from the New York-Green Bay-St. Louis-Cleveland-Baltimore scouting combine (there are three such pools in

the NFL), and every once in a while one of them would be called to a team table to advise the home office Baltimore, say—at the table just in front of me, and the scout would amble up, humming, with a stiff loose-leaf notebook with colored tabs along the side, and when he sat down the air cushion would whistle shrilly under *him*. He would say to the coach on the other end of the phone.

"Hey, baby. Who? Bailey Gimbel?" He would refer to his book. "A real fine kid, this boy. Big! Oh, run to 260, still growing, quick as a cat—oh, he'll do the 50 in under six, for sure, in gear. And attitude, he's got an attitude you don't have to worry about, real beautiful attitude. Hard-nose."

That was the gist of it—longer, of course, the patois rich, with the emphasis always on speed ("in gear" had nothing to do with a shift of speed but with racing in football togs), "hands" came into it always ("he's got a great pair of hands") and always height and weight. In the early hours of Sunday morning, my attitude sour and indifferent, with nothing to do, even the television sets with their soap operas dead in the next room, the place quiet, I found myself working up a plot to call the home office, whispering sharply into the phone as follows: "Bill, this is . . . ah, Bill. The scout group here has been talking about a real good kid—not drafted yet . . ."

"What's that? What?"

"He's a tackle from Highland Cream Teachers."

"What's that again? The connection . . ."

"Courtney Caroline's his name—everybody's agog in here."

"Everybody's *what*?"

"Agog. Everybody's agog. Bill, the kid's big—a real *fat* kid, run up oh maybe five, *six* hundred pounds, big as a mountain, and big on speed, too, Bill, no hands to speak of, but he can knock you down with those feet, great big cat-quick feet, and as for attitude, he's got a real beautiful attitude; he doesn't *smoke*."

I never called such a thing in. I hadn't the nerve. But when the 12th round came along, about 6 in the morning, a

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player's name came up, San Francisco's choice, which caught my fancy and gave me a small chance to indicate my new-found attitude of irreverence. When I picked up the phone to report, I said: "Bill, San Francisco has just taken a halfback from Fresno State named Dave Plump."

"Yes, Plump," said Ford. I heard him repeat the name to the others. They kept charts in the home office, crossing off names as I called in the other teams' choices.

"I think we missed a bet there, a great bet," I said. "You could have worked him into the Detroit backfield with Milt Plum, your regular quarterback."

"What's that?" asked Ford. "Speak up. The connection's gone sour."

"Plump!" I shouted into the phone. "You could have had Plump in there for Plum's hand-offs—Plum to Plump!"

I could hear him murmuring distantly at the other end of the line, but then I heard the rustling in nearby seats, the superfans looking over and some of the others, so I said "Never mind, Bill. Just an idea," and put up the receiver.

Later on, an even livelier parlay of names turned up. The Green Bay Packers on their seventh round had picked up a tackle from Wisconsin, Roger Jacobazzi. On the 20th round, the last one of the draft, Minnesota picked up Cosmo Iacavazzi, the Princeton fullback, and 10 minutes later St. Louis drafted Tony Giacobazzi—a fine welter of azz's, and outrageous. I thought in my gentle state of lunacy, that some team in the NFL had not made the quixotic decision to pick all three. But I did not have time to brood about it, because in that 20th round something happened that returned me irretrievably to the Detroit fold.

Ten minutes before Detroit's choice was due, Aldo Forte, the line coach, called in. He had taken over from Bill Ford, who had finally packed up and gone home. It was one o'clock Sunday afternoon. We had been going for 29 hours.

Forte said: "You all set for our last choice?"

"Sure," I said.

"We got a surprise choice coming up," Forte said. "Big surprise."

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"What's that?" I asked.

"Well," Forte said, "we've decided to draft *you!*"

"Come on," I said.

"Sure," he said.

I guessed he was fooling around, but the Detroit coaches were full of pranks, and it would be just like them to do such a thing.

"Honest, Aldo," I whispered shrilly into the phone, "you can't do that. The commissioner'll have a fit if he has to read off my name. He'll start suspending people and slapping fines around."

"Let him," said Forte. "You've hung around long enough to know how we do things out here. You learned five plays when you were training with us. That puts you ahead of someone else we might pick."

"Honest, Aldo . . ." I said.

"The big thing," Forte said, "is that we don't lose you to the Kansas City Chiefs or the Oilers, those guys in the other league." He hung up the phone.

I sat there for 10 minutes, waiting. *Drafted*, I thought. What a great gesture, the epitome of the superfan's dream—his allegiance recognized by being picked in the draft, even if it was the last round.

It was a prank. When the time came they picked someone else. Their last choice was George Wilson Jr., the head coach's son, a tall young quarterback from Xavier, a natural, they all said of him.

I suppose I was relieved that I didn't have to face down Commissioner Rozelle with a slip of paper with my own name on it. But not really. I was put out somewhat. What a shame they had to think of George Wilson Jr. Why him? They had some perfectly decent quarterbacks. Rank nepotism! Walking home in the bright sunlight that Sunday afternoon, I found myself kicking sulkily at the pavement. And then in the pangs of absurd self-pity it occurred to me—with a groan of dismay—that as a superfan I was still as hooked as I ever was; while there might be a brief respite from time to time—a week or two during the off season, perhaps in the early dog days of August—the disease had me thoroughly in its throes. Absolutely hooked. **END**

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Still Waters Run Trout

Good trout streams are not easy to find—but one adventurous angler struck it rich in far lakes and ponds

by NELSON BRYANT

Taking a trout on a fly from a stream is rightfully considered by many to be one of the purest and most delightful forms of angling. But good trout streams are rare, and for years fishermen have been seeking the brook trout and his cousins in still water—ponds and lakes.

I have fished for trout throughout the eastern half of the U.S. For the past 12 years my experience has been largely confined to New Hampshire, a state that is an excellent example of how still waters are providing the trout fishing that was once found in rivers and streams.

New Hampshire more than a decade ago launched a remote-ponds program in which bodies of water off the beaten track—usually no closer than a mile and a half to a vehicular road—were cleansed of coarse fish, if such fish existed, and stocked with trout, usually brook trout.

Fly-fishing on a stream has its pleasant mysteries. A stream is alive. A stream is full of surprises, of sound and movement. A stream beckons the angler to go around the bend, to try the next stretch of fast water. A stream presents unusual challenges to the expert fly-rod man. Problems of proper drift, of pinpoint presentation, of slow water and fast water, of overhanging branches or log or brush jams must be met. And a thoughtful fisherman can spend an hour puzzling how to approach properly an inaccessible pool.

When I moved to New Hampshire I worked every decent stream I could find, traveling hundreds of miles to do so, but gradually I was driven to try the remote ponds. And when I began to fish them, I discovered that the few veteran anglers who were occasionally on the same waters with me were taking three fish to my one. At that time I acquired a fishing companion—a rare and priceless fellow who can cast for three fruitless hours without a hit and still en-

continued

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joy himself—and together we learned to take trout on the fly from still waters. Much of what we have learned would apply to trout waters from Maine to California.

If you are a devoted stream man, gird yourself against ennui. Granted you have the basic skills, the ability to keep casting long after your wrist has begun to ache and long after you're convinced all the fish have died could be the key to your success. Take care that monotony does not dull your inventiveness. You may discover that you've been throwing the same fly the same way in the same place for an hour. Realize, too, that a pond or lake has deeps and shallows, shaded areas and a shoreline. If there are rises, cast to them. Chances are, unless your fly is a horrible mismatch or unless your presentation is dreadful, you'll get at least a playful leap. An exception to this is in the fall, when the size of the hatching aquatic insects is often exceedingly small. A tiny No. 22 fly on a 12- or 14-foot leader taped to a gossamer 4X tippet is usually required at such a time.

Look carefully for the rises. Sometimes you'll find them under shoreside bushes where trout lurk to pick up objects dropping into the water—terrestrial insects, berries or even the needles from hemlocks.

It would be presumptuous and foolhardy to suggest that certain flies are *de rigueur* for still-water trout. There are times when trout will hit anything, but each winter I spend some time at my vise tying half a dozen each of certain patterns that have taken fish with consistency year after year in New Hampshire. These include streamers, bucktails and nymphs. A must for remote northern ponds is some form of a backswimmer nymph. These nymphs are the erratic-swimming fellows you've seen cutting a jagged course through the water with an occasional short flight into the air. Incidentally, if you capture one, don't be surprised if you get sharply bitten. They have a bite all out of proportion to their size. Excellent patterns for this nymph include one by Bill Blades and another by Ernest Schwiebert.

My aforementioned fishing companion, Vic Pomiecko, and I have developed two flies which account for many trout, both rainbows and brookies. We call them the Careless Coachmen. They are tied on a No. 12 long-shanked hook. Both call for fluorescent floss bodies—one is orange and the other red—and both have a butt of peacock herl and a tail of golden pheasant tippets. The orange-bodied fly is topped with a heavy bunch of dark-brown bucktail, the other with gray squirrel tail. Brook trout favor the red one, rainbows the orange. Both these flies, if whipped back and forth a few times and presented gently, will float for several seconds and although they resemble no insect of my acquaintance, I have had many trout, especially during big Mayfly hatches, hit them on the surface.

A wet, or sinking, line is an absolute imperative for still-water fly-fishing if you wish to take trout with consistency. Most of the time trout are feeding under the surface, often near the bottom and near the bottom in some spots can be from 10 to 30 feet down. I prefer to angle for trout with a dry fly—it's more fun and a lot easier than wet-fly or nymph fishing—but I now use a wet line 90% of the time when fishing a pond. There are fast and slow sinking lines and, in my opinion, the faster a line sinks the better. There are times when it will get you into trouble, particularly when you're working in fairly shallow water, but over the long haul it will save many precious hours of waiting for your fly to get down where the fish are. Lines vary a great deal—even within the manufacturer's lot—in their capacity to sink. If you find a good one, treat it tenderly. With care it will go three years. Because throwing and hauling a wet line is rough work, I use a fairly heavy 8½-foot rod. It just doesn't seem right to use a fine, light stick for such fishing and, of course, more distance can be gotten with the larger, stronger rod.

A good fishing companion is a valuable asset to anyone fishing ponds for trout. If two men work together, the time required to find the right combinations of fly and depth and retrieve will be reduced. If the trout are reluctant to hit, each man should try different patterns and sizes and each should announce to the other what he is using, so there is no duplication of effort. Also, the speed of the retrieve should be varied, as well as the depth to which the fly is allowed to sink.

Fly-fishing at night on trout ponds is a much-neglected sport. Legion are those who will brave the chill mists of predawn as they assemble their rods for a

continued

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day on a trout pond. Admittedly, the early morning often produces excellent fishing, but so do the hours after dark. One of the loveliest rainbow and brook trout lakes in New Hampshire is Long Pond in Croydon. It is accessible by car and has a boat-launching area. Often I have gone there in the summer an hour or so before the sunset, just in time to watch the fellows who had been there all day fish the evening rise, then depart as the sun slipped down out of sight. I have had the entire lake to myself when full darkness came. And in that darkness I have enjoyed topnotch dry-fly fishing. This, I hasten to add, applied only to the rainbows. Brook trout, to the best of my knowledge, do not feed during the night. Browns, of course, feed during the night as well as the day.

Legal night fishing for trout in the U.S. is the rule rather than the exception. Eighteen states have no restrictions; twelve more permit 24-hour fishing with some exceptions; seven allow fishing in the early evening with exceptions. The 13 remaining states have only a few scattered trout or none at all. New Hampshire permits trout fishing two hours after sunset.

Night fly casting is not an occupation for the novice. The mechanics of it must have been mastered and the ability to strike at the proper time is almost instinctive. I keep a lantern in the canoe while working for rainbows at night to assist me in handling hooked fish and in changing flies, and the light does not appear to trouble the fish. This does not apply in all rainbow waters—a veteran fly-fisherman from New Zealand wrote me that if a light is shown on any of the rainbow rivers he fishes at night the trout won't hit.

Daylight hours in hot weather provide the supreme test of a fly-fisherman's skill. Trout feed less and with more selectivity as the water grows warmer, and a fisherman must be alert and aggressive if he is to take fish consistently under such conditions.

A fishing trip Vic and I took in 1964 provided a good example of some of the difficulties encountered in warm weather.

Although it was only late May, the temperature was in the 70s at 9 a.m. when our jeep reached the shore of March Pond in Hill, N.H. We had been grinding slowly over a logging road for half an hour. Black flies and mosquitoes swarmed about our heads as we stood

looking out over the water. One trout rose 10 feet from shore, then another came up 20 yards away.

Nine-acre March Pond contains both rainbows and brook trout, and it varies from three to 20 feet in depth.

The sky remained cloudless most of the day, but there was one blessing—a breeze blew from moderate to strong, keeping us *fairly comfortable and ruffling the water.* The conditions were challenging, but by midafternoon we had caught 30 fish, mostly rainbows, and released 15 of the smaller ones. During that time six other anglers—an unusually high number for a remote water—had tried their luck and departed without taking a trout.

The day at March Pond began awkwardly for me. Even though a few trout were still rising to the end of an early-morning hatch, both of us chose to use *wet flies.* I tied on a small wet *Professor* and made one cast, retrieving after the line went down a few feet or so. A good fish hit before I had moved the fly a yard; I reacted too sharply and the fly and the 14-foot leader, with its 4X tippet, parted company.

When we reached the center of the pond we saw an elderly couple, man and wife, anchored in a cove, worm-fishing. They were pulling in small horned pout, but had taken no trout.

Vic killed three 11-inch rainbows in a row on a wet March Brown. I tied on another Professor, but could not borrow a hit. Vic boated another rainbow.

As I cast my Professor out, Vic made an observation. "I think you're going down too deep. Your line sinks much faster than mine. Just let it go under about three feet."

I humbly took his advice and was rewarded by a sharp strike. Seconds later, a foot-long rainbow erupted into water skyward. He jumped twice more before I slid him, exhausted, over the water to the net.

There was a hiatus of an hour from about 10:30 to 11:30, when we worked hard with nymphs but to no avail. At the end of that hour Vic hooked and released four small brook trout on the red-bodied Careless Coachman, and I took and kept a slightly larger one on a back-swimmer nymph.

At noon the elderly couple departed empty-handed. During the remainder of the day four more fishermen, all of whom were throwing flies, came and went. They

continued

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took no fish. I should note that this was more traffic than we usually encounter on a remote pond.

We went ashore at noon for tea, and grilled four of our largest rainbows. In the early part of the afternoon we were unable to find a fish. Shortly before 3, rises became more numerous—insects of various sizes, including dragonflies, were hatching—and I switched to a dry line. I had just accomplished this when Vic boated two nice rainbows in five minutes, down deep on a back swimmer. That was too much for me and I went back to a sinking line. For about an hour we had strikes on almost every other cast, always down deep. We kept a few of the larger fish, then, not wanting to overdo a good thing, went ashore, cleaned our fish and left for home.

The golden time for northern New England fly-fishermen comes in the fall. New Hampshire has a fly-fishing-only season for trout that extends from the day after Labor Day until mid-October. (Efforts are currently being made to have this season extended, as it once was in certain areas, to include the entire month.) The hills burn with the colors of autumn during those few precious weeks, the air is clear and cool, rafts of fallen multicolored leaves build up around the edges of the ponds and lakes, and for a little while the trout, perhaps anticipating the silent cold of approaching winter, feed with pleasing recklessness.

Although trout are often not very choosy in the fall, there are times when they seem to feed exclusively on tiny insects, and it is important at such a time to have some very small flies on hand. Size of the fly is most critical, pattern less important. A small gray midge on a No. 22 hook, attached to a 12- or 14-foot leader, will usually be all you need.

Not many years will pass before most of these remote ponds are lost to civilization. Already the land around some of them has been purchased by individuals interested in developing campsites and house lots. Logging roads and foot trails are being bulldozed so that ordinary cars can reach the ponds, and once the roads are completed it is only a few years before a remote pond loses its beauty.

But for at least the next decade most of the Granite State's remote trout waters will remain unspoiled, a perpetual challenge and delight to the fisherman who seeks his pleasures alone or with a valued companion. **END**

BASEBALL'S WEEK by MARK MULVOY

AMERICAN LEAGUE

While the Anaheim-bound Angels were changing their name from Los Angeles to CALIFORNIA (3–4) and denying premature reports that Manager Bill Rigney would be rehired, Outfielder Albie Pearson continued to conduct his private war for survival and salary. Pearson, who at 5 feet 5⅜ inches is the smallest player in the major leagues, was hitting only .241 three weeks ago when he suddenly realized his career was in jeopardy. Since then he has had 29 hits in 63 at bats (.460)—nine for 23 last week including a home run that beat the Yankees 1–0. Explaining his recent drive Pearson said, "I live out in Riverside, only 35 minutes from Anaheim, but it's 1,000 miles to Seattle and the minors." Albie also needs a raise. "My wife had our fourth daughter last month," he said, "and I keep thinking about four weddings and all the clothes a young lady requires. I've got to swing the bat." Another Angel making a belated salary drive was Dean Chance, a bust most of this season after winning the Cy Young Award as baseball's best pitcher in 1964. Chance shut out the Yankees on six hits, beating them for the seventh straight time, and he had won seven in a row and nine of 10 in Chavez Ravine. Still, the seventh-place Angels led WASHINGTON (3–3) by only 1½ games. The Senators had won nine straight one-run games, including three more last week; one came on a two-run single by Pinch Hitter Bob Chance, batting for the first time since his recall from the minors. Reliever Ron Kline set a club record when he appeared in his 65th game. The two-month battle for ninth place between KANSAS CITY (4–3) and BOSTON (4–3) had a new top dog, the Athletics swept a doubleheader and, for the moment, moved ahead of the last-place Red Sox by one percentage point. To celebrate, K.C. Owner Charlie Finley bathed his team in champagne, gave each player $25 and rescinded, for that night, Manager Haywood Sullivan's curfew. Earlier Red Sox rookie Tony Horton beat the Senators in both games of a doubleheader, he drove home two runs in the first game and hit a three-run homer in the 10th inning of the second. It still was too early to celebrate anything in MINNESOTA (3–3). Despite a power failure, the Twins held their own against the Tigers and the White Sox, although against Detroit they left 44 runners on base, including 16 in one game. There was some good news for Twins' Manager Sam Mele: doctors gave Pitcher Camilo Pascual permission to start throwing again, and Tony Oliva returned after a one-week layoff with nine hits in 14 trips and seven RBIs. CHICAGO's (3–3) Pete Ward ended a one-for-35 slump with three hits and three RBIs in a win over BALTIMORE (4–2). But the Orioles' Brooks Robinson homered in both games of a doubleheader to beat the White Sox twice. CLEVELAND (2–4) needed a one-hitter from Sam McDowell to gain a split in its season series with the Athletics. Denny McLain (virus), Jake Wood (fractured facial bones) and Don Demeter (broken finger) all joined the lengthy DETROIT (3–3) injured list. NEW YORK (3–4) has apparently conceded the obvious. In one game last week Manager Johnny Keane started four rookies. Al Downing pitched a five-hit shutout and the Yankees won 9–0 as Horace Clarke had three hits.

Standings: Minn 86-52, Chi 79-58, Balt 74-59, Det 75-61, Clev 74-61, NY 68-70, Cal 63-75, Wash 61-76, Bos 53-86, KC 50-85

NATIONAL LEAGUE

In 1953 Ernie Banks of CHICAGO (2–3) began his major league career by going 0 for 3 against Phillies Pitcher Curt Simmons. Last week it was Simmons against Banks again—but this time Ernie hit his 400th career home run to beat both Simmons and the Cardinals. "Back in 1953 Ernie was scared because I had a fast ball," said Simmons. "Now I'm scared because I don't have a fast ball." Frank Thomas joined his fourth team in a little more than a year when he was sold from HOUSTON (4–3) to the Braves. In July, Thomas hit a pinch-hit home run for the Phillies, then was sent to the Astros on waivers. Last week he hit two home runs and had five RBIs for the Astros in a doubleheader, then was sold to the Braves. The Astros, meanwhile, completed their most successful road trip in history with a 10–5 record and took their season's series from the Mets 14–4. NEW YORK's (2–4) Jim Hickman hit three successive home runs against the Cardinals. For the season ST. LOUIS (2–2) pitchers had given up 157 home runs, and Cardinal batters had hit only 97, including four by Pitcher Bob Gibson. Walter Alston used seven LOS ANGELES (3–2) pitchers to shut out the Astros in two straight games. Second Baseman Jim Lefebvre braked the Dodgers' three-game losing streak with a double, two singles and four RBIs in a win over the Pirates, then accounted for all three runs in a 3–0 win at Houston. Rookie Tommy Helms, just recalled from the minors, powered CINCINNATI (4–2). Pinch-hitting in the first game of a doubleheader, Helms tripled home the tying run and later scored the winning run against the Braves. Starting at shortstop in the second, Helms hit a triple, double and single as the Reds temporarily took over first place. Jim Pagliaroni's 11th-inning double beat Sandy Koufax, and Bill Virdon's three hits (ending an 0-for-19 spell) beat Don Drysdale as PITTSBURGH (2–3) swept a doubleheader from the Dodgers. But Pirate pitching aces Bob Veale (15 stitches in his foot) and Vern Law (sore right elbow) were hurting. Juan Marichal of SAN FRANCISCO (3–3) made his first start since being suspended and lost to the Phils. MILWAUKEE (4–2) Reliever Billy O'Dell, 9–2 and 1.78 against the rest of the league, had an 0–4 record and a 5.14 ERA against the Reds. Shortstop Bobby Wine hit two homers last week—as many as he had hit all season—but PHILADELPHIA (2–4) continued to struggle.

Standings: LA 78-59, Cin 76-59, SF 74-59, Mil 75-60, Pitt 73-65, Phil 69-65, StL 67-69, Chi 65-74, Hou 59-78, NY 45-92

RUNS PRODUCED
(through Sept. 4)

NATIONAL LEAGUE	Runs Scored	Teammates Batted In*	Total Runs Produced
Rose, Cin (.316)	100	62	162
Williams, Chi (.306)	96	64	160
Johnson, Cin (.287)	74	83	157
Harper, Cin (.271)	113	43	156
Robinson, Cin (.285)	94	59	153
Clendenon, Pitt (.308)	78	72	150
Aaron, Mil (.329)	98	49	147
Mays, SF (.319)	94	49	143
Banks, Chi (.271)	73	70	143
Pinson, Cin (.290)	81	61	142
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Oliva, Minn (.320)	99	73	172
Versalles, Minn (.265)	112	44	156
Colavito, Clev (.286)	77	67	144
Mantilla, Bos (.286)	56	70	126
Hall, Minn (.294)	70	55	125
Horlen, Det (.282)	61	64	125
Killebrew, Minn (.278)	73	48	121
Wagner, Clev (.285)	78	41	119
Robinson, Balt (.312)	66	51	117
Kaline, Det (.298)	63	52	115
Tresh, NY (.273)	77	38	115

*derived by subtracting HRs from RBIs

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

ALBIE PEARSON

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BOATING—Sailing an Ensign class sloop to three seconds, three thirds and two fourths, CORNELIUS SHIELDS JR. of Larchmont, N.Y. won the Mallory Cup, the men's national sailing championship, on Lake Pontchartrain in New Orleans. His father, CORNELIUS SR., won the first Mallory Cup in 1952 with Corny Jr. as crew.

Sailing a Rhodes 19 at Fairhope, Ala., MRS. TIMOTHEA (SCHNEIDER) LARR of Oyster Bay, N.Y. won the eight-race competition for the Mrs. Charles Francis Adams Trophy, emblematic of the women's national sailing championship.

For the second year in a row ROBERT DOYLE of the Corinthian Yacht Club in Marblehead, Mass. won the Sears Cup, the North American junior sailing championship. Competing against seven other Lightnings, Doyle collected four firsts, two seconds, a third and a fourth for 58 points to finish 16½ ahead of runner-up Edward Butler of San Diego's Mission Bay Yacht Club.

The Comet class national championship, decided this year on Long Island Sound, went to BOB SEIDELMAN of Cherry Hill, N.J. and the Cooper River Yacht Club for the second straight year. The runner-up, also for the second time, was John MacCausland, a clubmate of Seidelman.

Air Force Captain RICHARD TILLMAN, North American Flying class champion, finished second and fifth in the final two races for the national title in Madison, Wis. and broke a six-race deadlock with Olympic silver-medal winner Pete Barrett to win the championship by a margin of eight points over Barrett. Defending Champion Henry Sprague of Newport Beach, Calif. came in sixth.

BOWLING—By winning 14 of 16 matches, TOMMY HARNISCH of Tonawanda, N.Y. gained 700 bonus pins and won his first major tournament on the PBA circuit: the $26,500 Waukegan (Ill.) Open.

GOLF—The British Walker Cup team came to within one match of winning its second victory since the competition began in 1922. Then the U.S. took four of the last five singles to bring about the first tie in cup history. (*page 32*)

HARNESS RACING—For the fourth time in the 40-year history of The Hambletonian, four heats were required to decide the winner. (*page 38*) On a muddy track Short Stop won the first by a head over Nimble Boy, EGYPTIAN CANOOR took the second by a nose over Nimble Boy, Armbro Flight, winner of her previous 22 starts, took the third from Egyptian Candor, and, in the race-off of the heat winners, Egyptian Candor, driven by Del Cameron, defeated runner-up Armbro Flight by a neck.

Four-year-old SPEEDY RODNEY set a track record of 2:32 2/5 in winning the 1¼-mile, $50,000 Gotham Trot at Yonkers Raceway by 1½ lengths over Big John Su Mac Lad came in third, while Speedy Scot finished eighth and last.

HORSE RACING—Gedney Farm 3-year-old PASS THE WORD ($12.60) led the entire 1¼ miles (less 62 feet) of the $280,220 New Hampshire Sweepstakes Classic, the world's richest race for 3-year-olds. Guided by Eddie Belanoie the brown colt crossed the finish line a length and a half in front of the fast-closing favorite, Hail to All.

MACCABIAN GAMES—The U.S. delegation of 200 athletes to Israel's nine-day Olympic-style games in Tel Aviv toted home 75 gold medals, 12 more than it earned four years ago. Israel, whose team was the largest (220), finished second with 31. MARK SPITZ, 15, and KATHY COLE, 14, dominated the men's and women's swimming events, collecting seven gold medals between them. Spitz of Santa Clara, Calif. took the 400- and 1,500-meter freestyle, the 400-meter individual medley and swam a leg on the winning U.S. 800-meter freestyle relay team. The times for all four events were Maccabiah records. Ninety-nine-pound Kathy of North Miami Beach, Fla. gathered seven medals in all, three firsts, three seconds and a third. Her victories were in the 100-meter freestyle and the 400-meter medley and 400-meter freestyle relays. American gymnasts won 13 of 14 men's events and one of the four contests for women, and the U.S. basketball team took a gold, as expected, when it defeated Israel 74–66 in the finals. The American men took 12 of 31 track and field gold medals but were badly embarrassed in the pole vault. Dave Saltzen and 16-foot-vaulter Marc Savage were shut out as the event went to LARRY ABRAHAMS of Great Britain, who won, astonishingly, with an 11-foot 5¼-inch vault.

MOTOR SPORTS—Winning both heats in his Lola Chevrolet, JOHN SURTEES of England, the 1964 world champion Grand Prix driver, took the Guards' Trophy, an international sports car race at Brands Hatch, England, over 32 top-ranking drivers. Surtees averaged 95.79 mph in the first heat and 96.43 mph in the second, while Jim Clark, this year's world champion, went into spins three times during the two-section race, finishing 10th in the first heat and up against a bank in the second. Clark was driving, for the first time, a new Lotus Ford designed by Colin Campbell.

SOFTBALL—Joan Joyce backed up her three-hit pitching for ORANGE, CALIF. by scoring the winning run in the 12th inning to defeat Stratford, Conn. 1–0 in the finals of the Women's World Softball Championship in Stratford. It was the seventh world title for Orange but its first since 1962.

SWIMMING—At a meet in Leipzig's Sportforum pool, two EAST GERMAN teams set two world records in the 440-yard freestyle relay with a 3:38.1 and in the 440-yard medley relay with a 4:05.4. FRANK WIEGAND, who anchored both relay teams, also bettered the listed world mark for the 110-yard freestyle with a 53.7, and his countryman, EGON HENNINGER, swam the 220-yard breaststroke in 2:30.6, lowering the world record set last year by Russia's Georgi Prokopenko.

TENNIS—The U.S. doubles championship, played at the Longwood Cricket Club in Chestnut Hill, Mass., was won by RDY EMERSON and FRED STOLLE, the first Australian pair to hold the title since 1960, when Emerson and Neale Fraser took it for the second time. The Emerson-Stolle combination defeated Charles Pasarell of Puerto Rico and Frank Froehling of Coral Gables, Fla. 6–4, 10–12, 7–5, 6–3 for their fifth doubles title on their current U.S. tour. CAROLE CALDWELL GRAEBNER of Beachwood, Ohio and NANCY RICHEY of Dallas took the women's championship away from Defending Champions Billie Jean Moffit and Karen Hantze Susman in 49 minutes, 6–4, 6–4.

TRACK & FIELD—KIPCHOGE KEINO, the Kenyan cop who broke the 3,000-meter record a week earlier, came within .6 second of Michel Jazy's world mark in the mile with a 3:54.2, the third-best time ever, at London's White City Stadium. Czechoslovakia's Josef Odlozil finished second in 3:55.6, Britain's Alan Simpson third in 3:55.7, and East Germany's Jurgen May fourth in 3:56.

Hungary's GYULA ZSIVOTZKY, silver medalist in the hammer throw at the Tokyo Olympics, bettered Hal Connolly's pending world record by 8 feet 9 inches with a heave of 241 feet 11 inches at a meet in Debrecen, Hungary.

MILEPOSTS—RETIRED Relief Pitcher HARVEY HADDIX, 39, to his farm in South Vienna, Ohio, when traded from Baltimore to Milwaukee: "I never threw worse than I did this year," said Haddix, the winner of only three games in 1965. "I felt if I couldn't pitch for the Orioles I couldn't pitch for the Braves." Haddix, a quick, little left-hander, won 20 games for the Cardinals in 1953 and two for the Pirates in the 1960 World Series. Overall, he had 136 victories and 113 losses in 15 seasons (1951–65) for five major league teams. But the game he will always be remembered for was, strangely enough, one he lost. On May 26, 1959 Haddix pitched 12 perfect innings against the Braves, retiring 36 players in a row. The next inning he lost everything when Joe Adcock's hit scored the game's only run for Milwaukee.

DIED. JOE LYNCH, 66, twice bantamweight boxing champion of the world, in an accidental drowning in Brooklyn's Sheepshead Bay. Lynch first won the title from Pete Hermas in 1920, lost it in a return bout the following year and regained it in 1922 from Johnny Buff. In 134 bouts between 1916 and 1926 Lynch had 42 victories, of which 29 were knockouts, and 64 draws. He lost his title for the last time, in 1924, to Abe Goldstein, in Madison Square Garden.

CREDITS

4—Herb Scharfman. 32–35—James Drake. 37—bottom, Fred Kaplan. 39—Walter Iooss Jr. 47, 49—Ian Bellaimon. 52, 53—Walter Iooss Jr. 54–56—Neil Leifer. 59—Marvin E. Newman. 60—Bob Peterson. 63–65—Walter Iooss Jr. 67—James Drake. 66—Robert Huntzinger. 71–73—Walter Iooss Jr. 76—James Drake. 80–83—Bruce Davidson Magnum. 84—James Drake. 91—AP, Keystone. 124—Rendon, Larry Bush, Mark Trafton Cincinnati Enquirer.

FACES IN THE CROWD

CINDY IVES, 13, won three titles at the Portland (Me.) Country Club junior tennis tournament. With Lin Chapman she took the 14-and-under doubles. Playing five matches in two days, she took the 16-and-under singles and, with Priscilla Pierce, the doubles.

DEAN BROOKS, 16, of West Des Moines took up trapshooting only 13 months ago, but in the handicap event at Lake of the Ozarks, Mo. he defeated 126 of the Midwest's top shooters with 195 of 200 targets, then beat Jerry Kramer of Tulsa 24–22 in a 25-bird shootoff.

SUZANNE GIBBONS, 15, trained on outdated boards in Fort Pierce, Fla. for 10 months, but nonetheless placed first in the one-meter dive and second in the three-meter event in the 15-17 age-group competition at the Florida AAU Junior Olympics championships in Brandon.

CASPER RIGAMER of New Orleans set four U.S. fly-casting records in winning the American Casting Association tournament. His marks were in the 30-gram distance spinning, the ⅜-ounce official distance, the ⅜-ounce skish bait distance and the skish all-accuracy events.

MARGARET HOWARD, a Winston-Salem, N.C. swimming coach, scored her third hole-in-one in the past five years when she sank a nine-iron shot on a 130-yard hole during an interclub tournament at the Hillcrest Golf Course. All three aces were scored on the same course.

KEN IRVIN of Williamsburg, Ohio, pitched his 11th consecutive victory—a 17–4 win over the Ludlow Food Shops team of Ludlow, Ky.—to lead the Wilson Freighters to the Cincinnati Class C Municipal Championship. The Freighters lost only once in 37 games.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

BATTLE CRIES

Sirs:

It was with mounting indignation that I read Jack Mann's tabloid description of *The Battle of San Francisco* (Aug. 30).

Mann dutifully reported the Dodger demands for Marichal's crucifixion but made no mention of Roseboro's possible culpability. After all, as Mann said, the exchange of knockdown pitches had set the stage, and "any little thing could mean war." Any little thing, such as Marichal being hit in the ear by Roseboro, who was squatting three feet behind him. The usual retaliation for a knockdown pitch was that displayed by Koufax, who threw at Mays. Roseboro's act was an innovation. After he had been struck Marichal did not immediately begin to swing but stepped back, menacing Roseboro with his bat. Roseboro came toward him as if ready to fight, and Marichal, a short-tempered Latin who possibly did not want to risk injury to his pitching hand by striking at Roseboro's mask-protected face, flailed away. I am not making excuses for Marichal's actions. They were entirely unjustifiable, but they were certainly not unprovoked.

LAWRENCE J. YAKAITIS

Loudonville, N.Y.

Sirs:

I think it's about time for someone to defend Juan Marichal instead of condemning him. I have read articles by sportswriters from New York to St. Louis to Los Angeles, each one blasting the Giants' star pitcher for his mistake, but there is just one thing I would like to know. What would one of those great gentlemen have done in Juan's place? Handed Roseboro the bat?

BOB GRASSILLI JR.

Burlingame, Calif.

Sirs:

I am shocked at the extremely mild punishment given to Juan Marichal by National League President Warren Giles. Marichal is a pitcher, and an eight-day suspension means that he loses only one turn in the Giants' pitching rotation. Thus, for committing the brutally barbaric and perhaps criminal act of assaulting another human being three times with a lethal weapon on an extremely sensitive area of the human anatomy—the head—Marichal is deprived of only *one* day's work.

How absurd! Leo Durocher was suspended for an entire year in 1947 for a far less serious offense. In my opinion, Marichal deserved at least a one-year suspension.

HARLEY FRANKEL

Arlington, Va.

Sirs:

I saw the Battle of San Francisco myself, and it got me thinking about some others—the Battle of Philadelphia, for instance. You remember when Frank Thomas hit Richie Allen with a bat and was not penalized at all? He was, in fact, "rewarded" by being sent from the worst place to play baseball to the best. What's more, you can count the batters who have been beaned by Juan Marichal on one hand, whereas Einstein couldn't count Drysdale's beanballs on an adding machine.

HOLLIS LINDERKING

Menlo Park, Calif.

Sirs:

No matter what your San Francisco readers will write you, Juan Marichal should be banned from baseball for his inexcusable and brutal act. Anyone irresponsible enough to pull such a stunt exhibits a lack of self-control unbecoming to our national pastime. Juan Marichal not only hurt John Roseboro, but he also hurt baseball.

JIM NELSON

Bluefield, W. Va.

Sirs:

My reaction as a heretofore avid baseball fan is that I'm going to really enjoy professional football and golf during the following summers and falls.

JIM MONTGOMERY

Indianapolis

OF MICE AND MARRIAGE

Sirs:

As far as I'm concerned Palmer, Nicklaus and Player have been dethroned by Laura MacIvor, Meezie Pritchett and Gail Sykes (*Rock and Roll in the Rockies*, Aug. 30). These little ladies have advanced the game of golf 50 years. (And if lovely Laura should like to date anyone besides an Air Force Academy plebe I can be found this fall at the North Carolina School of the Arts in Winston-Salem.)

RANDALL W. RICKMAN

Raleigh, N.C.

Sirs:

If I had known that the fine game of golf offered such a beauty as Laura MacIvor I would have taken it up long ago!

PAUL KAVANAUGH

Moorestown, N.J.

Sirs:

How do I get in touch with Laura MacIvor? I've decided to marry her.

RICHARD BIEBER

Rochester, N.Y.

Sirs:

I was wondering if you could give me the home addresses of Laura MacIvor and Gail Sykes.

The reason I want Laura's home address is that I would like to borrow her rubber mouse. I'm playing in a pro-am tournament in September, and if she can get that mouse to roll the ball in the hole maybe I can, too.

I would like Gail's address to congratulate her on some fine golf. I think she deserves all the congratulations she can get.

BOB BURRELL

Pittsburgh

● All requests re mice and marriage must be directed to the U.S. Golf Association—ED.

BIRDS AND BOYS

Sirs:

Congratulations on Bil Gilbert's masterpiece on the common crow (*The Bird, the Vow and the Child*, Aug. 30). It is illuminating and beautiful.

I am reminded of happy boyhood days some half century past, when a brilliant uncle, who was a physician and a very profound naturalist, had a summer camp every year for about 40 "Bigs" and "Smalls" in the beautiful hills of Somerset County, Pa.

We learned many things about crows while there. Yes, they could distinguish between an unarmed man or boy and one who carried a weapon. We never tamed one, since it never occurred to us that this was possible. But what used to amaze us was the fact that our crows could distinguish between Sunday and other days. And they knew that on Sunday nobody molested them. Perhaps it was the church bells. But, anyway, they would tamely raid the camp dump for crow goodies and were generally obnoxious. Come Monday and through the week they were their usual wary and suspicious selves, and their warning system was positively uncanny. Many an hour we lay in blinds for a shot at the group that roosted nearby. Our score certainly indicated that the average crow is a pretty smart character.

Thanks for this poignant gem.

ROBERT J. L. LEE

Athens, Ohio

Sirs:

The Bird, the Vow and the Child has been removed from our issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and placed in a permanent cover so that our four sons may read it as they reach the age to appreciate what a beautiful and compassionate story it is.

MRS. KENNETH MCCLISH

Kalamazoo, Mich.

continued

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RIVALS FOR ROYALTY

Sirs:

While reading Whitney Tower's recent article on Pia Star (*Rise of a Star Named Pia*, Aug. 2), I noticed something that I didn't like very much. Some people were saying that Kelso in his prime was equal to Man o' War in his, but Man o' War never raced in what would have been his "prime." I think I'm right in saying a racehorse reaches his prime at age 4 or 5, but Big Red quit racing in his third year. Comparing Kelso, the second greatest horse that hit our turf, to a 3-year-old is proof enough for me that Man o' War is still, and always will be, the King of the Turf.

S. M. TENERELLI

U.S. Naval Base, Guantánamo Bay, Cuba

Sirs:

A couple of years ago I wrote you concerning your most interesting article, *More Over, Man o' War* (Nov. 11, 1963), in which you claimed that Kelso was superior to Man o' War. My letter (19TH HOLE, Dec. 16, 1963) was most vehement in defense of Man o' War.

Having seen Kelso win the Whitney at Saratoga (the first time I have ever seen him in the flesh), I must now eat humble pie and admit unequivocally that, in my opinion, Kelso is the equal of Man o' War! Never have I witnessed a more stirring horse race and never have I seen a gamer performance.

As a true lover of Thoroughbred racing for the past 53 years in England, France, Italy, the U.S., Canada, Africa and the West Indies, I was also heartened by the action of the crowd on Whitney Day. Recently I was beginning to think that the average bettor was more interested in numbers than in horseflesh. But this was not so when Kelso came thundering down the last eighth, making up at least three lengths on the game Malicious to win in a photo finish!

I honestly believe every soul among the 23,000 spectators was screaming for Kelso. In fact, I noticed one spectator beside me, who was tearing up a large bundle of parimutuel tickets after the result became official, applauding wildly and with tears of joy in his eyes when the great gelding jogged back to the winner's circle.

It was a day I shall never forget!

J. K. M. Ross

Montreal, Que.

● Mr. Ross, son of J.K.L. Ross, owner of the first Triple Crown winner (Sir Barton in 1919), is in a position to know.—ED.

UP DELAWARE CO.!

Sirs:

To be sure, this doesn't happen every week of the month. But I would like to point out that in the FOR THE RECORD column of your August 30 issue, you mention no less than three residents of one Pennsylvania county—golfer Andy Thompson and swimmers Mary Ellen Dicese and Martha Randall. Let's see another county top that!

The county, incidentally, is Delaware (pop. 575,000), located in southeastern Pennsylvania. You may have heard of some of its other natives: Danny Murtaugh, Mickey Vernon, Lew Krausse, Steve Courtin, Carl Robie, the Nilon brothers, Lonesome End Bill Carpenter, Dick Christy, Pat Traynor and Ben Martin, to name a few from recent sports annals.

One you obviously haven't heard of, however, is the 1964 All-State first-team quarterback from Ridley Township High School—John Waller. It was Waller who threw Pennsylvania's touchdown pass in the recent Big 33 game with Texas, not Bob Naponic (*Texas Teeners Strike Back*, Aug. 23).

RICH WESTCOTT

Springfield, Pa.

SEQUEL

Sirs:

Your fine series of articles with Y. A. Tittle (*My Life in Pro Football*, Aug. 16 *et seq.*) had many interesting points, especially Part 3, which gave Y.A.'s account of the Giants' fall from first to last in the NFL's Eastern Division. Any interested fan who sat through the weekly debacles at Yankee Stadium last year is fully aware that Tittle has taken too great a share of the blame and let the real culprit, Allie Sherman, off the hook. Aside from the many injuries, Tittle's among them, let me point out some of Sherman's more obvious mistakes:

1) He gave up Phil King, the Giants' leading ground gainer in '63, for a draft choice.

2) He traded Sam Huff for Defensive Lineman Andy Stynchula and Halfback Dick James.

3) He traded Dick Modzelewski for End Bobby Crespino.

Let us analyze the results of these moves. The running and blocking in the Giant backfield broke down simultaneously, adding tremendously to the defensive pressure on the quarterback. The experienced King might have been the difference.

With Sam Huff, the heart of the once-proud Giant defensive unit, gone, the morale and caliber sagged conspicuously. Of course, Huff went on to the Redskins and quickly stabilized their entire defensive picture.

Modzelewski, who, along with Huff, never missed a game due to injury, sparked the Browns' defensive team to the NFL championship.

Tittle's story ended with the '64 season, but Allie Sherman has 10 years in which to finish the book, a sad prospect indeed.

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New York City

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Forget the fox. Note only the classic "Country Squire" lambswool sweaters

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Is it coming to this in Trafalgar Square?

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